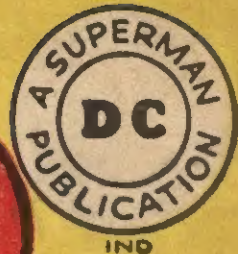


No.33

TEN
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ALL STAR Comics

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A FULL-
LENGTH
ADVENTURE
of the **JUSTICE
SOCIETY
of AMERICA** featuring

Hawkman... Dr. Mid-nite... Green Lantern... The Atom... Johnny Thunder... Flash & Wonder Woman

*"The
REVENGE
OF
SOLOMON
GRUNDY!"*

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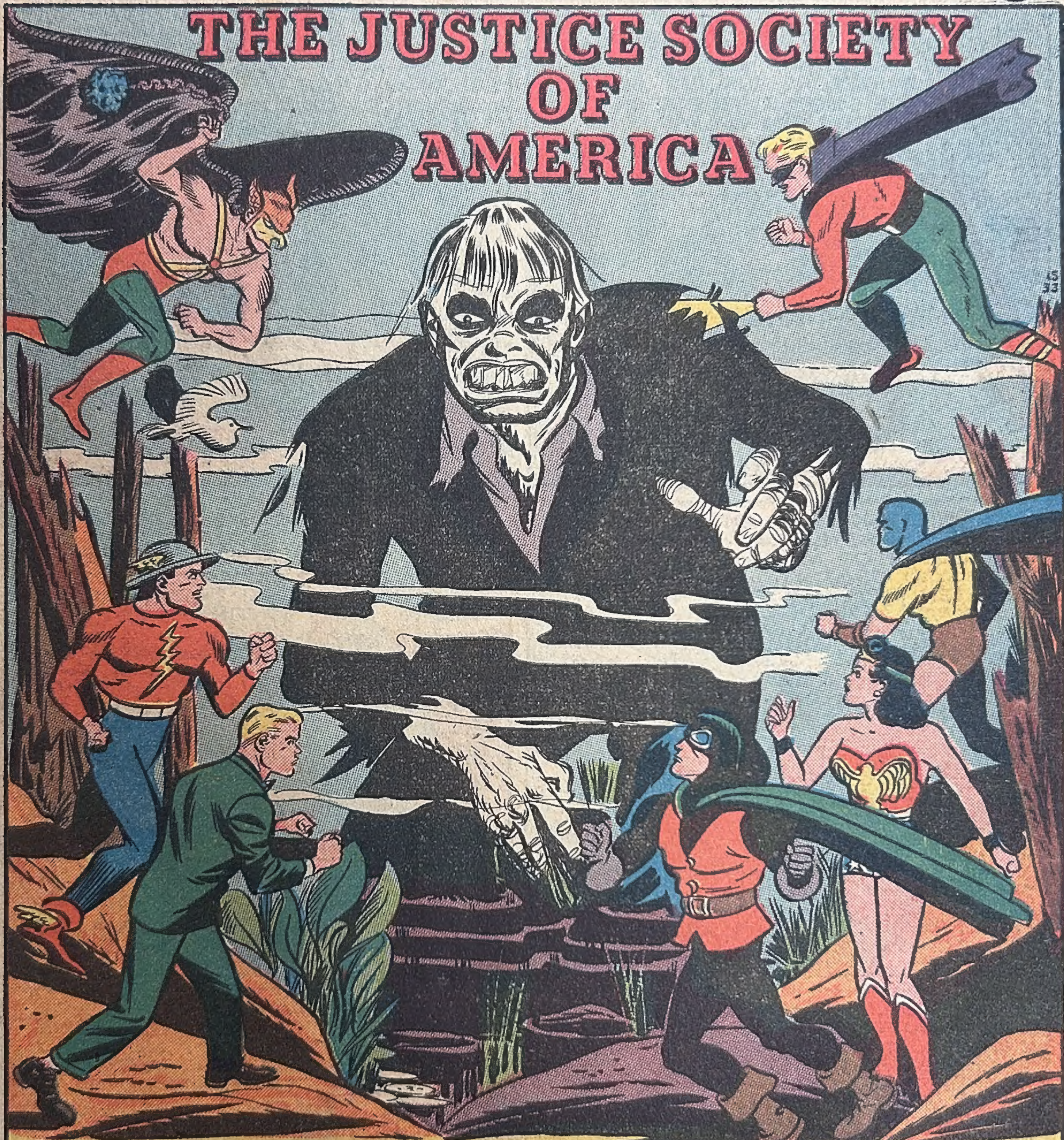
ON SALE EVERYWHERE!



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THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA



SOLOMON GRUNDY IS LOOSE! TERROR SWEEPS THE NATION. COMMUNITIES -- CITIES -- STATES -- ALL QUIVER UNDER THE MONSTROUS IMPACT OF **SOLOMON GRUNDY!** INCREDIBLY STRONG -- INHUMANLY TIRELESS -- ENTIRELY EVIL -- THE GHASTLY GIANT LEAVES A SWATH OF RUIN IN HIS WAKE. CAN EVEN THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA RID THE WORLD OF THIS MACABRE MENACE? THOSE VETERANS OF A THOUSAND HEROIC BATTLES,

HAWKMAN -- DR. MID-NITE -- GREEN LANTERN -- The ATOM
JOHNNY THUNDER -- FLASH -- AND WONDER WOMAN

FIND THEMSELVES SWEEPED INTO THE GRIMMEST STRUGGLE OF THEIR SLAM-STUDDED CAREERS AS THEY TRY TO PREVENT ---

THE REVENGE OF SOLOMON GRUNDY! (A)

NOT REAL LIFE — ONLY A WEIRD DISTORTION OF IT — SOLOMON GRUNDY IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN CREATED BY THE STRANGE CHEMICAL REACTION OF SIZZLING SUNLIGHT BEATING DOWN ON THE DECAYED VEGETATION OF SOGGY SWAMPLAND ---



"IMPOSSIBLE" SAID SCIENTISTS! WELL, MAYBE IT WAS! BUT, BEFORE LONG, A CRIMINAL BAND FOLLOWED A NEW CHIEF -- SOLOMON GRUNDY!



SOON -- TOO SOON -- AN ENTIRE NATION WAS TREMBLING BEFORE THE OMINOUS ONSLAUGHTS OF A RAGING COLOSSUS OF CRIME WHO COULDN'T BE STOPPED BY BULLETS.



FINALLY TRAILED TO THE PETRIFIED FOREST BY INDOMITABLE GREEN LANTERN, A TRULY TITANIC BATTLE ENSUED ---



BULLETS COULDN'T KILL HIM -- JAILS COULDN'T HOLD HIM -- ONLY THE EMERALD ENERGY OF GREEN LANTERN HAD ANY EFFECT ON SOLOMON GRUNDY --



AND, TODAY, HERE IS THAT VISION OF TERROR -- STILL IMPRISONED IN A BUBBLE OF EMERALD ENERGY!

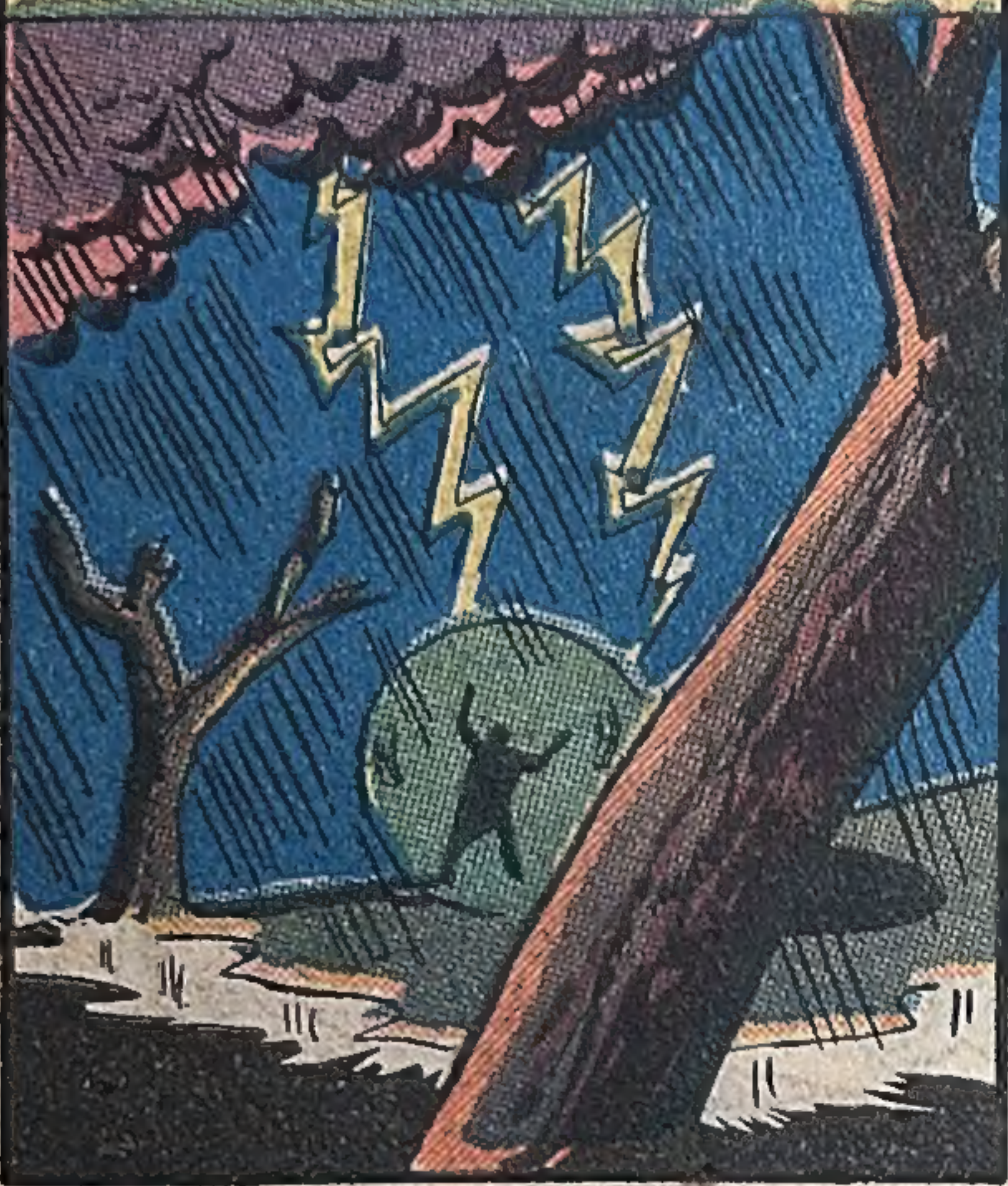
SOME DAY -- GET OUT -- DESTROY ENEMY -- GREEN LANTERN -- SOME DAY --



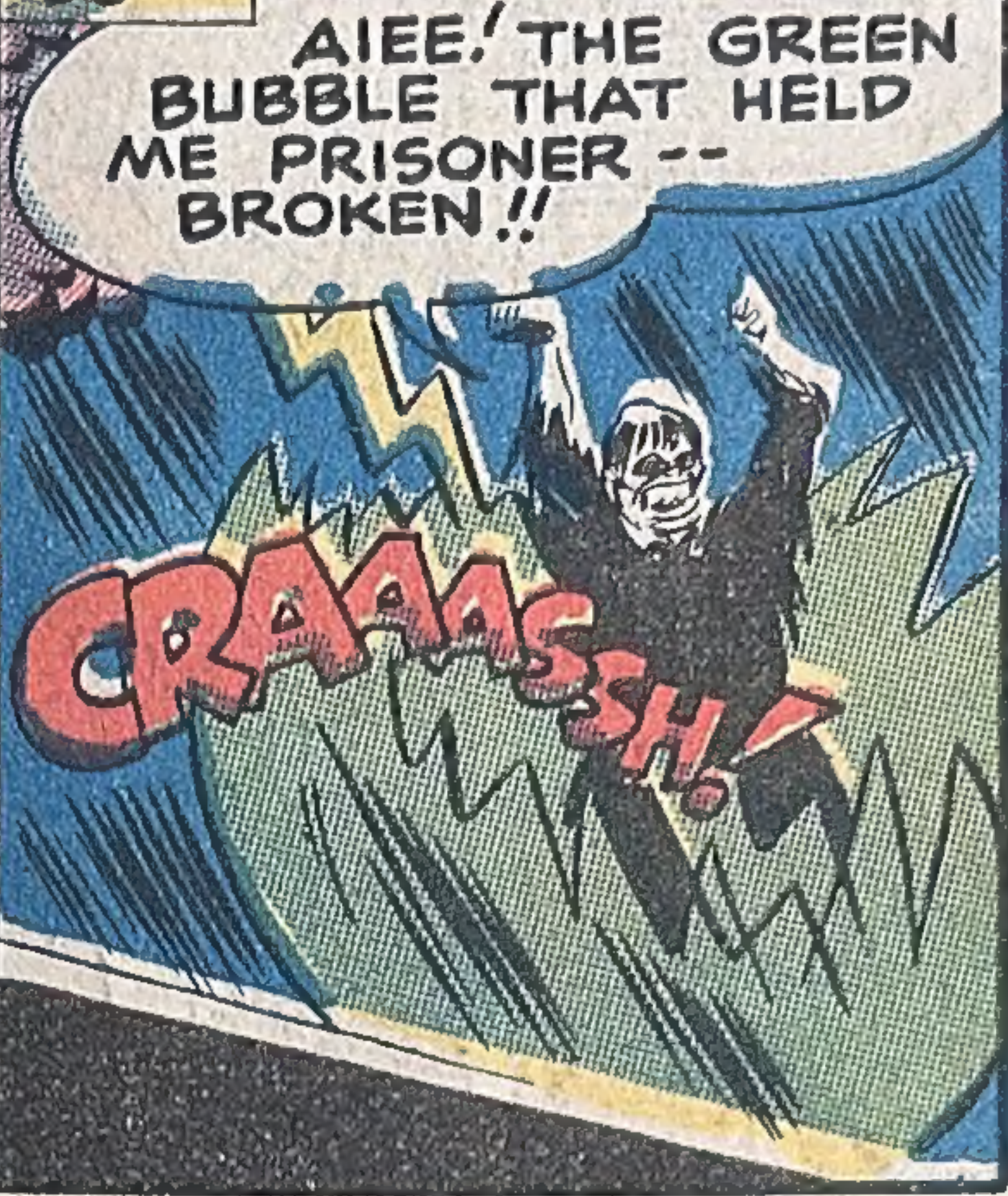
CANNOT KILL ME -- LIVE FOREVER -- MUST COME TIME WHEN AM FREE! THEN -- KILL -- GREEN LANTERN!



WITHOUT WARNING, A SUDDEN STORM RAGES WITH EAR-SPLITTING FURY---



AND NATURE ACCOMPLISHES WHAT EVEN SOLOMON GRUNDY'S INHUMAN STRENGTH COULDN'T DO--



AIEE! THE GREEN BUBBLE THAT HELD ME PRISONER -- BROKEN!!

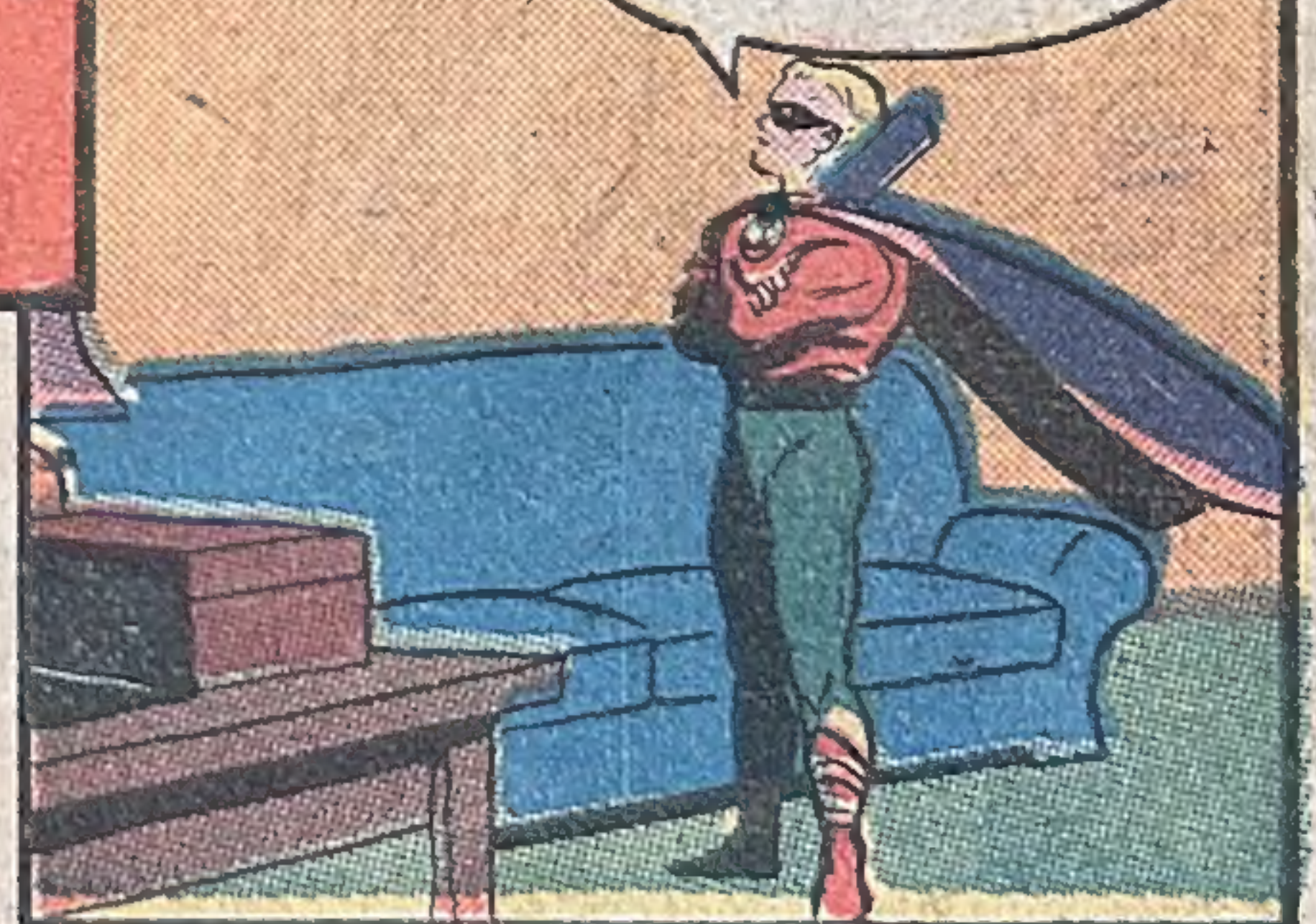
FREE! FREE TO GO AFTER GREEN LANTERN! FREE TO TAKE HIS BODY BETWEEN MY HANDS AND CRUSH IT! FREE!



WITH THE SINISTER INSTINCT OF THE NON-HUMAN DISTORTION THAT HE IS, SOLOMON GRUNDY TURNS EASTWARD---



I'M MUCH TOO EARLY FOR THE JUSTICE SOCIETY MEETING, BUT BETTER EARLY THAN TOO LATE. THE OTHERS SHOULD BE ALONG ANY MINUTE---



KNOCK! KNOCK!

THAT MUST BE SOME OF THE BOYS NOW -- THOUGH I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY DON'T WALK RIGHT IN.



YOU!



LATER- SOMEONE'S BEEN HERE BEFORE US. WHOEVER IT WAS, LEFT THE DOOR OPEN.

BUT NO ONE'S HERE NOW.

OH-OH! LOOK--

THE WINDOW'S BROKEN-- AND THE FURNITURE SMASHED!

WHEW! SOMEBODY HAD A TERRIFIC FIGHT IN HERE--- BUT WHO??

WE'RE ALL HERE-- ALL EXCEPT GREEN LANTERN!

WAIT-- THE RADIO STILL WORKS. I'M GETTING A BIT OF NEWS-- LISTEN!

POLICE WARNINGS HAVE BEEN FLASHED TO ALL STATES! GRUNDY-- THAT INHUMAN MENACE TO MANKIND-- HAS ESCAPED! WARNING-- SOLOMON GRUNDY IS ON THE LOOSE!!

THE EYES OF THE MEMBERS MEET. ALL HAVE THE SAME DREAD THOUGHT.

MAYBE GRUNDY WAS HERE!

- AND GOT GREEN LANTERN? IT'S POSSIBLE, BUT I'D HATE TO THINK--

GULP! HEY, FELLAS! LO-O-OSK!

IT'S GRUNDY'S MUDDY FOOTPRINT! THAT PROVES IT! HE WAS HERE-- AND GOT GREEN LANTERN!

I CAN'T BELIEVE OUR FRIEND IS DEAD! I-I WON'T BELIEVE IT! WELL, COME ON! LET'S GO AFTER GRUNDY! MAYBE-- MAYBE WE'LL BE IN TIME!

WE KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, DR. MID-NITE --- BUT WE HAVE NO CLUES YET.

BUT WE WILL FIND CLUES! WE'LL PURSUE SOLOMON GRUNDY UNTIL WE FINISH HIM - EVEN IF IT COSTS US OUR LIVES!

BOYS, THERE'S SOMETHING COMING IN -- ABOUT WHERE SOLOMON GRUNDY HAS BEEN -- MAYBE THIS WILL FURNISH THE CLUES WE NEED --

SOLOMON GRUNDY WRECKED SEVERAL HOUSES GOING THROUGH HARFORD -- AND WAS LATER OBSERVED IN LYNNEVILLE ...

I'LL GO TO LYNNEVILLE. THERE MAY BE A CLUE THERE THAT WILL LEAD TO HIM!

HARFORD - HERE I COME!

GRUNDY THEN BLASTED THROUGH DANDER. IN CARVER HE HAS BEEN RUINING FARM CROPS IN A FIT OF RAGE!

I'LL TAKE DANDER!

WHILE I COVER, CARVER!

HE STREAKED THROUGH ALCONA - LEAVING A PATH OF DESTRUCTION BEHIND ---

ALCONA FOR ME!

IT IS UNDERSTOOD, THEN! NO MATTER WHAT THE PERSONAL RISKS - NO MATTER WHAT UNKNOWN PERILS LIE AHEAD - SOLOMON GRUNDY MUST BE CRUSHED!!

RIGHT, LET'S GO, GANG!

WHERE DO I GO, HAWKMAN?

REMAIN RIGHT HERE, WONDER WOMAN! SOLOMON GRUNDY MAY RETURN -- NEW CLUES MAY COME IN -- IT'S IMPORTANT THAT ONE OF US REMAIN! AND NOW -- GOODBYE!

WHAT WILL BE THE FATE OF THE FURIOUSLY ANGRY JUSTICE SOCIETY? IS GREEN LANTERN STILL ALIVE? CAN ANYTHING STOP THE MAD PROGRESS OF SOLOMON GRUNDY?

E

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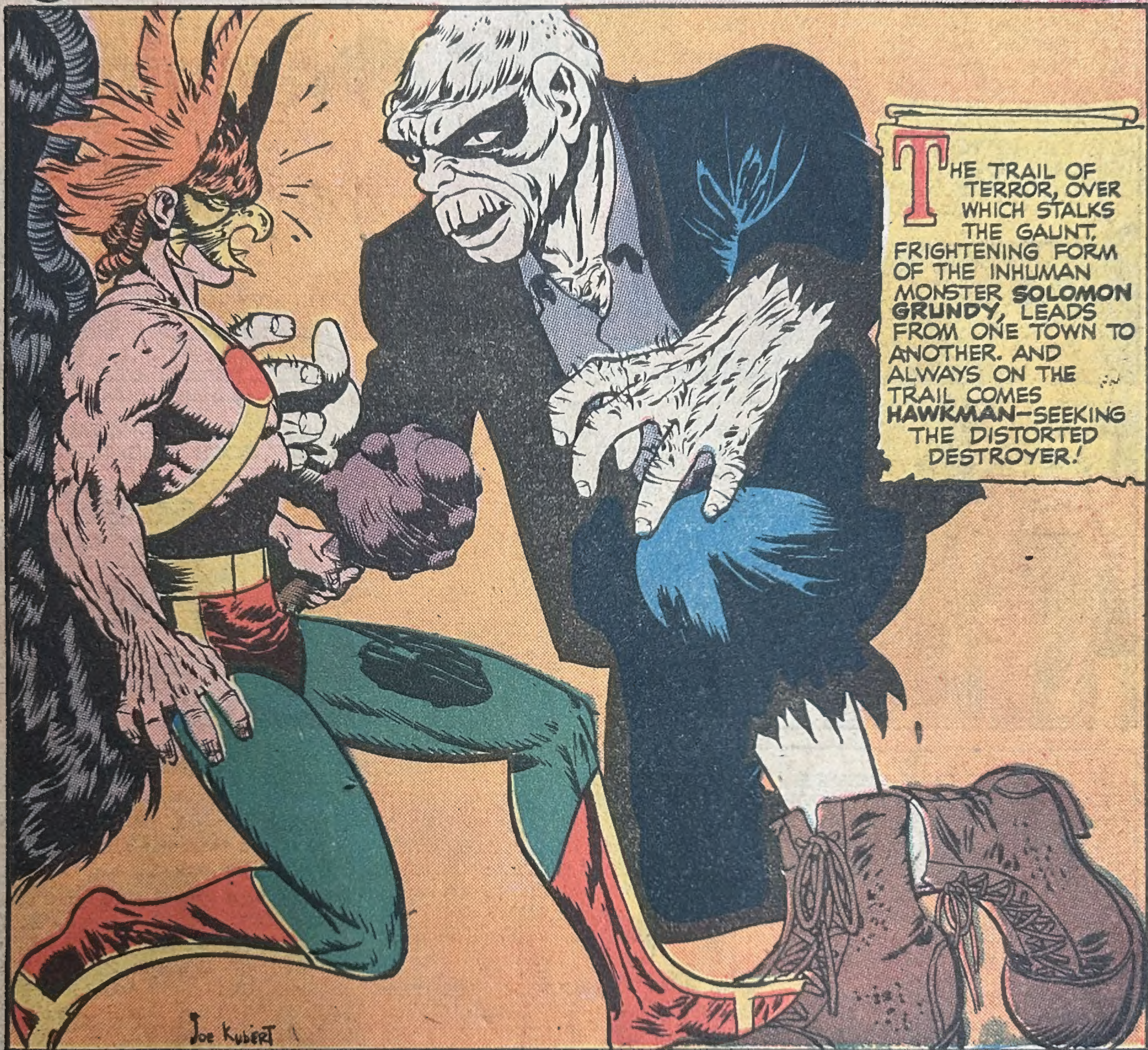
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THE TRAIL OF TERROR, OVER WHICH STALKS THE GAUNT, FRIGHTENING FORM OF THE INHUMAN MONSTER **SOLOMON GRUNDY**, LEADS FROM ONE TOWN TO ANOTHER. AND ALWAYS ON THE TRAIL COMES **HAWKMAN**—SEEKING THE DISTORTED DESTROYER!

Joe Kubert

IN THE OFFICES OF THE REGIS HERALD, EDDIE MARK'S VOICE RISES IN MOUNTING ANGER ---

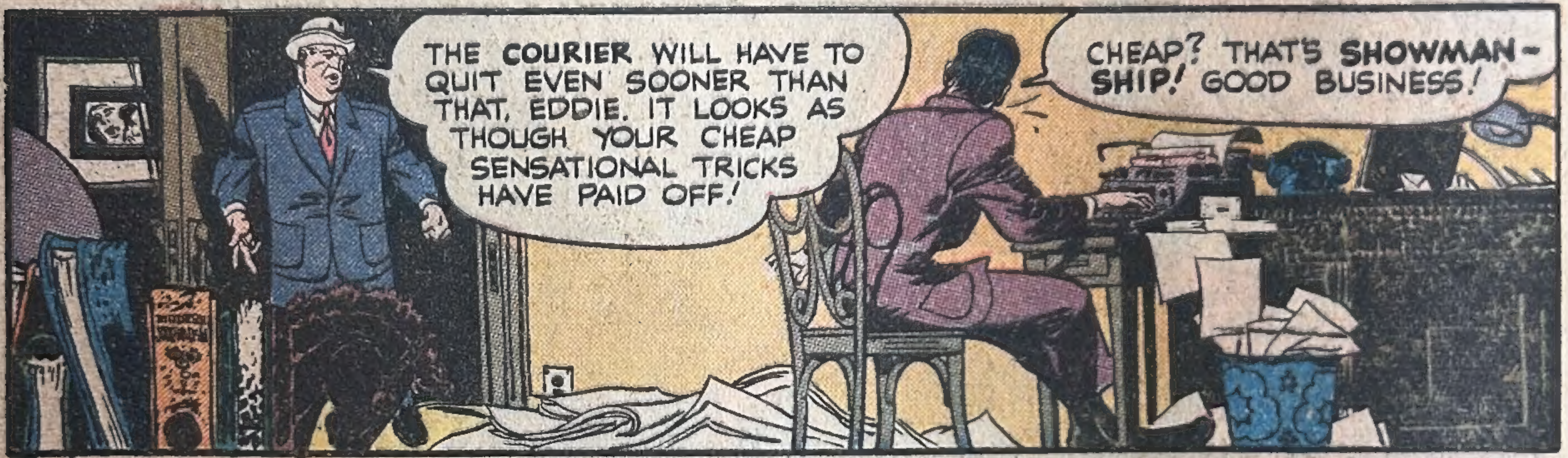
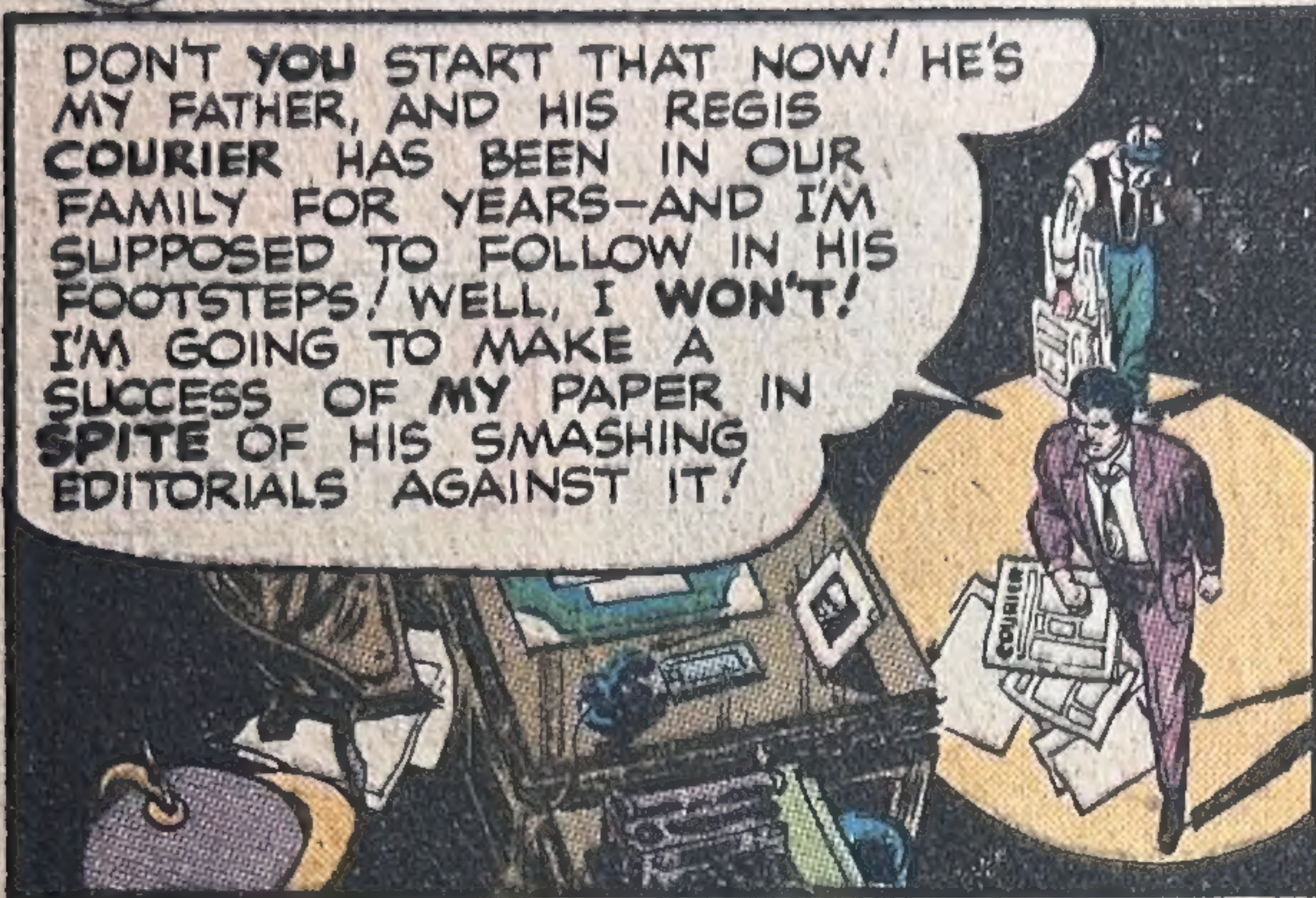


RIB ME, WILL HE? I'LL SHOW HIM I CAN RUN A PAPER BETTER THAN HE CAN! THE OLD FOGY IS YEARS BEHIND THE TIMES!



WAIT'LL HE SEES MY LATEST EDITORIAL! I'LL MAKE HIM LOOK AS SILLY AS HIS OLD-FASHIONED POLICIES!

BUT, EDDIE—HE'S YOUR FATHER!

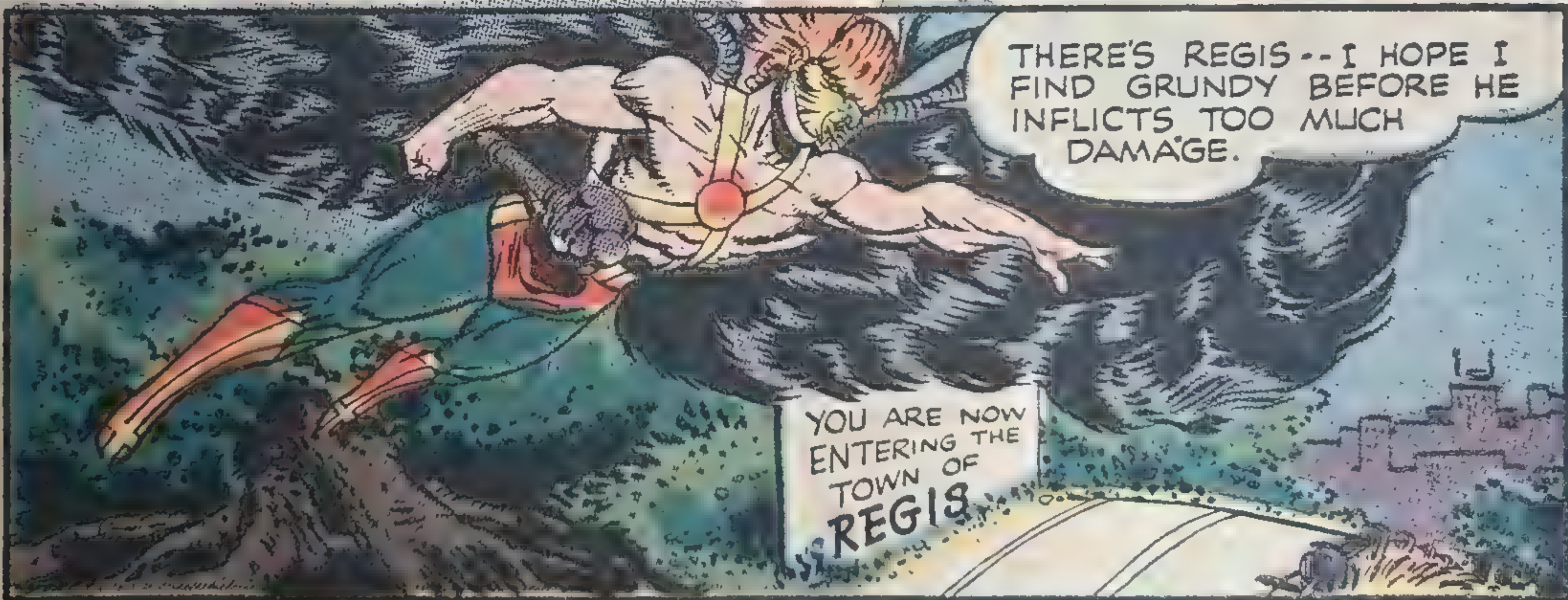


SO INTENT ARE FATHER AND SON UPON THEIR BITTER QUARREL THAT THEY DO NOT HEAR THE STEADY THUD OF PONDEROUS FEET ---





S
CANT
MOMENTS
LATER, AS
MIGHTY
PINIONS
BEAT THE
AIR ---





BLAZES! HE-HE DIDN'T EVEN BLINK!

YOU WEAR QUEER CLOTHES... LIKE GREEN LANTERN. WHO ARE YOU?

ONE THING AT A TIME, GRUNDY. FIRST I'LL GET THIS CHAP TO SAFETY—

HELP!

AND NOW TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION. I'M GREEN LANTERN'S FRIEND—AND A MEMBER OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY OF AMERICA!

AND YOU WISH TO MATCH STRENGTHS WITH ME, EH?



IF YOU ARE GREEN LANTERN'S FRIEND, YOU ARE MY ENEMY! **DIE!**

CHOKING ME... HAVE TO BREAK HIS GRIP...



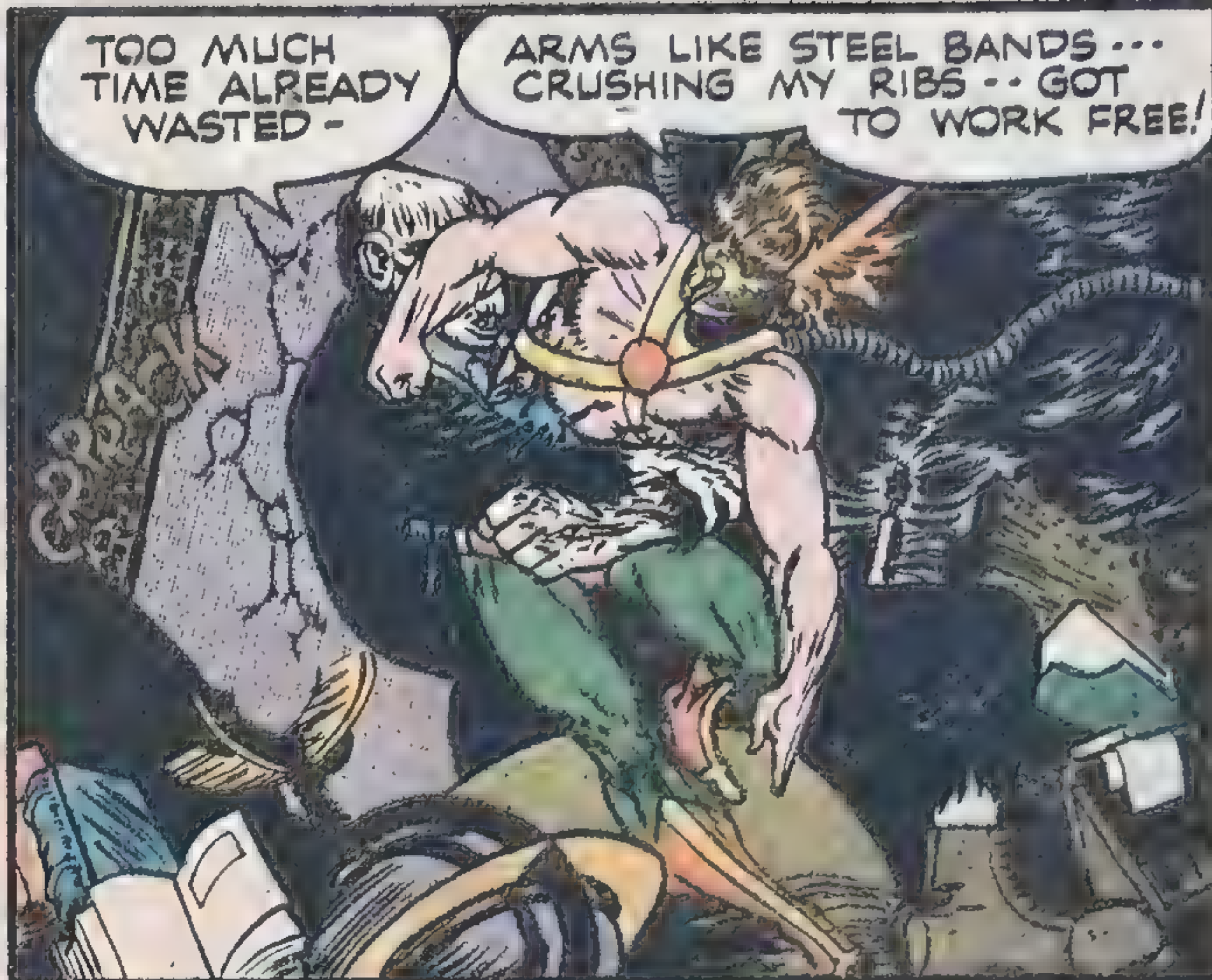
THAT DOES IT... **WHEW**



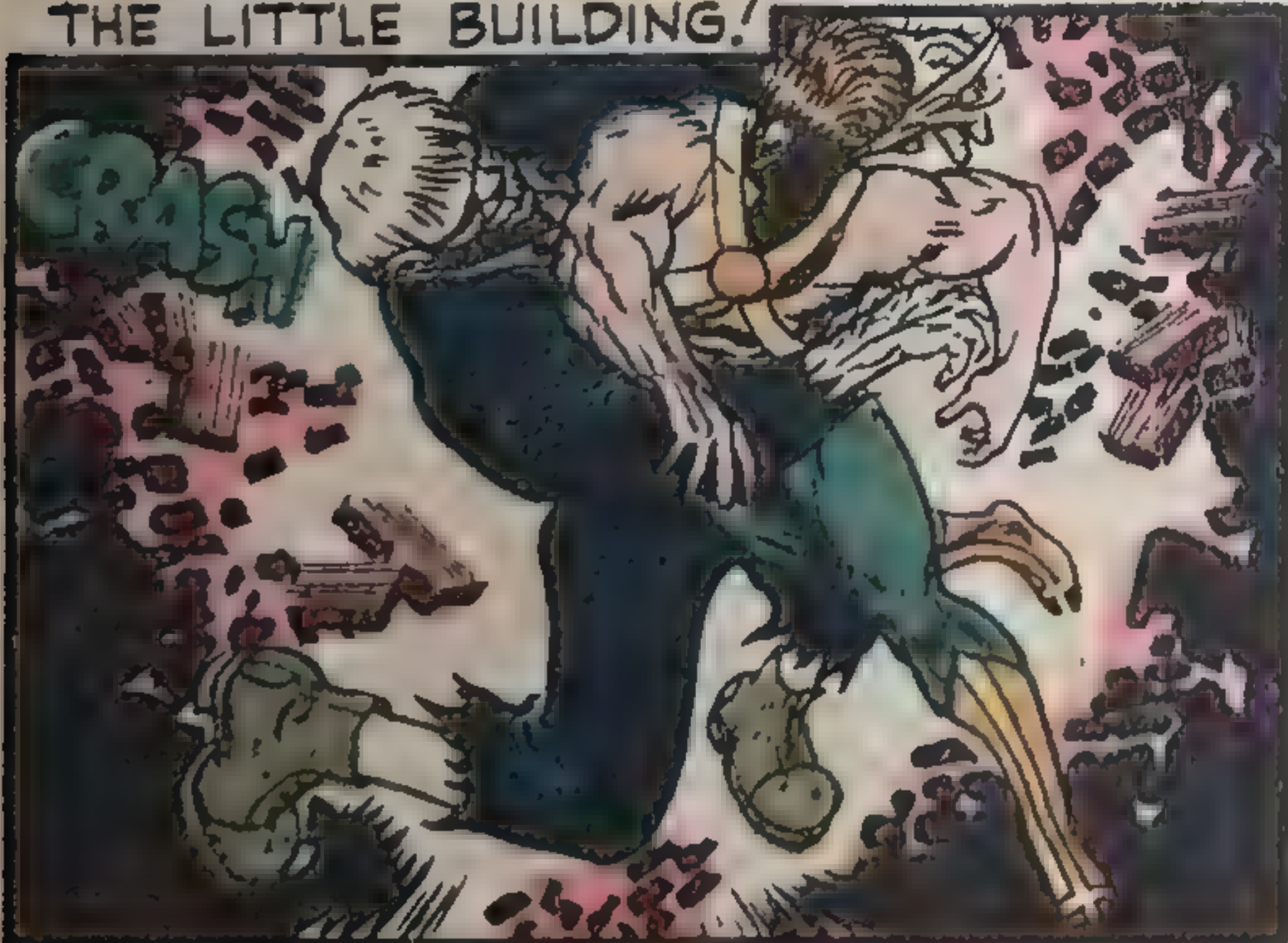
I SQUASH YOU LIKE FLY!

HOLY HANNAH! HE'S GOT THE POWER OF A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE!

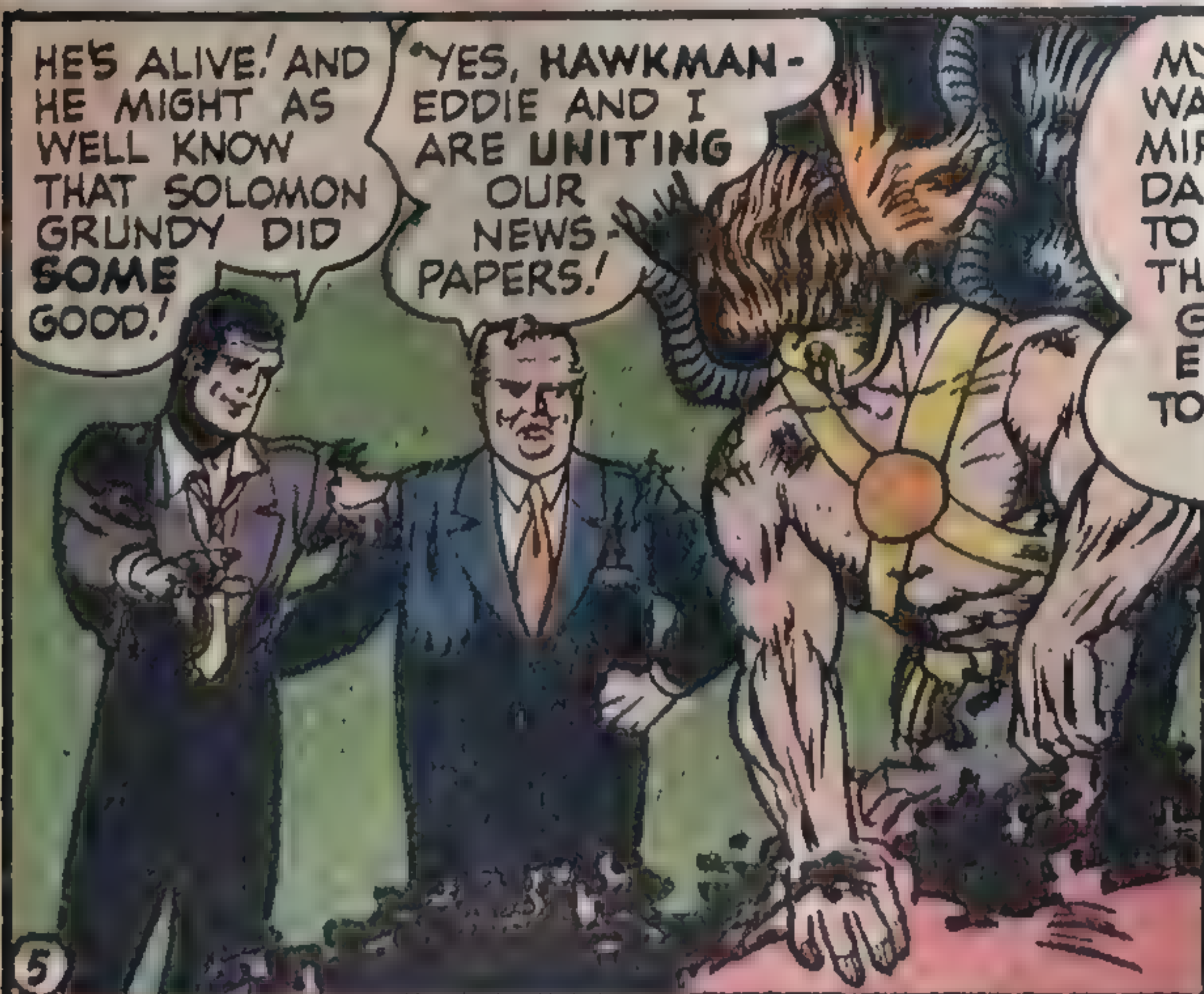
ALMOST BLINDED BY SWEAT --- TORTURED LUNGS BURSTING WITH EFFORT -- HAWKMAN DRIVES IN.



TWO MIGHTILY FLAILING BODIES COMBINE WITH INCREDIBLE POWER -- CRASHING THROUGH THE BRICK WALL OF THE LITTLE BUILDING!



FOR LONG MOMENTS THE TWO FIGURES LIE STILL. THEN -- ONE FORM RISES SLOWLY AND STANDS ERECT. THE OTHER NEVER STIRS.



HAWKMAN appears each month in **FLASH COMICS**! Don't miss it!



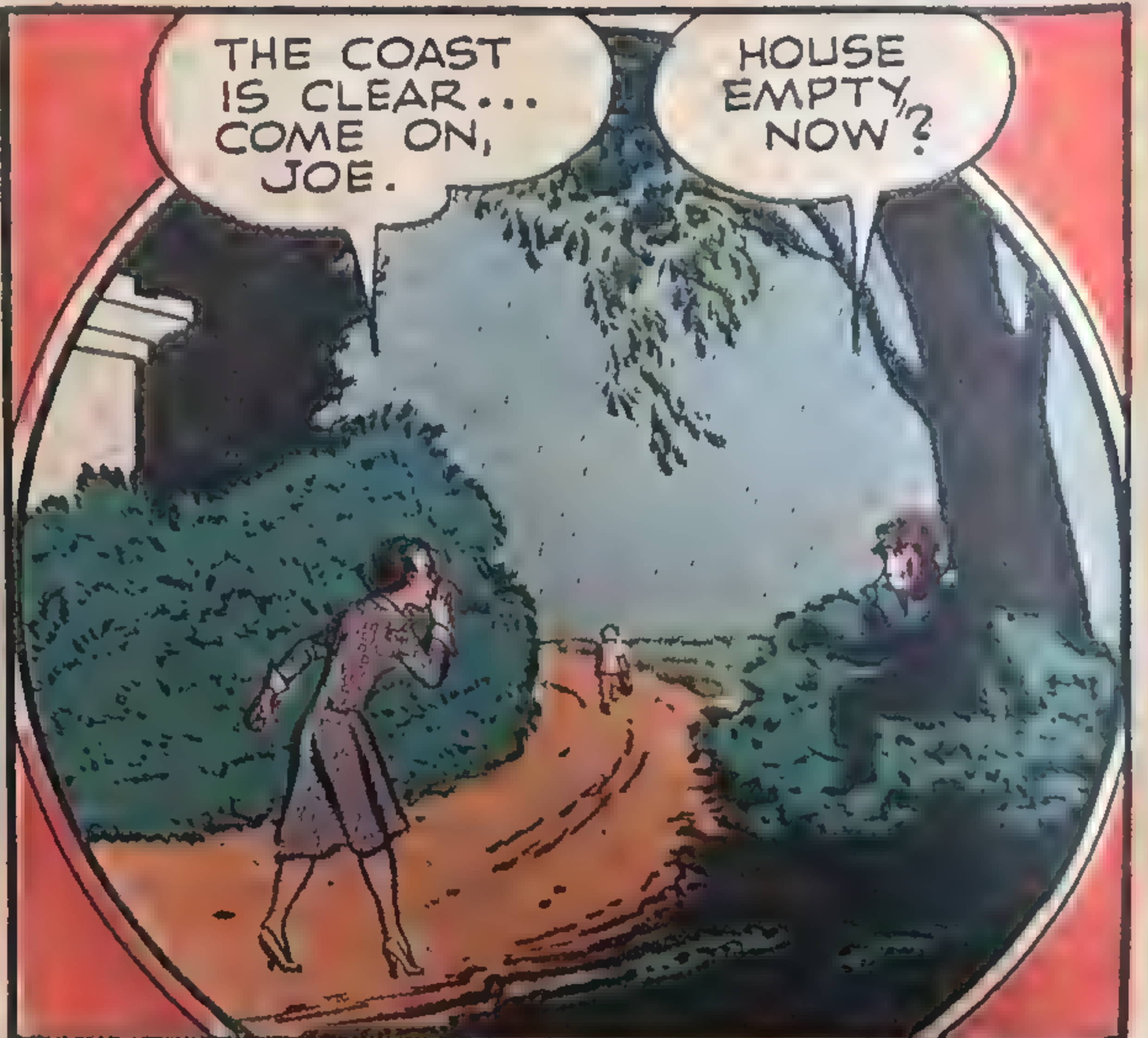
AT THE KITCHEN DOOR OF THE HUGE CHASE MANSION...

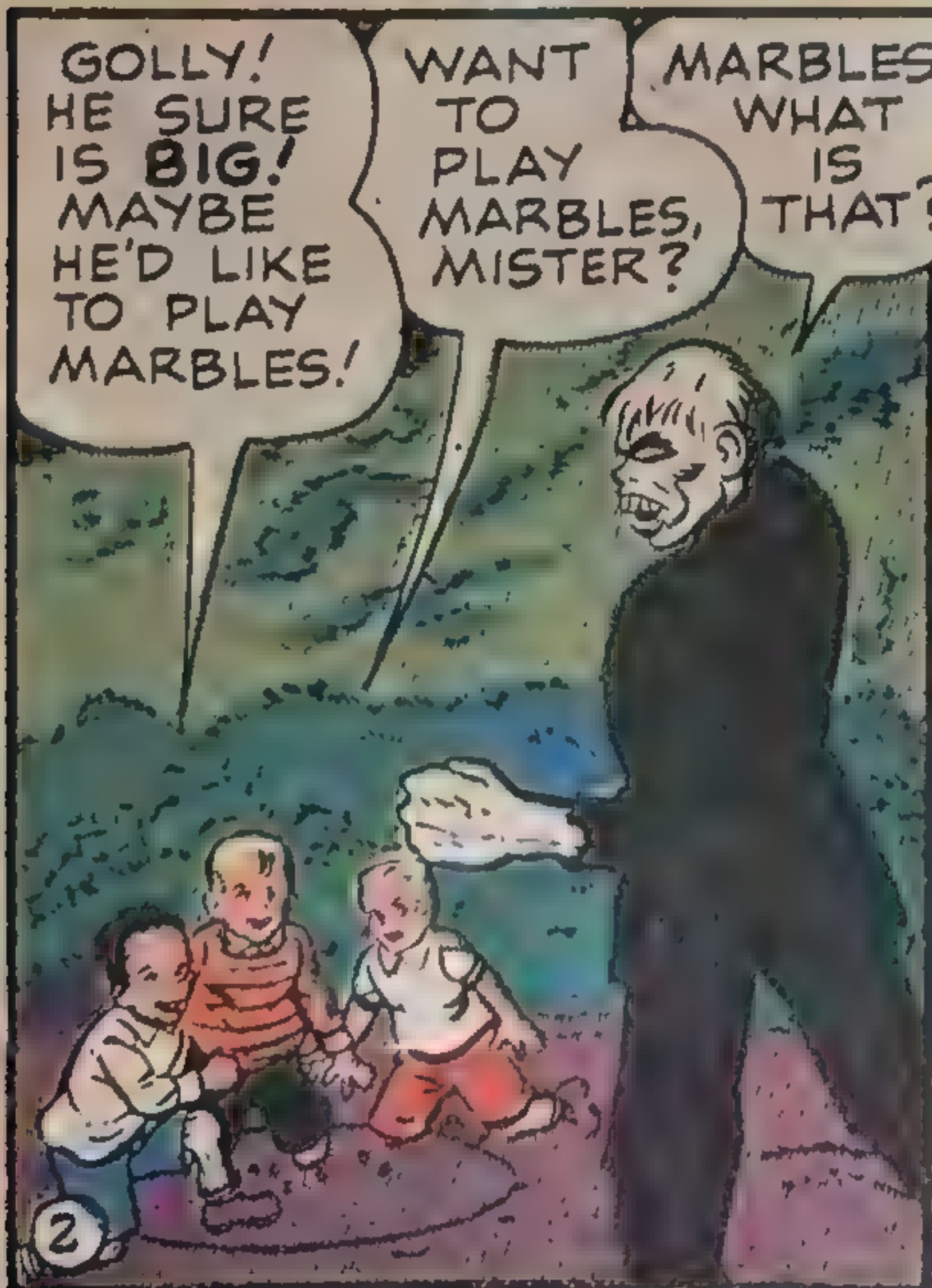
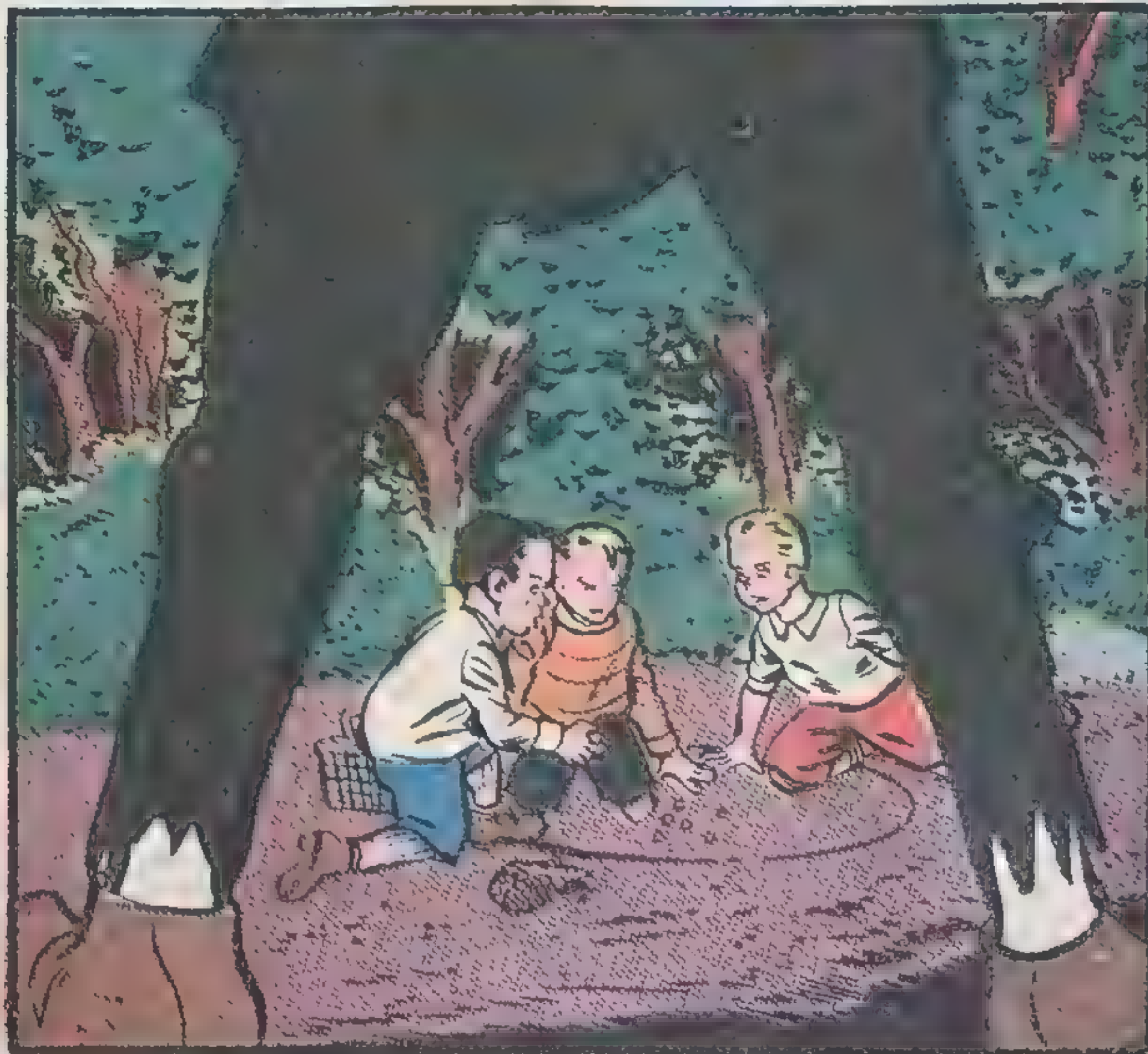
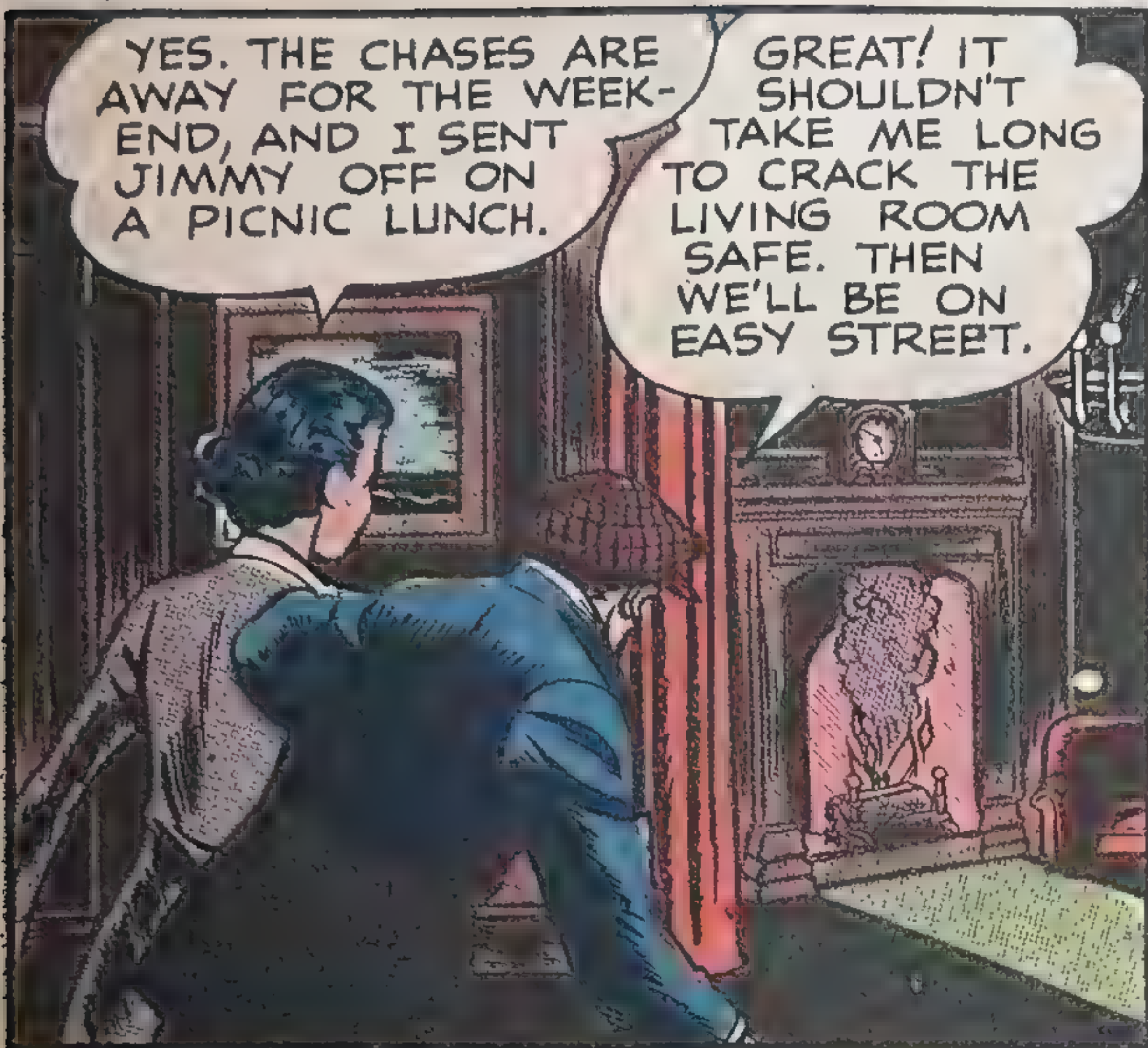
HERE'S YOUR LUNCH, JIMMY. GO WITH YOUR FRIENDS INTO THE WOODS. THERE'S A NICE CLEARING THERE, WHERE YOU CAN PLAY MARBLES.

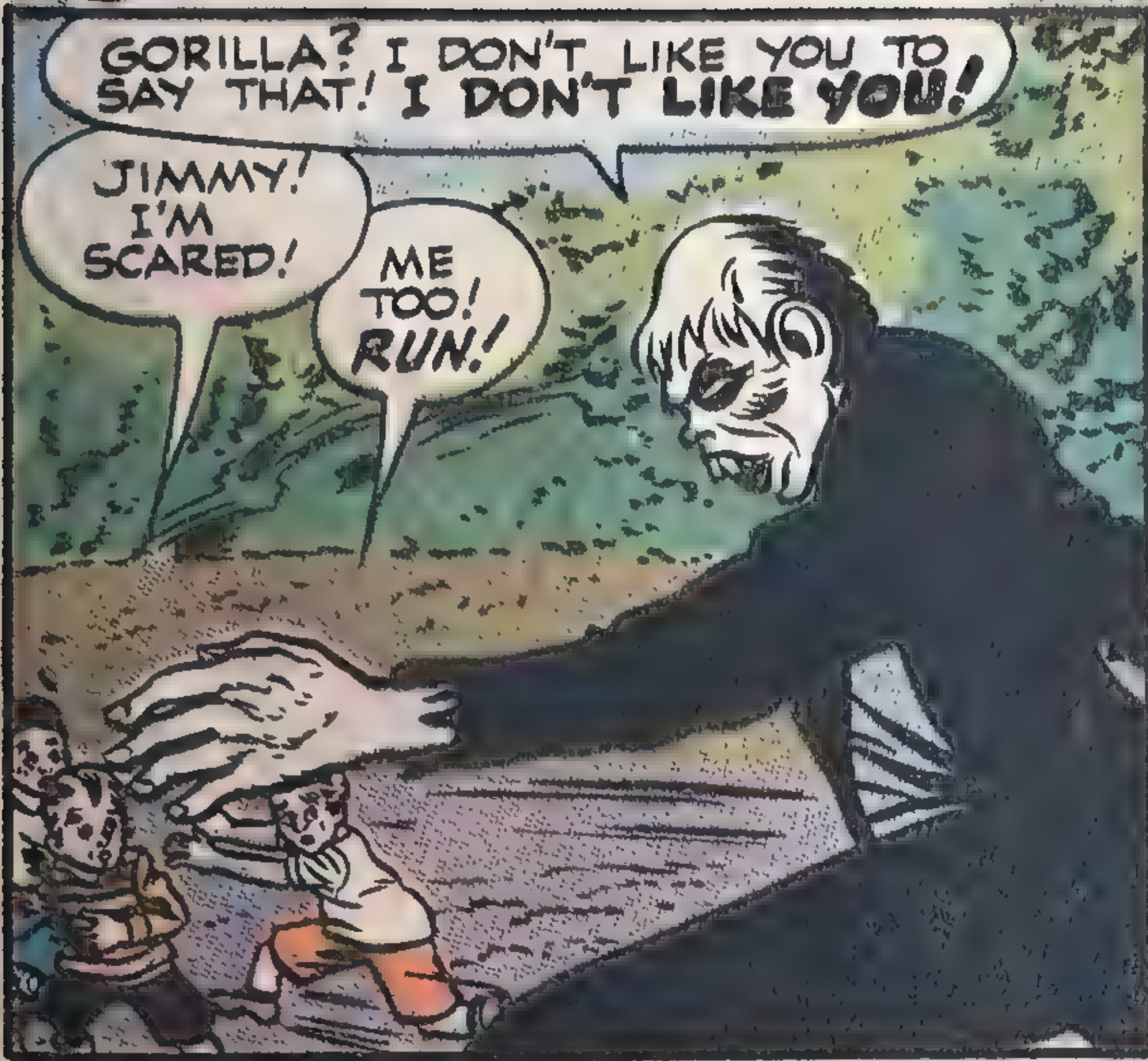


THE COAST IS CLEAR...
COME ON,
JOE.

HOUSE
EMPTY,
NOW?



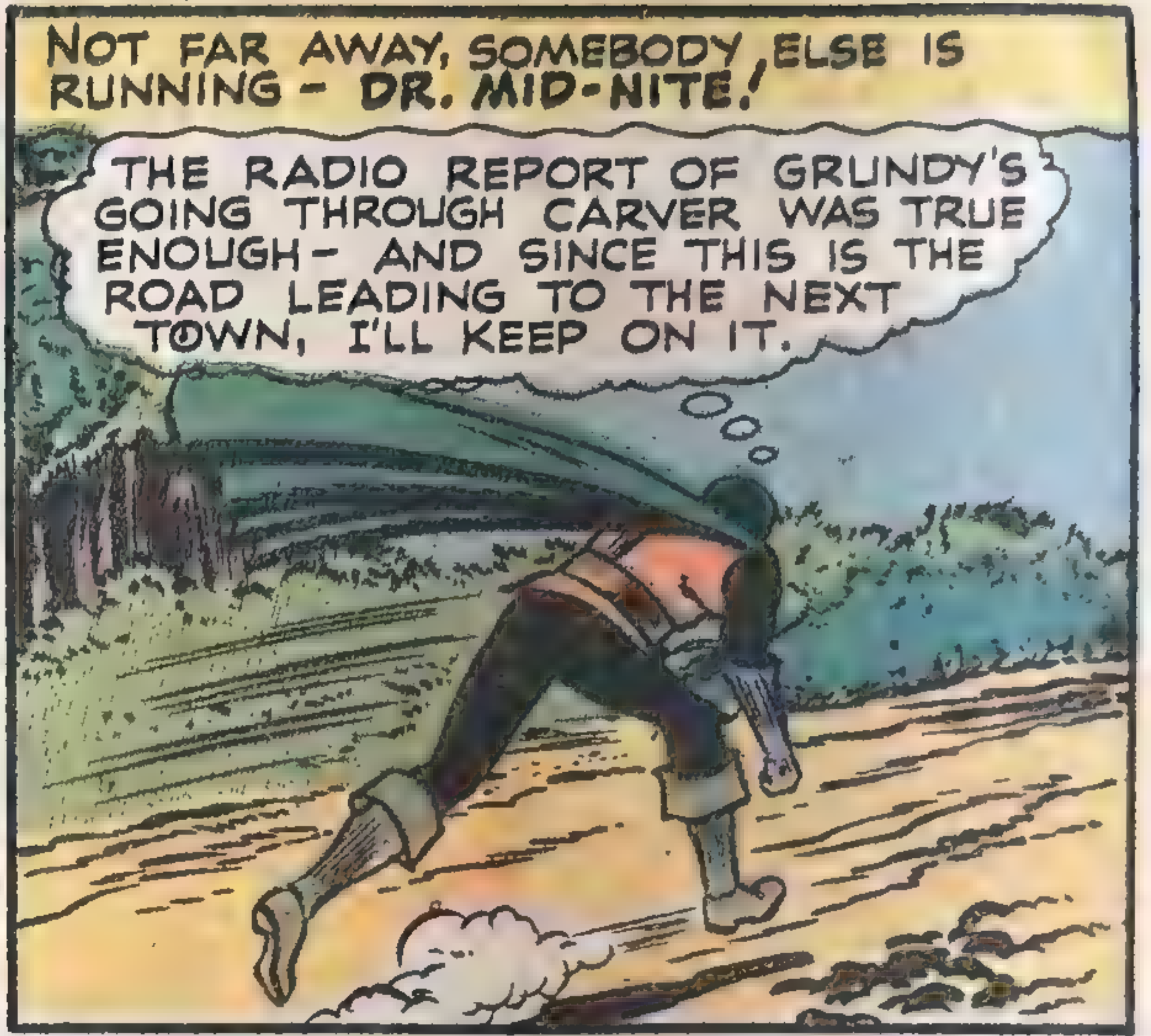




GORILLA? I DON'T LIKE YOU TO SAY THAT! I DON'T LIKE YOU!

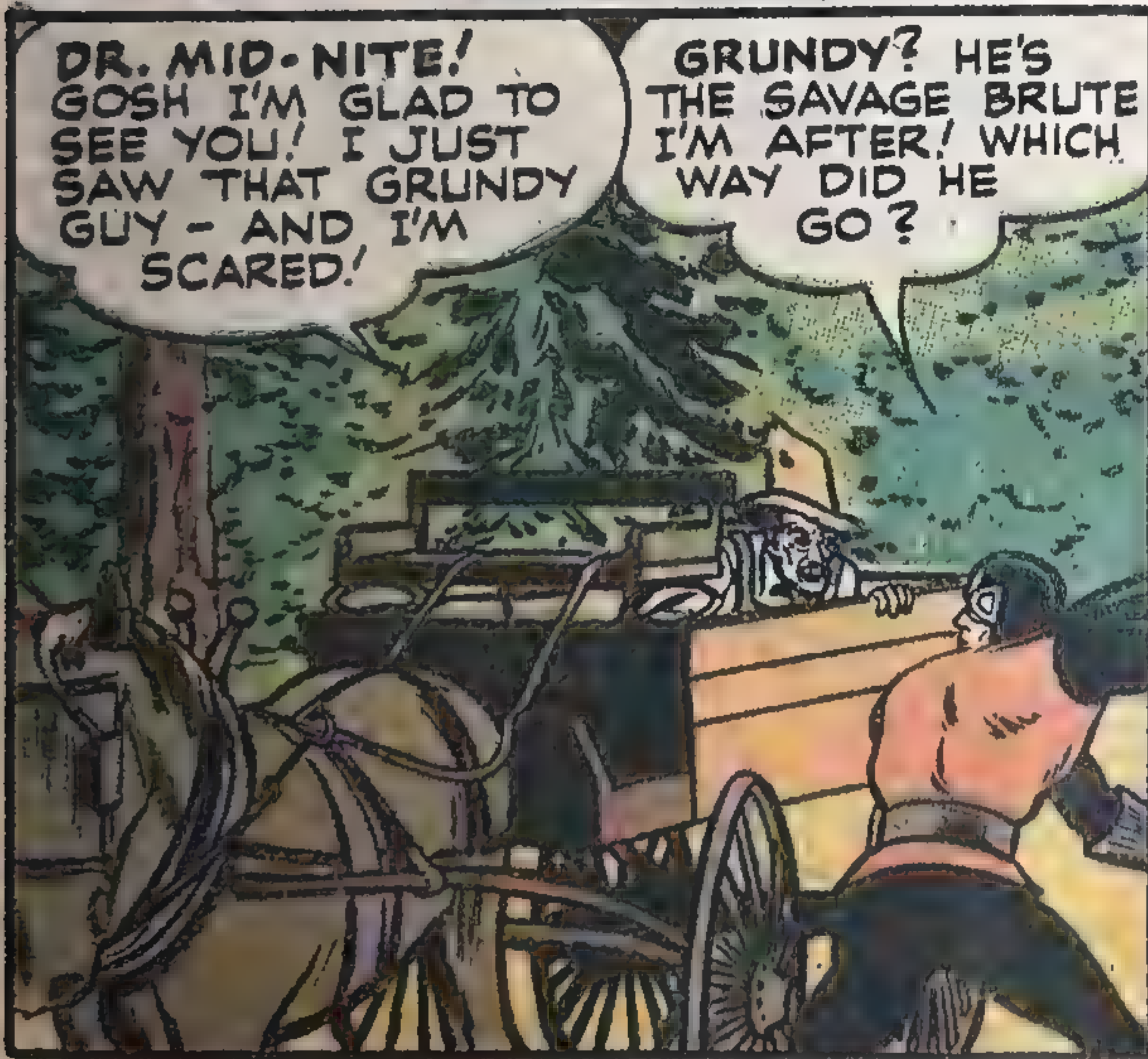
JIMMY!
I'M
SCARED!

ME
TOO!
RUN!



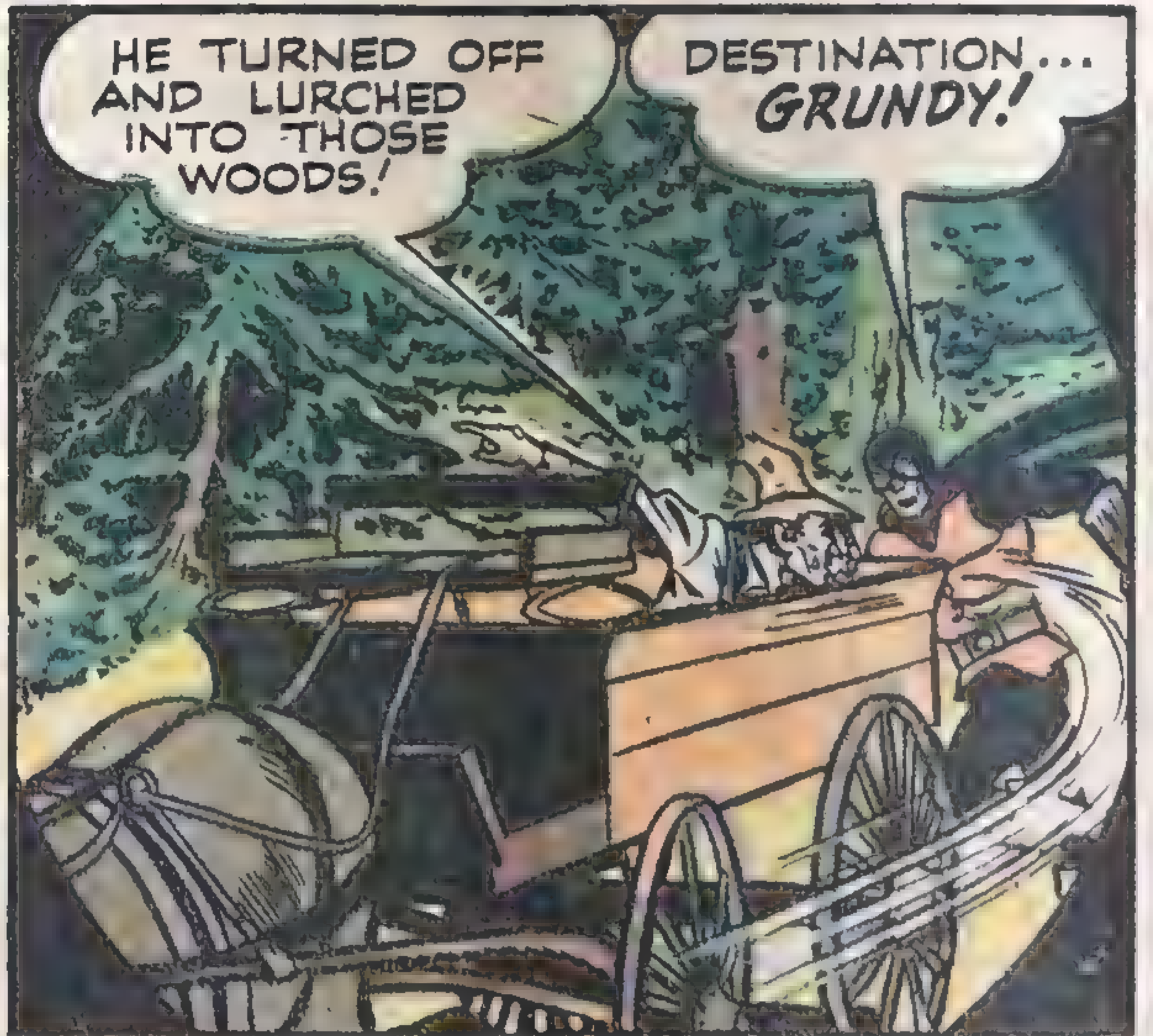
NOT FAR AWAY, SOMEBODY ELSE IS RUNNING - DR. MID-NITE!

THE RADIO REPORT OF GRUNDY'S GOING THROUGH CARVER WAS TRUE ENOUGH - AND SINCE THIS IS THE ROAD LEADING TO THE NEXT TOWN, I'LL KEEP ON IT.



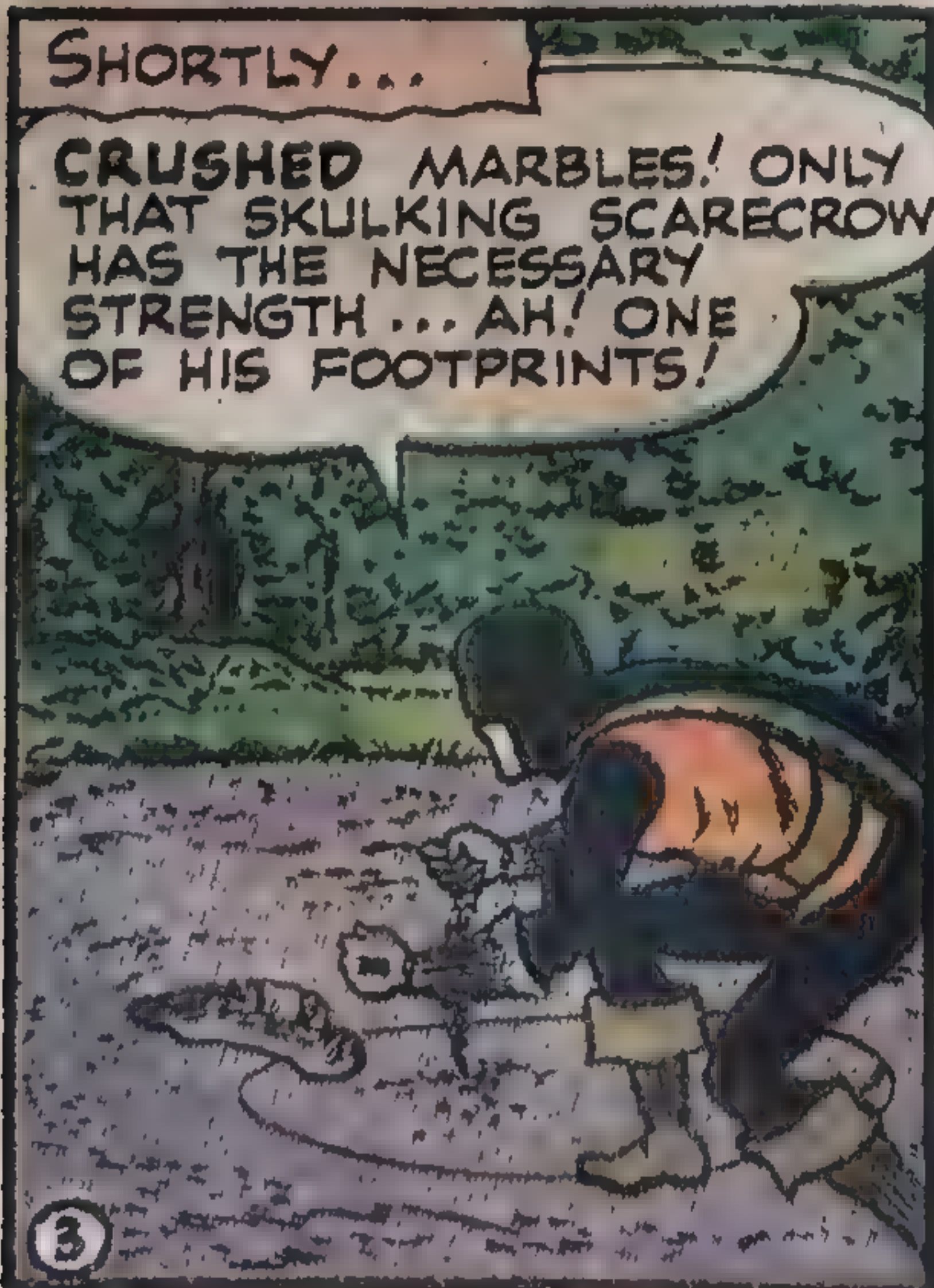
DR. MID-NITE!
GOSH I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU! I JUST SAW THAT GRUNDY GUY - AND I'M SCARED!

GRUNDY? HE'S THE SAVAGE BRUTE I'M AFTER! WHICH WAY DID HE GO?



HE TURNED OFF AND LURCHED INTO THOSE WOODS!

DESTINATION...
GRUNDY!

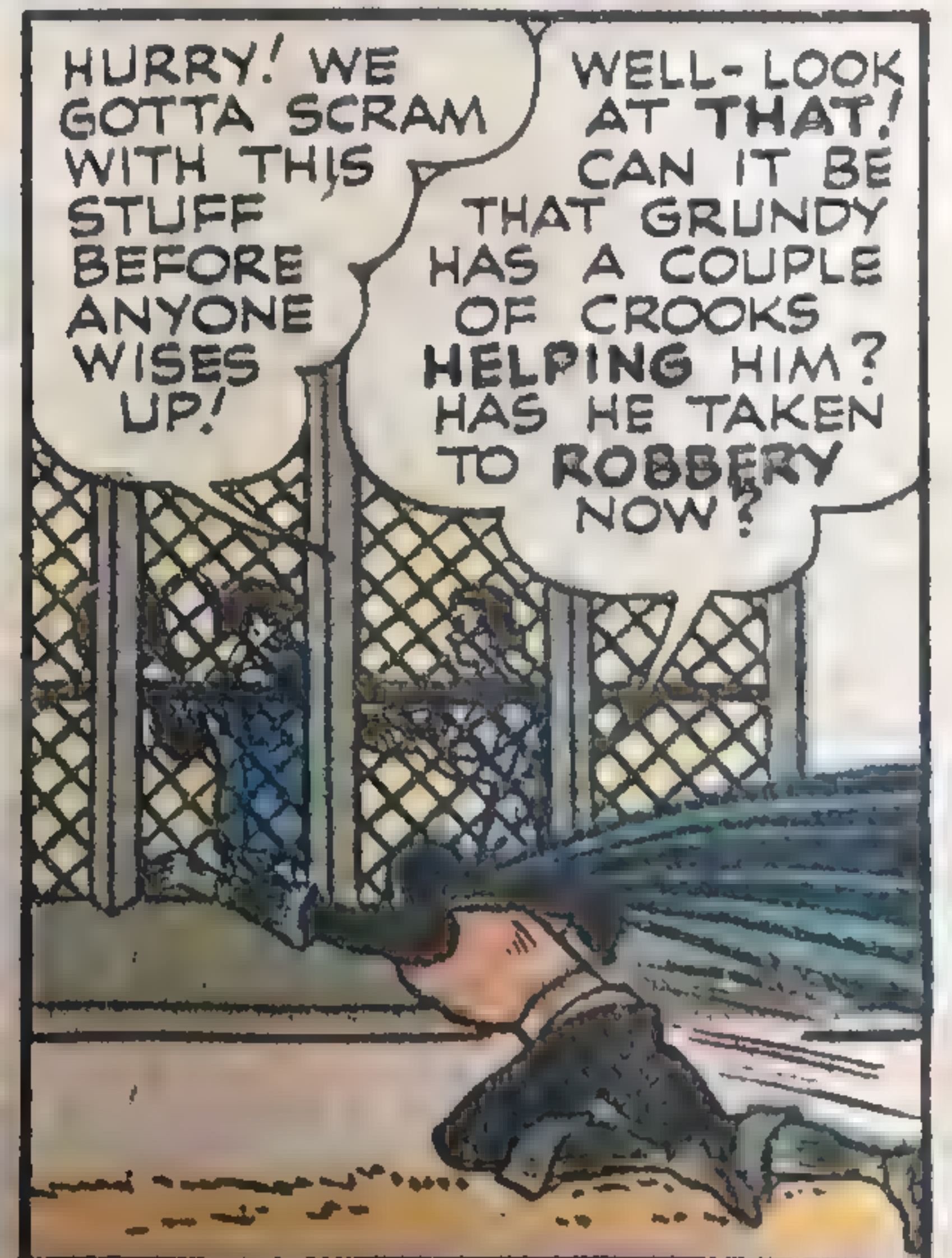


SHORTLY...

CRUSHED MARBLES! ONLY THAT SKULKING SCARECROW HAS THE NECESSARY STRENGTH... AH! ONE OF HIS FOOTPRINTS!

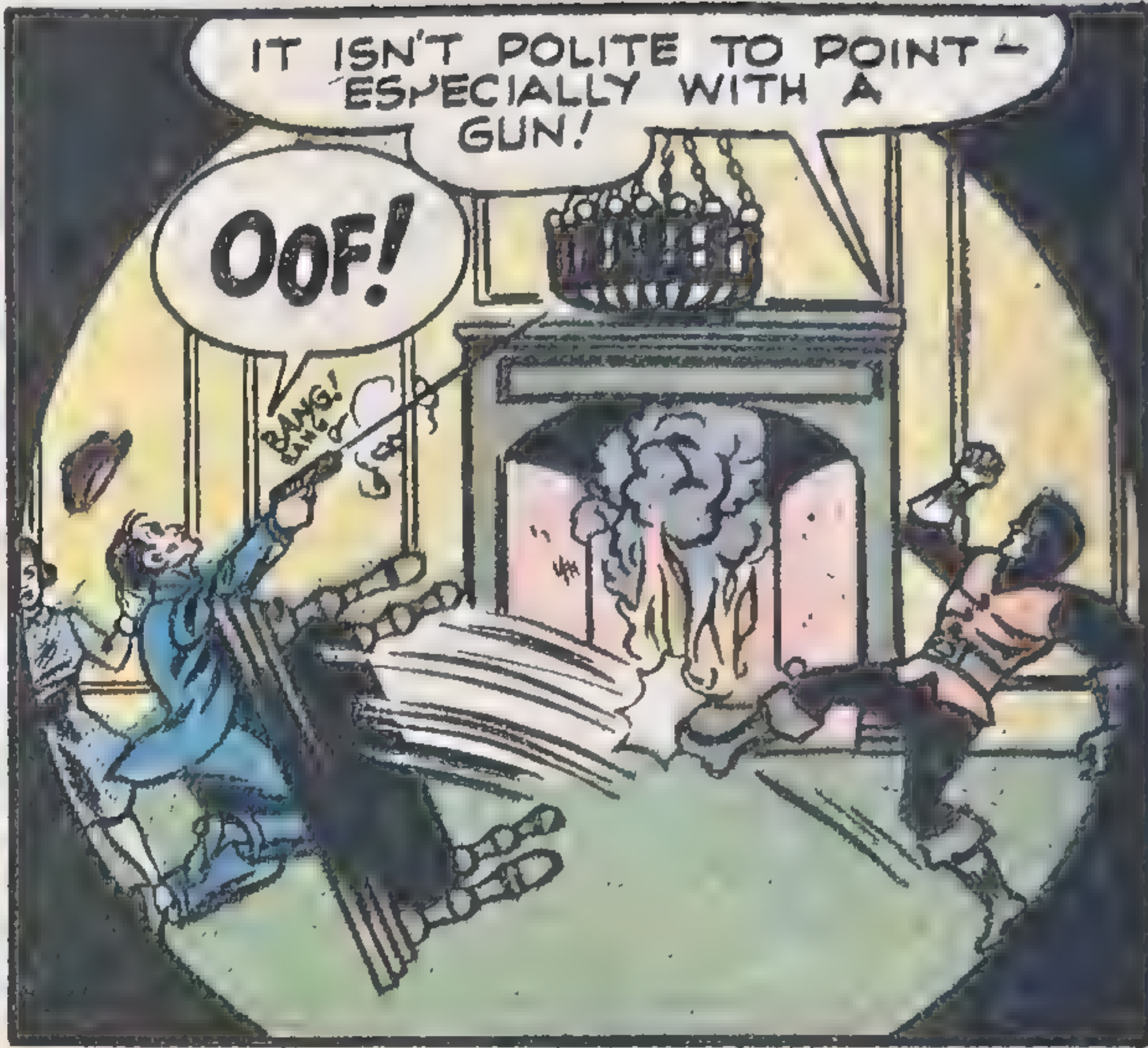
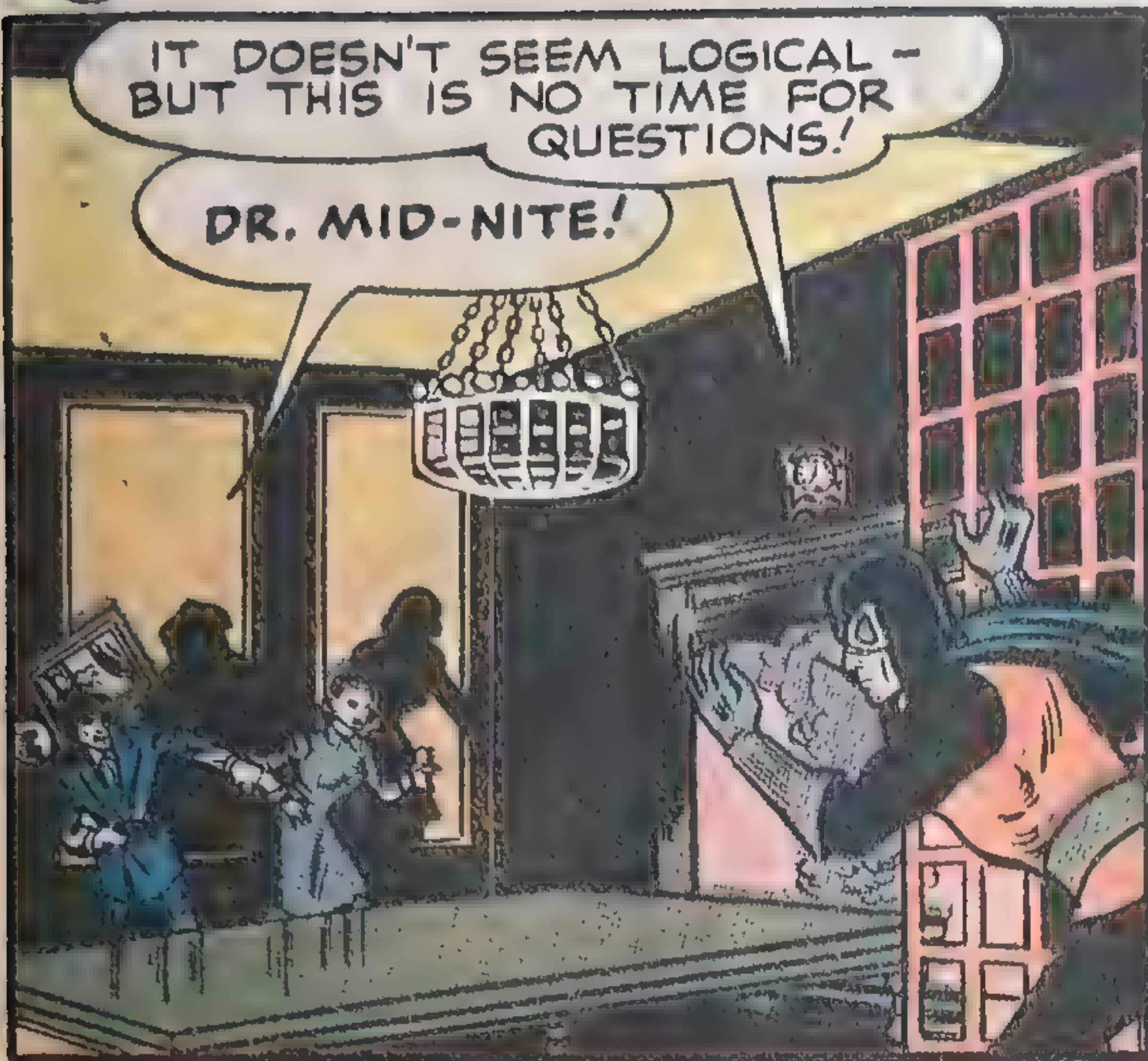


HIS FOOTPRINTS LEAD OUT HERE... HEY! THERE HE IS NOW - HEADING FOR THAT HOUSE!



HURRY! WE GOTTA SCRAM WITH THIS STUFF BEFORE ANYONE WISES UP!

WELL-LOOK AT THAT! CAN IT BE THAT GRUNDY HAS A COUPLE OF CROOKS HELPING HIM? HAS HE TAKEN TO ROBBERY NOW?





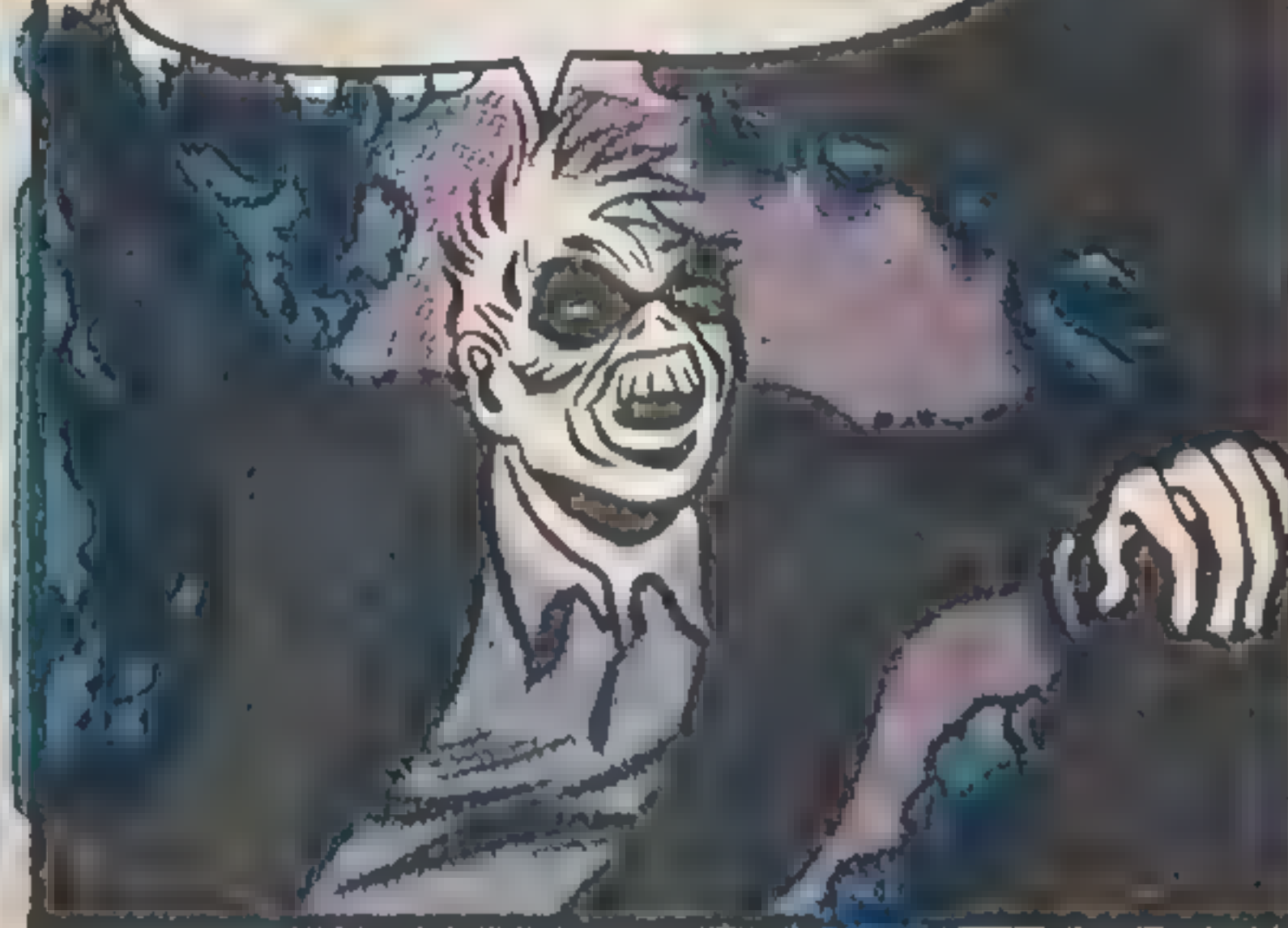
THOUGH TERRIBLE, SHATTERING PAIN COURSES THROUGHOUT THE LAWMAN'S BODY, HE DRAWS ON HIS HEROIC RESERVES OF COURAGE. HIS GOOD ARM FUMBLES AT HIS BELT - AND...

I'LL GIVE GRUNDY A TASTE OF MY **BLACKOUT BOMB!** IN THE DARKNESS I'LL TACKLE HIM AGAIN!



BUT THIS MAD MASTER OF MAYHEM HAS NO WISH TO CONTINUE THE TITANIC STRUGGLE. HE HAS ANOTHER IDEA WHICH DRIVES HIM RELENTLESSLY -

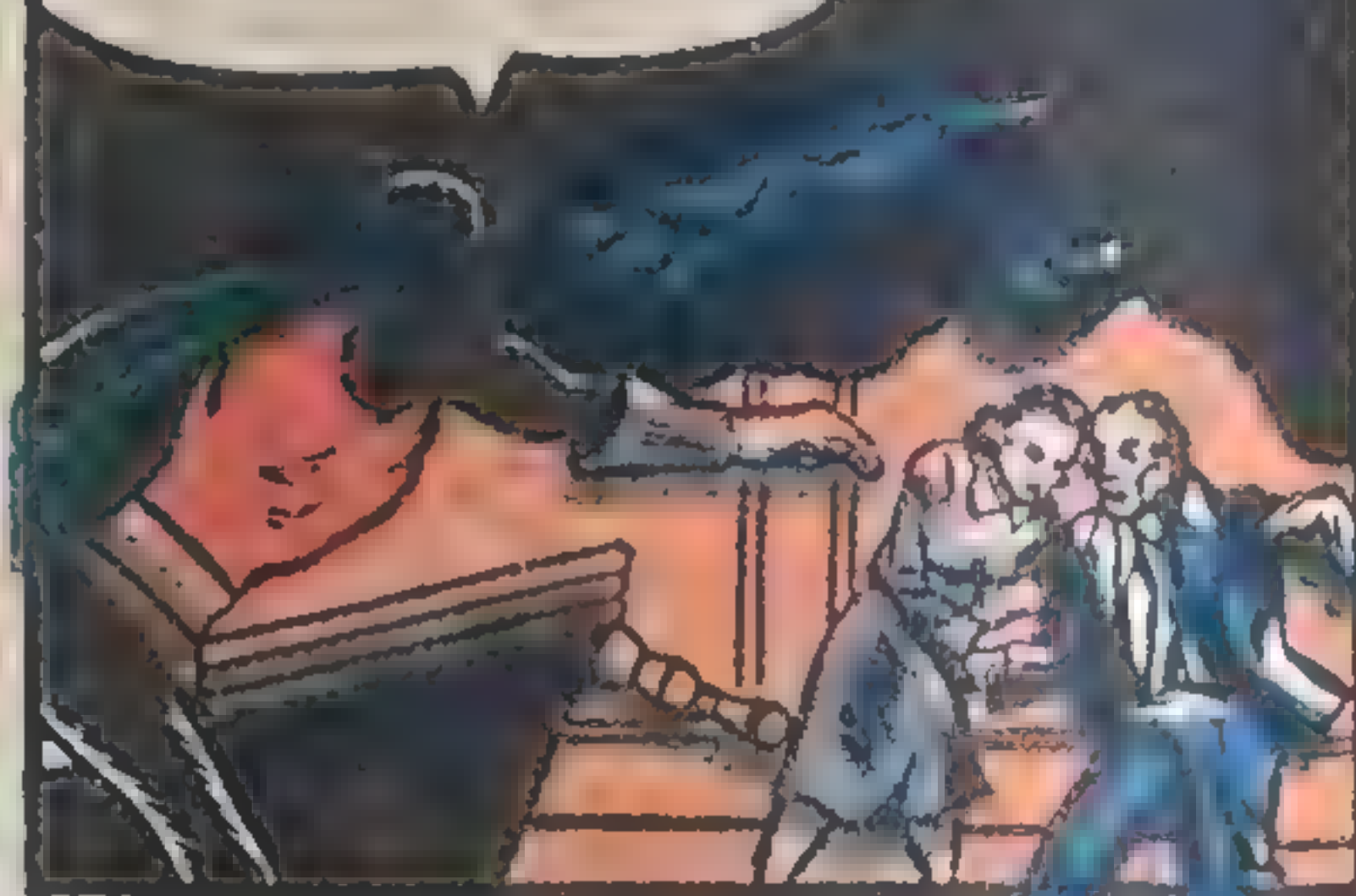
TOO MUCH TIME WASTED ALREADY - THERE IS SOMEONE I STILL MUST FIND!



LATER, AS THE DARKNESS BEGINS TO FADE...

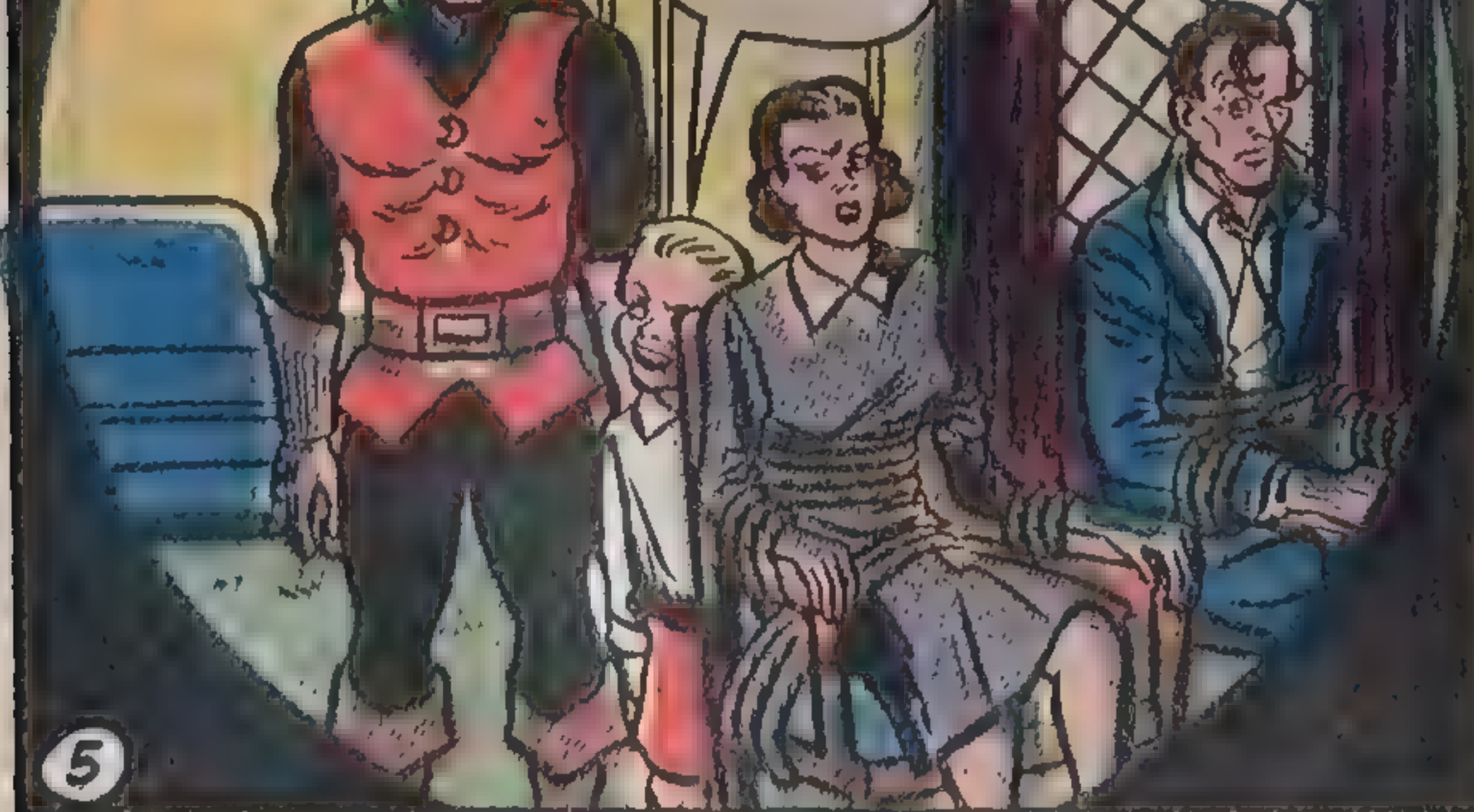
TRY, AGAIN, JOE. THAT TERRIBLE BLACKNESS IS DISAPPEARING. NOW WE CAN SEE WHERE WE'RE HEADING...

I SEE WHERE YOU'RE HEADING - TO THE LOCAL JAIL!



THANKS, JIMMY, FOR HELPING ME TIE UP THOSE THUGS.

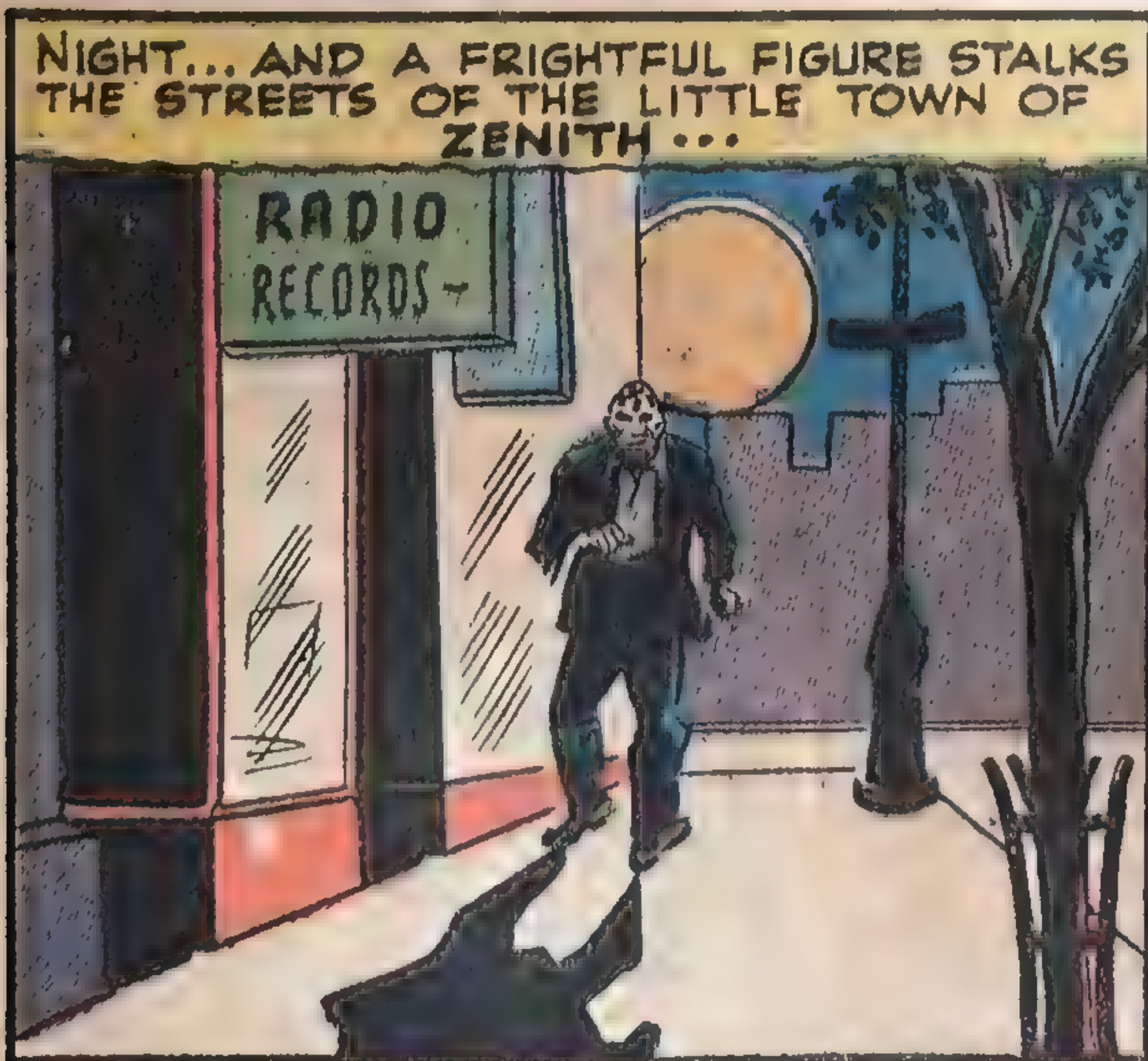
WE WERE PLENTY SCARED WHEN THAT BIG, UGLY GUY CHASED US INTO MY HOUSE - BUT WE WEREN'T WORRIED NO MORE WHEN YOU TACKLED HIM!

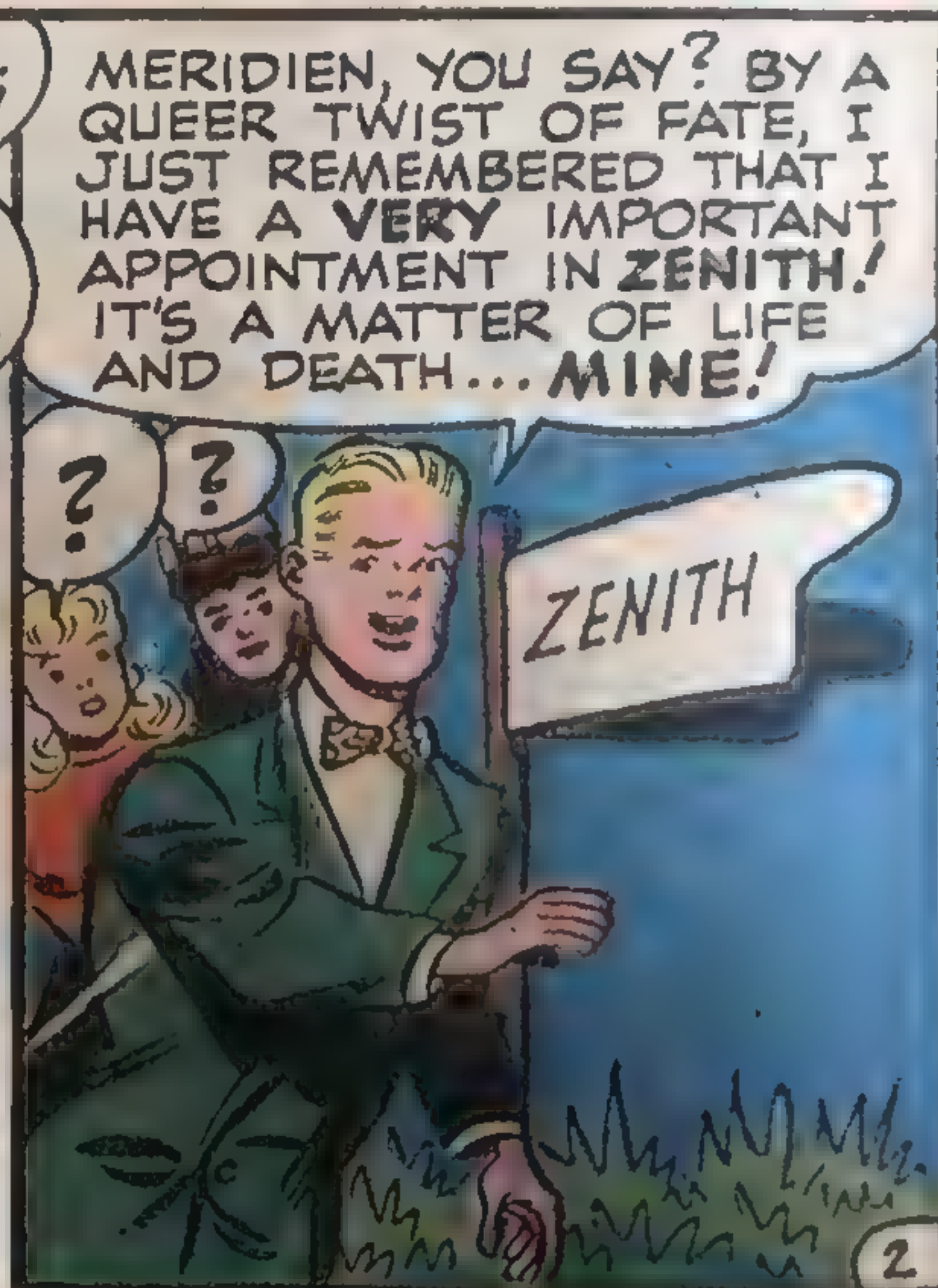
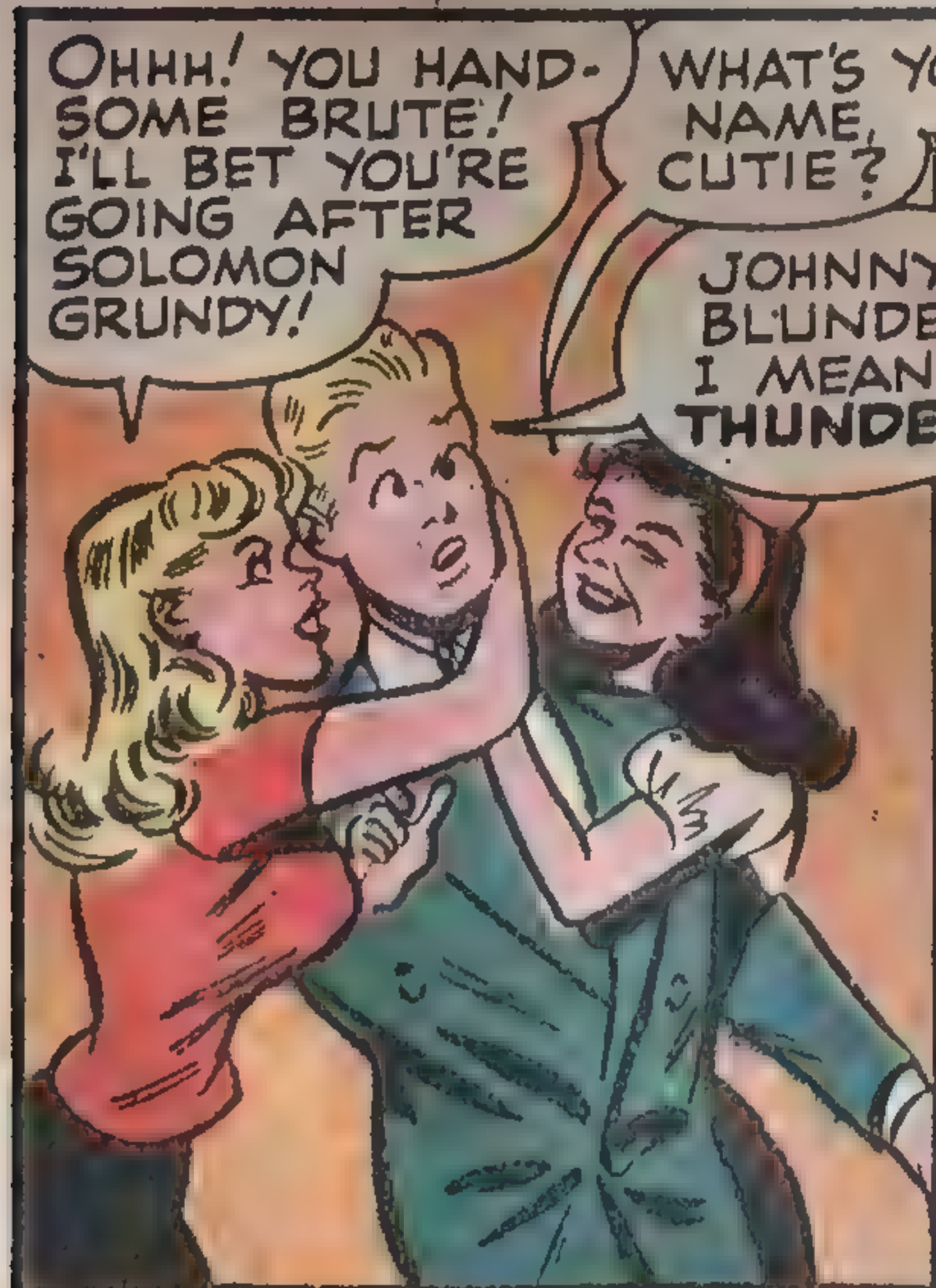
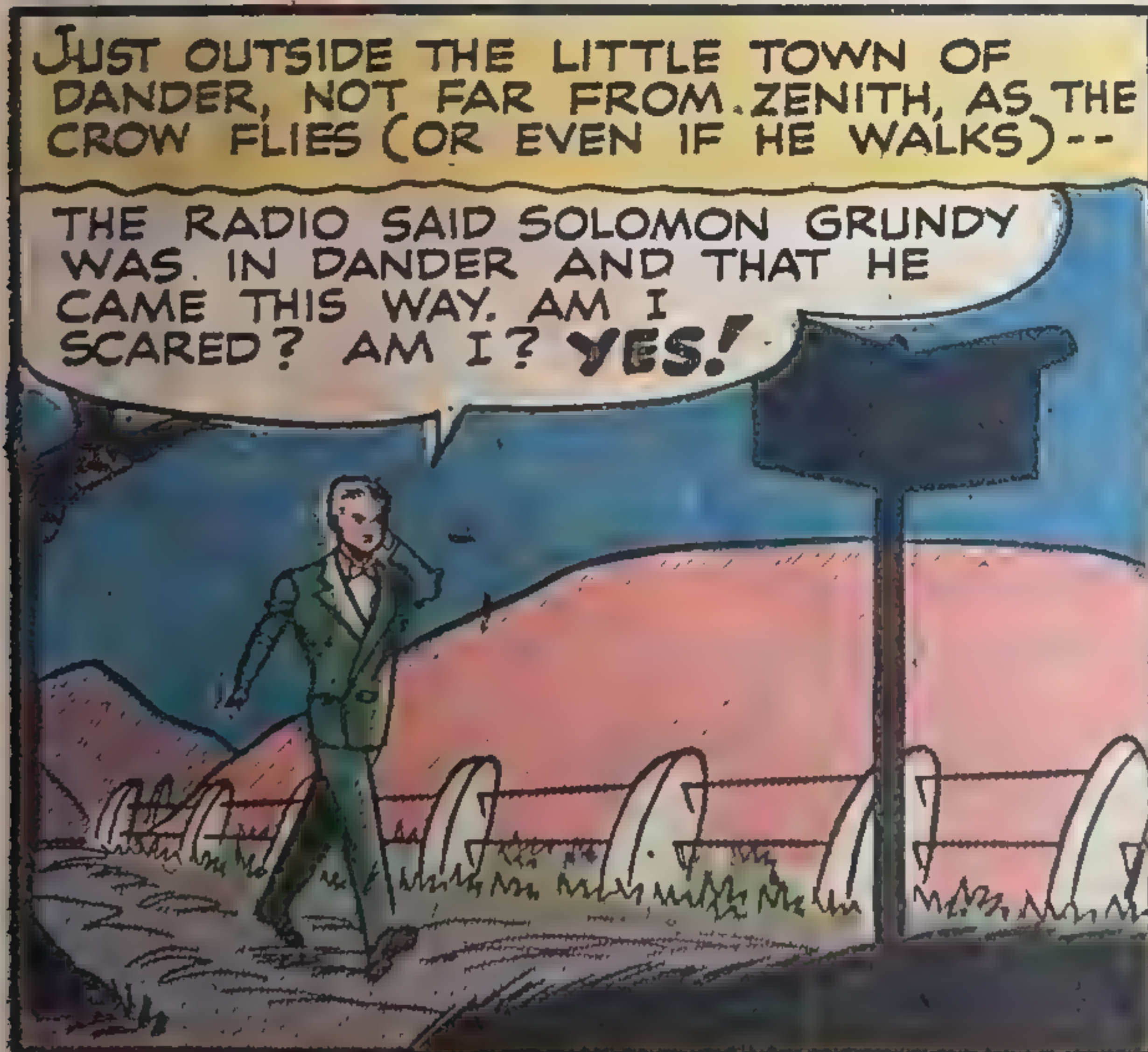
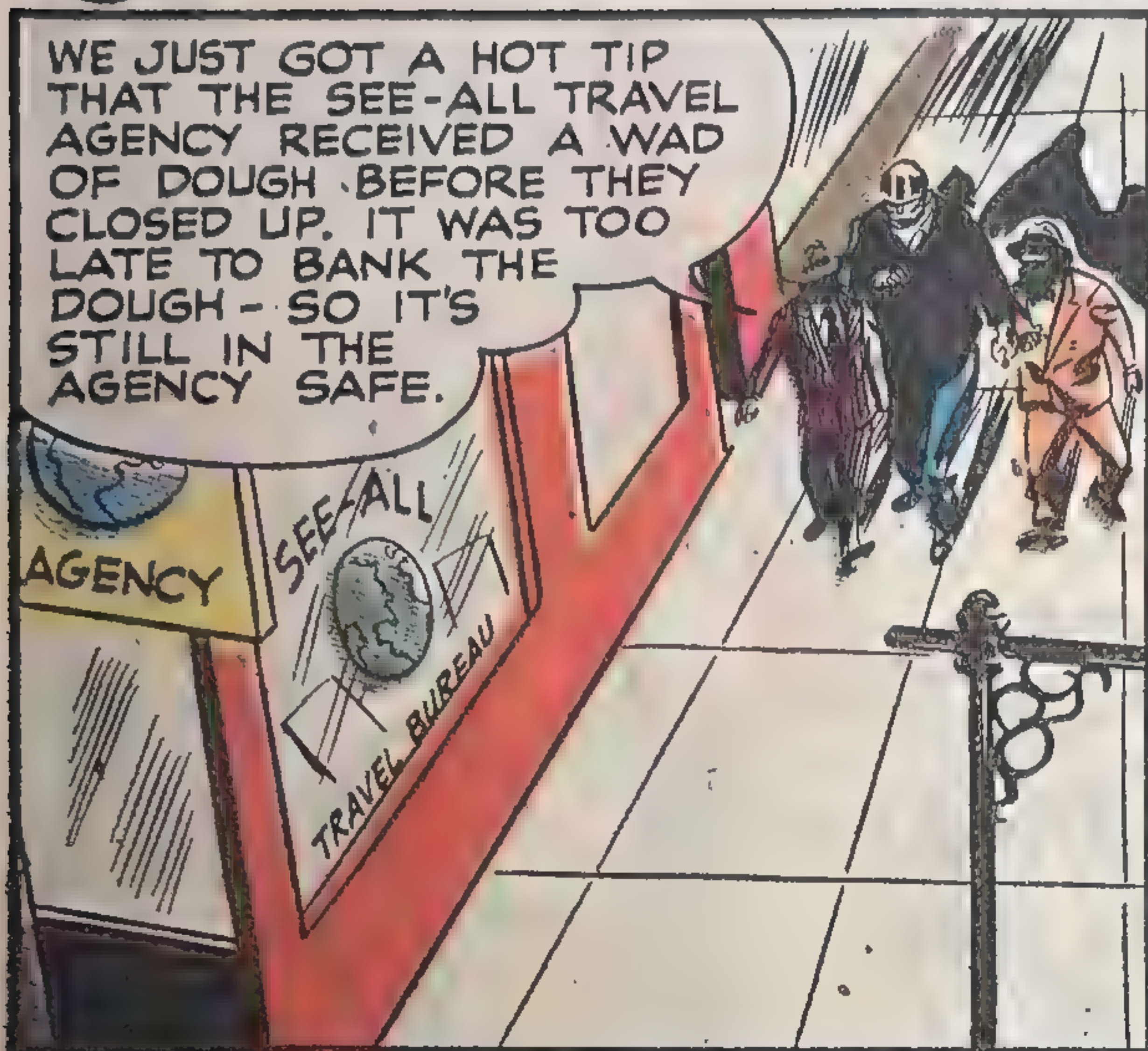


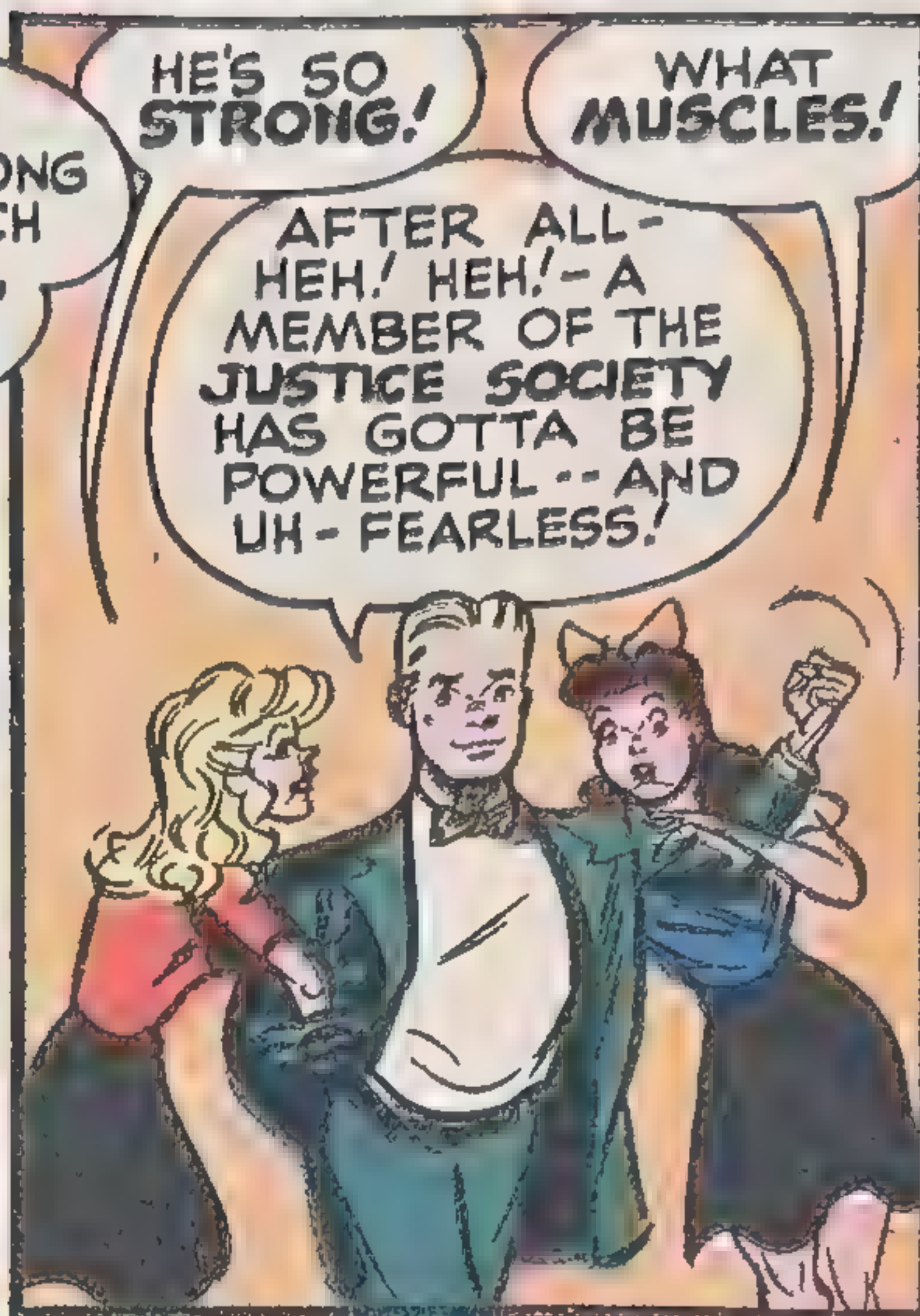
IT'S LUCKY IN A WAY THAT THE TRAIL LED HERE -- OR I NEVER WOULD HAVE COME UPON THOSE SAFE ROBBERS... PURE COINCIDENCE! I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, BUT THE POLICE WILL PICK THEM UP SHORTLY.

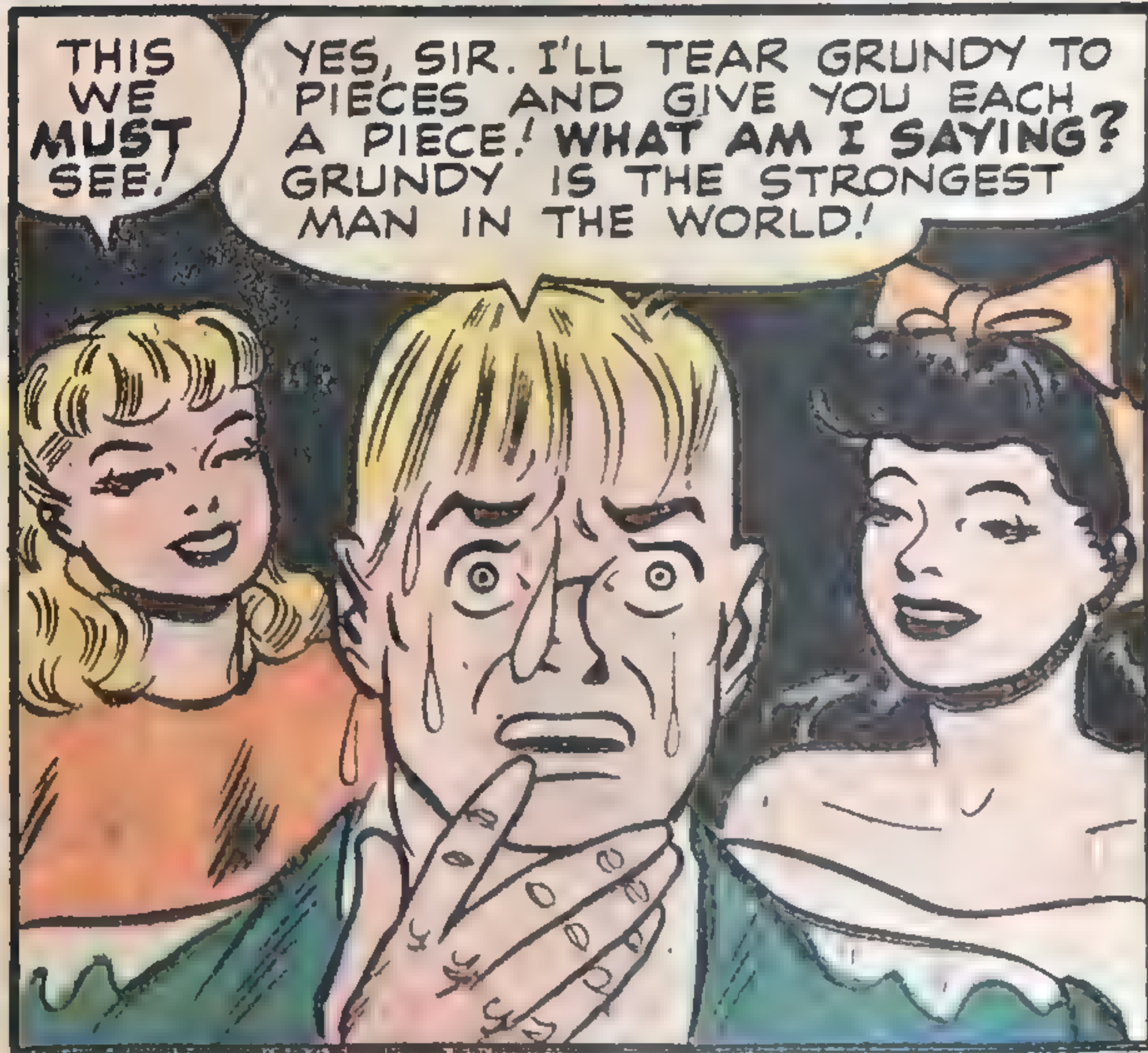
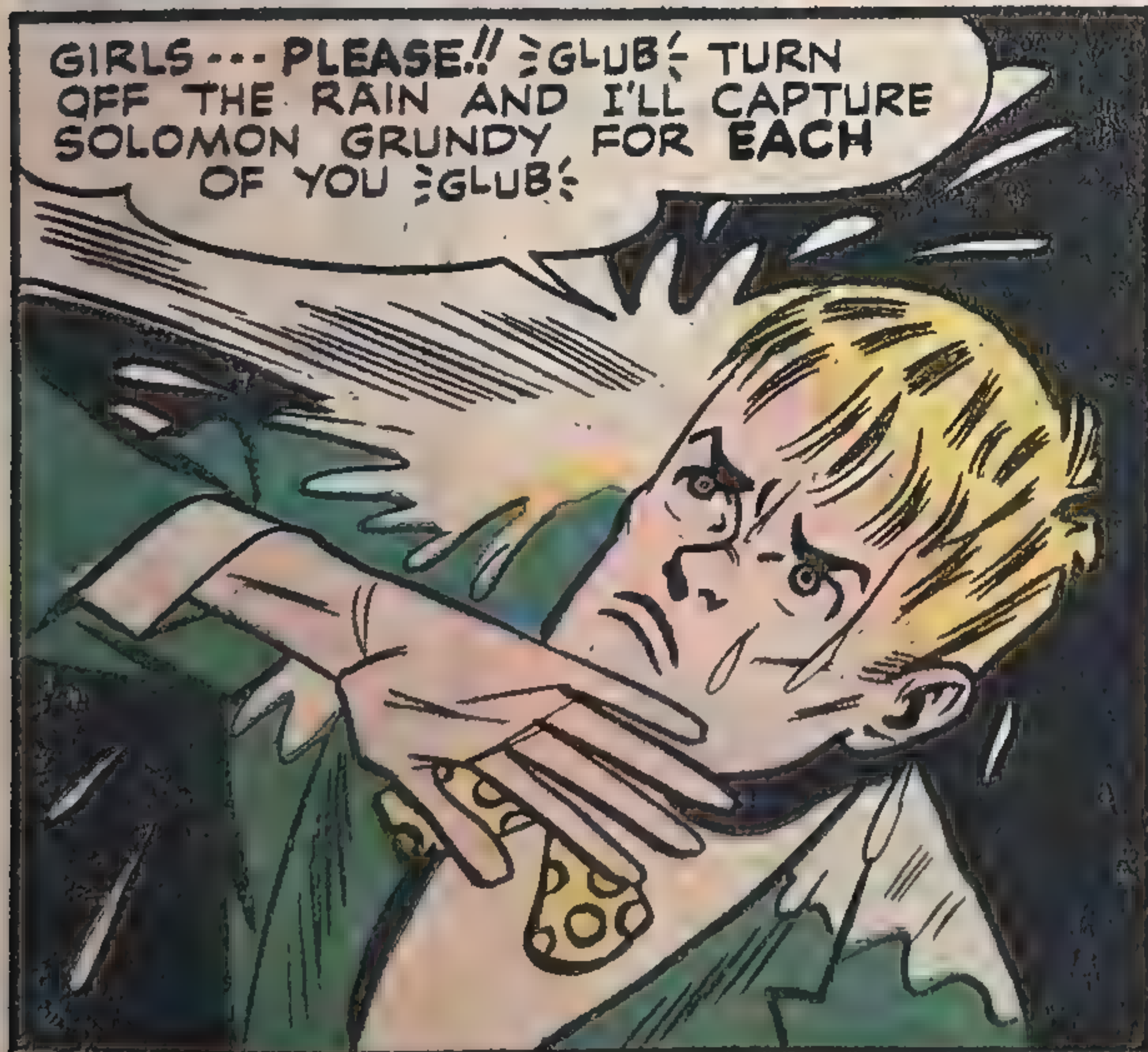
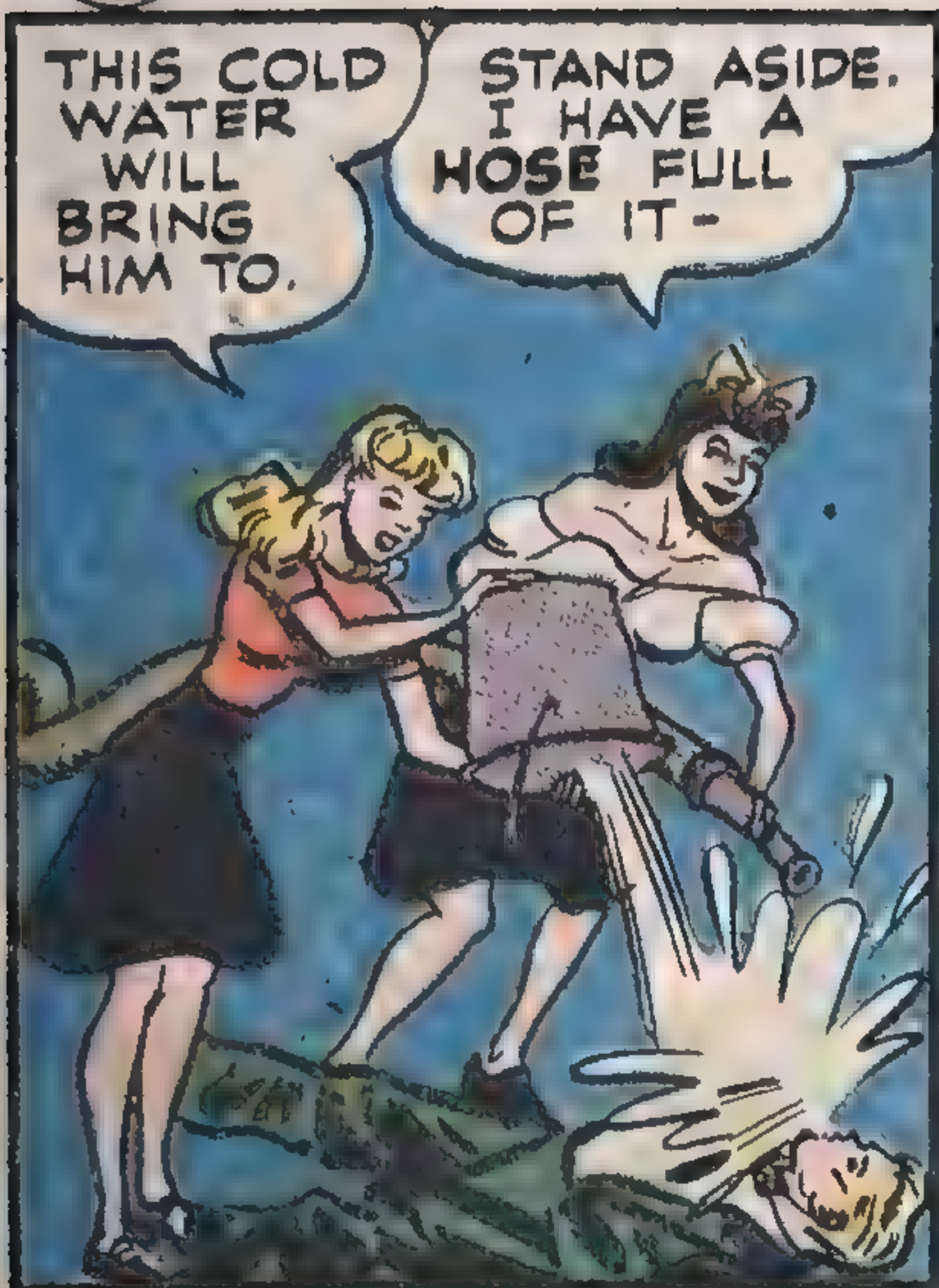
ROGER! GOOD LUCK, DOC -

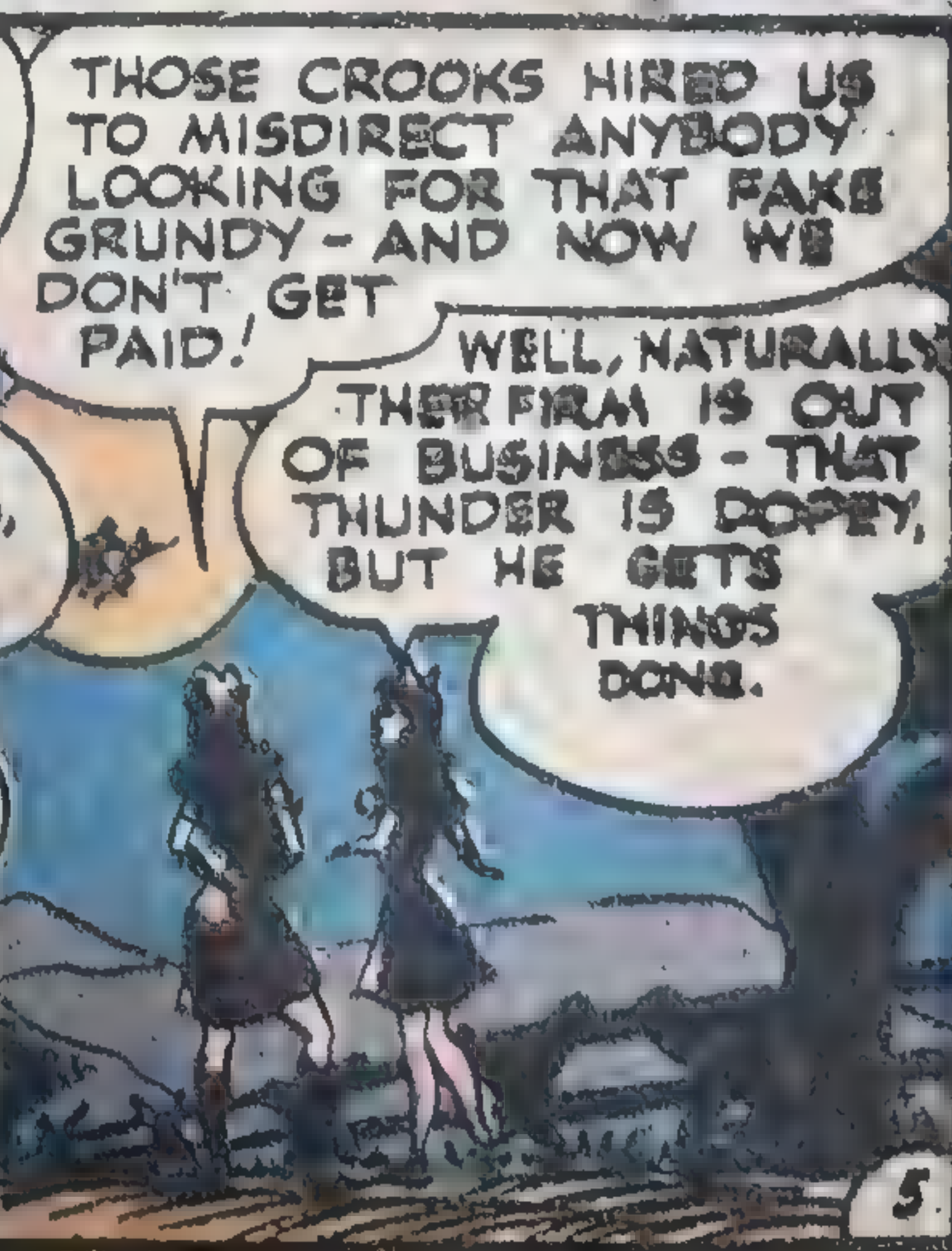
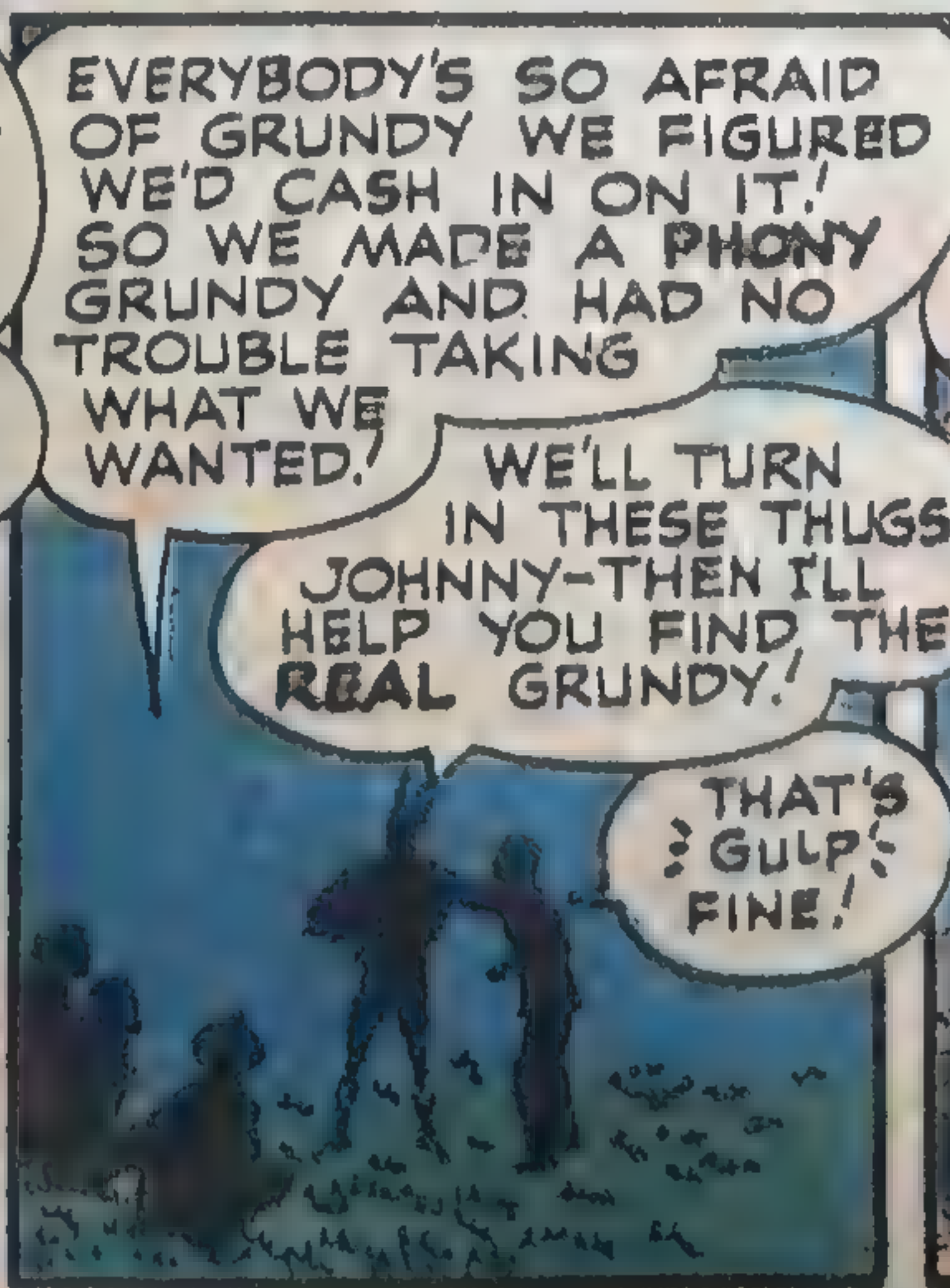
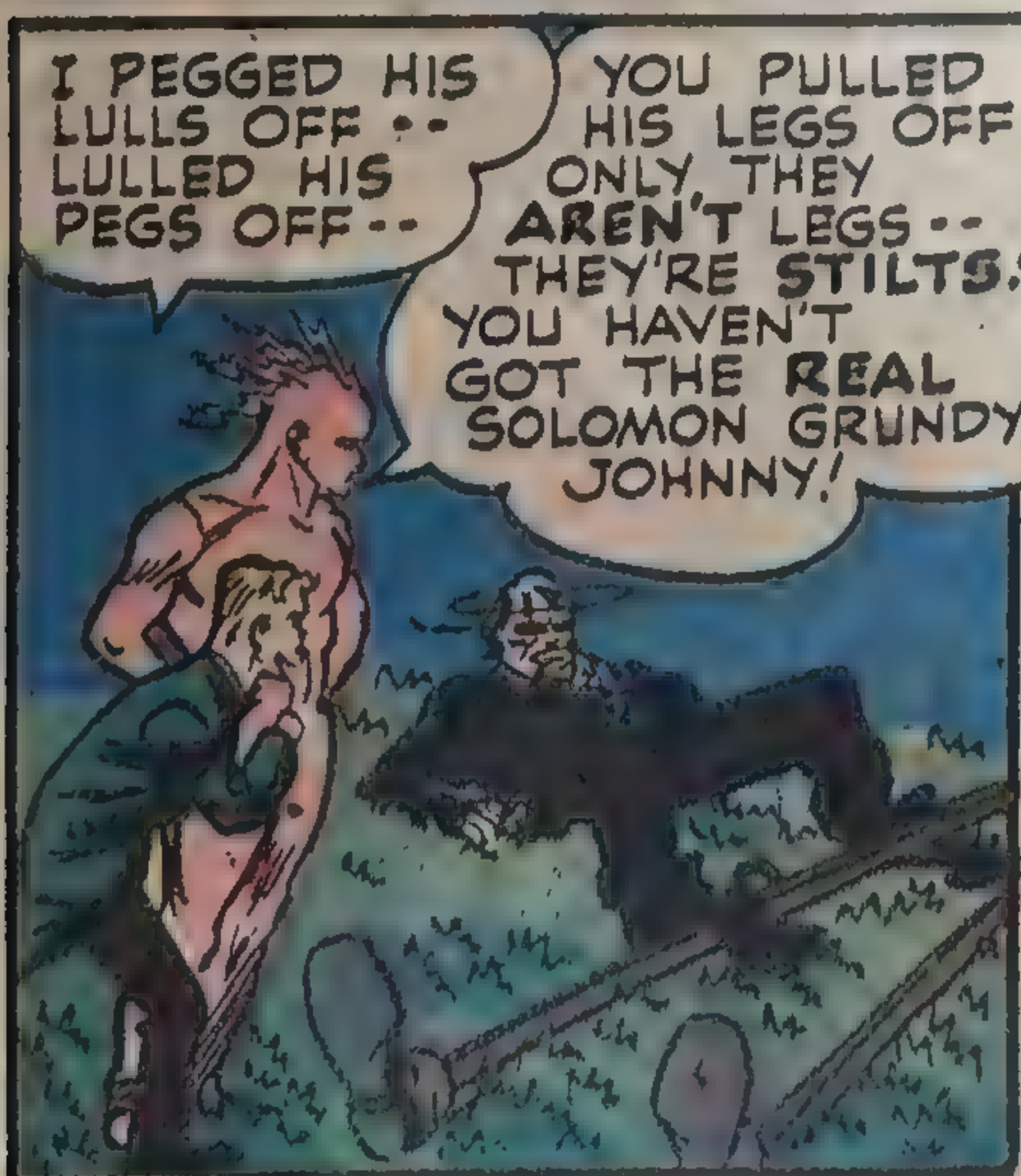
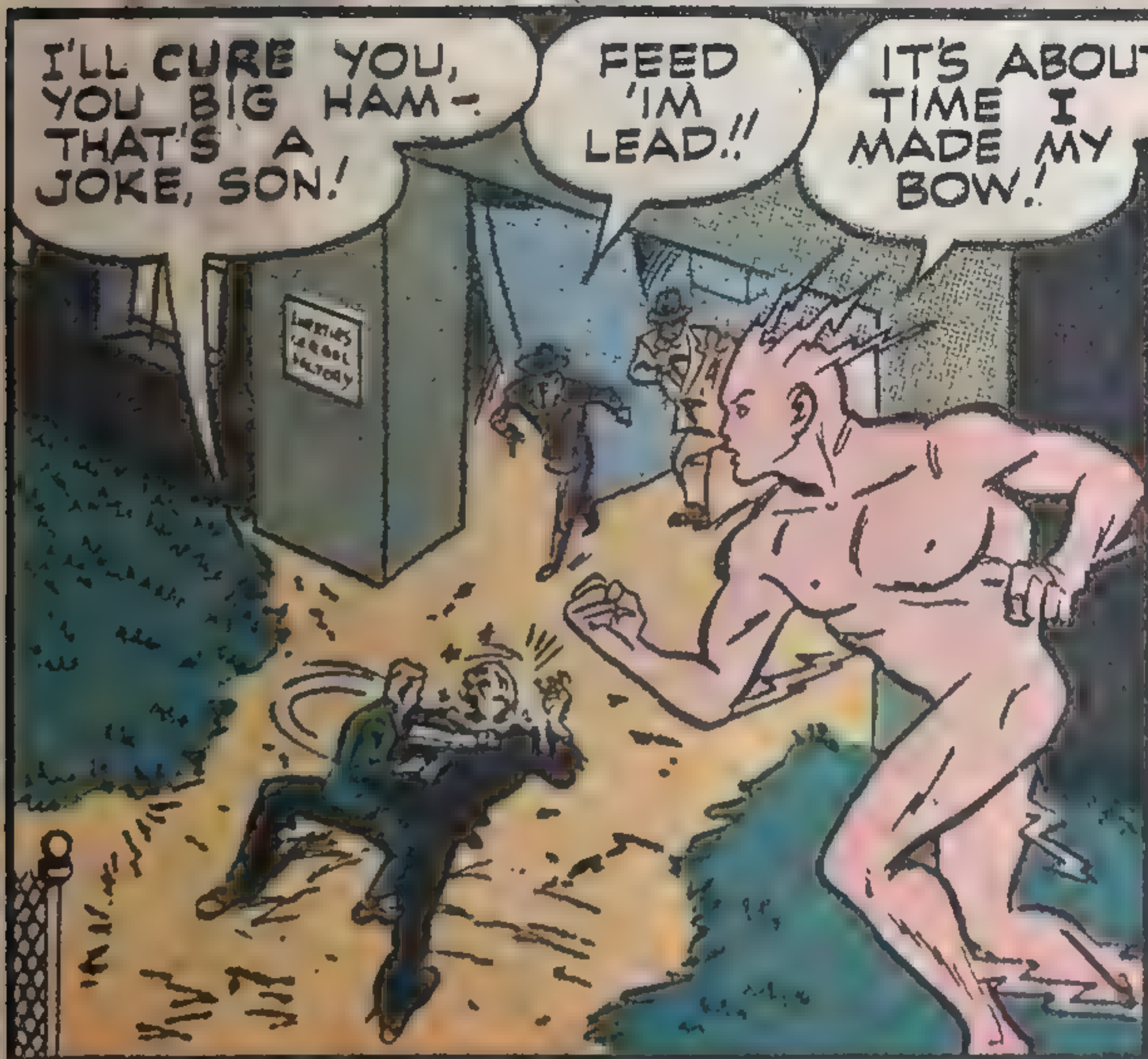
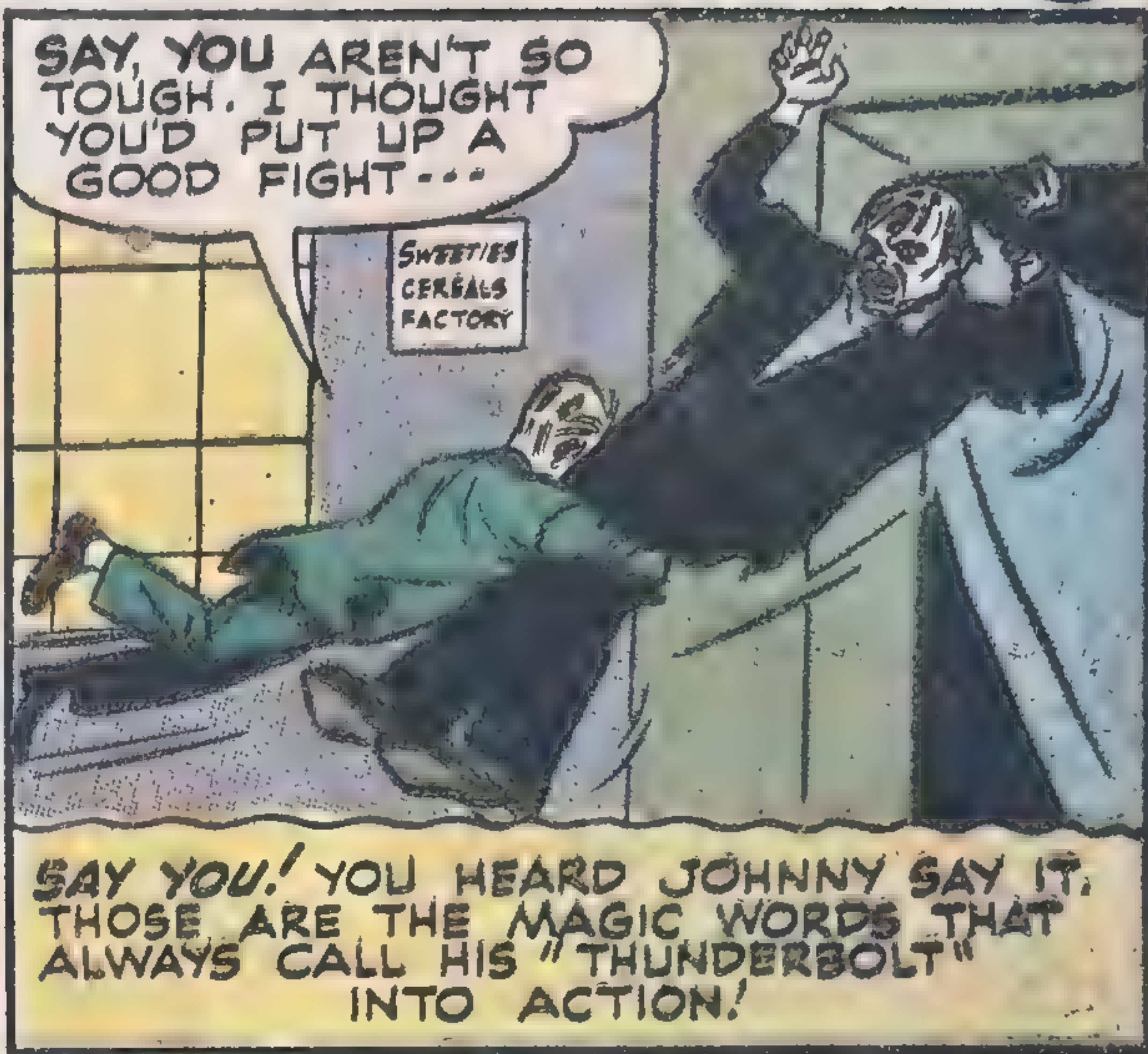








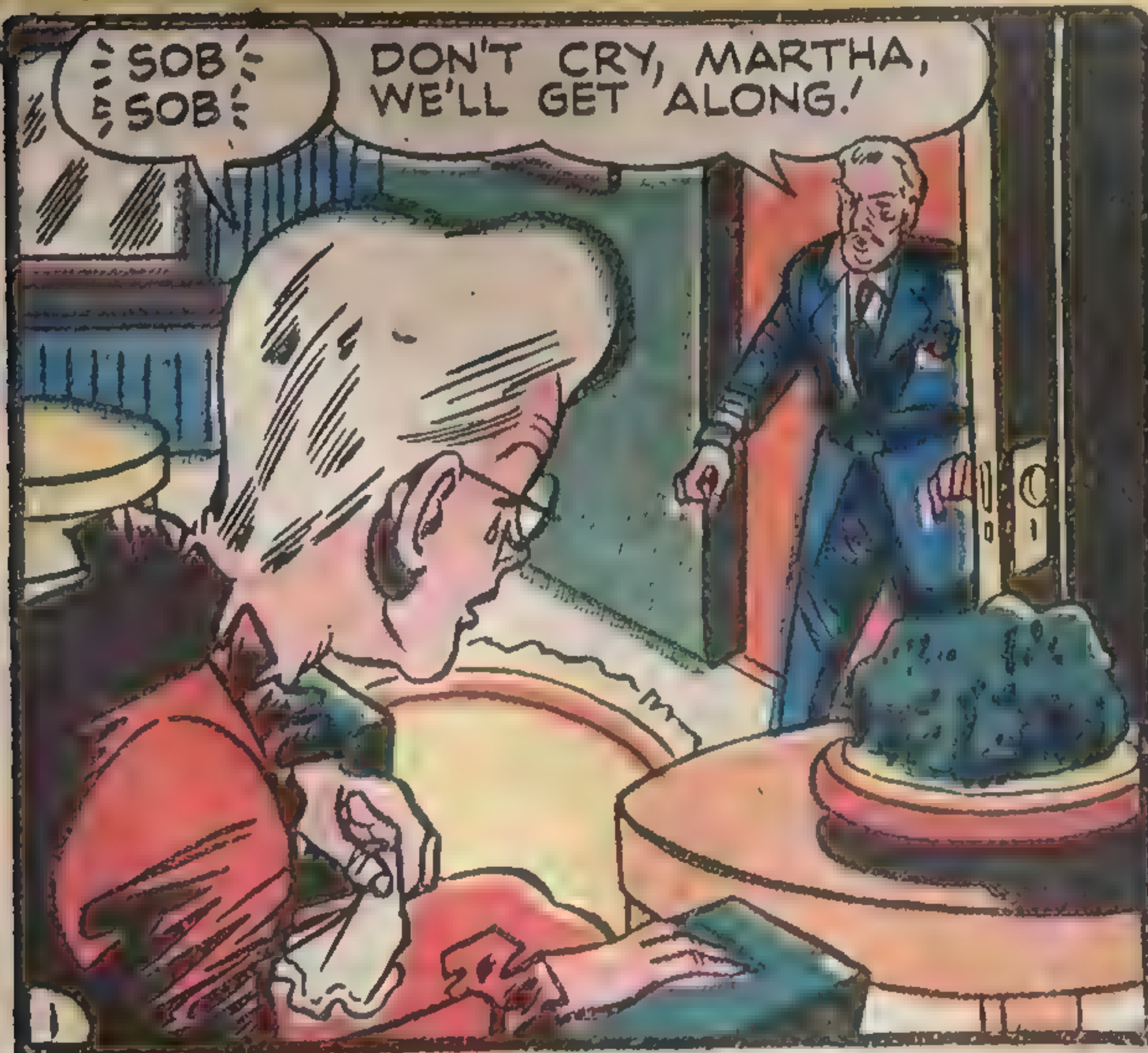


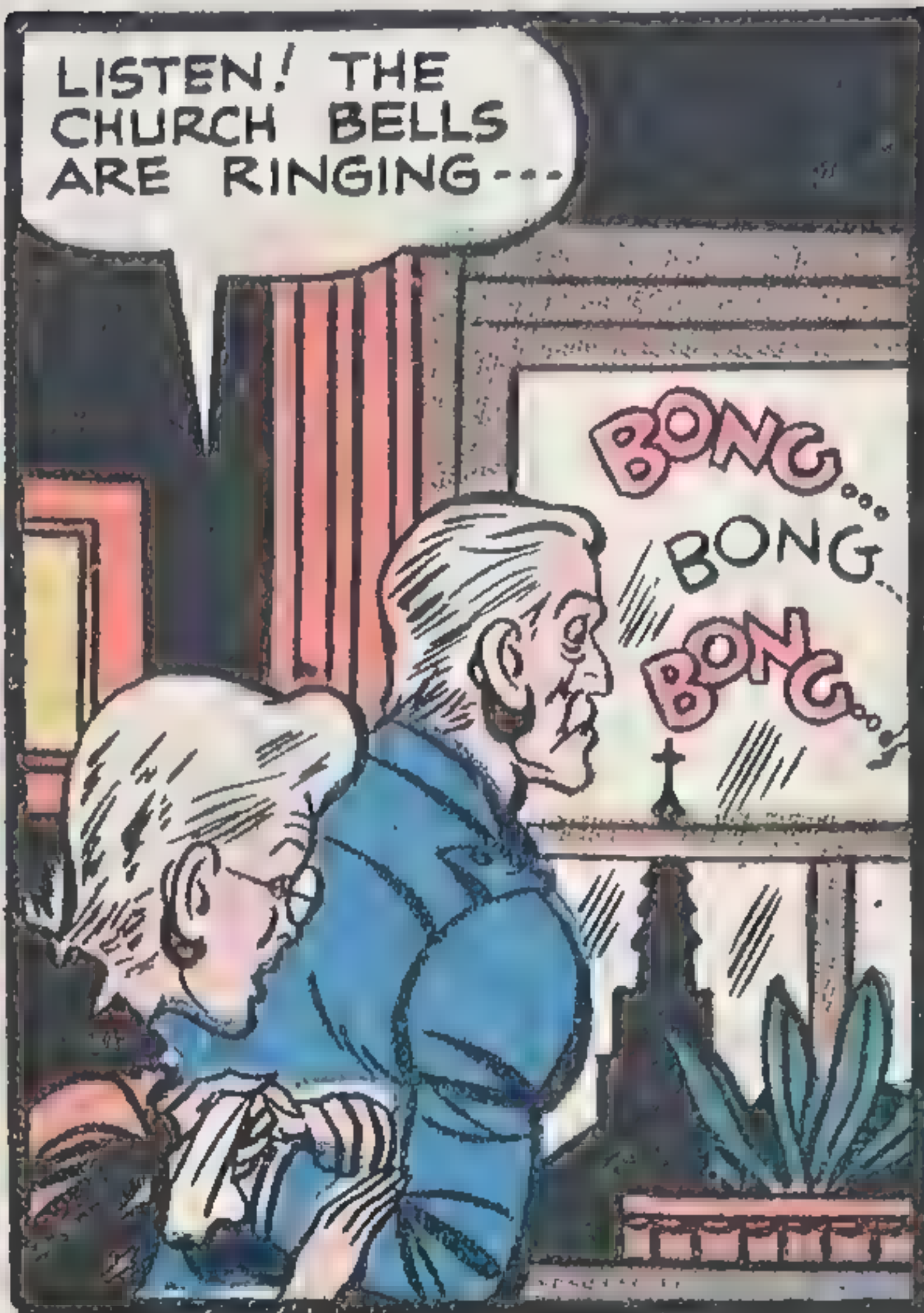


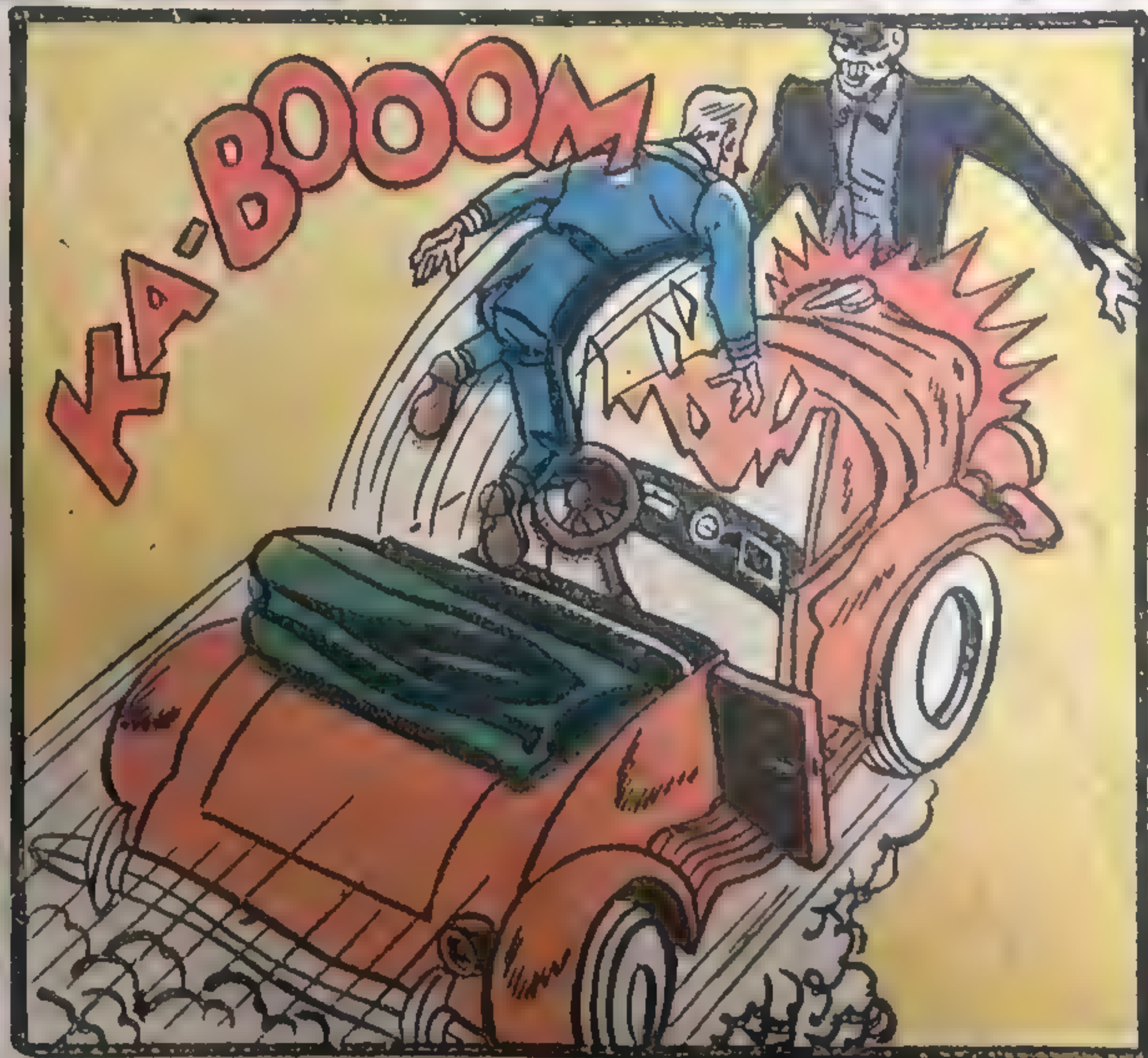
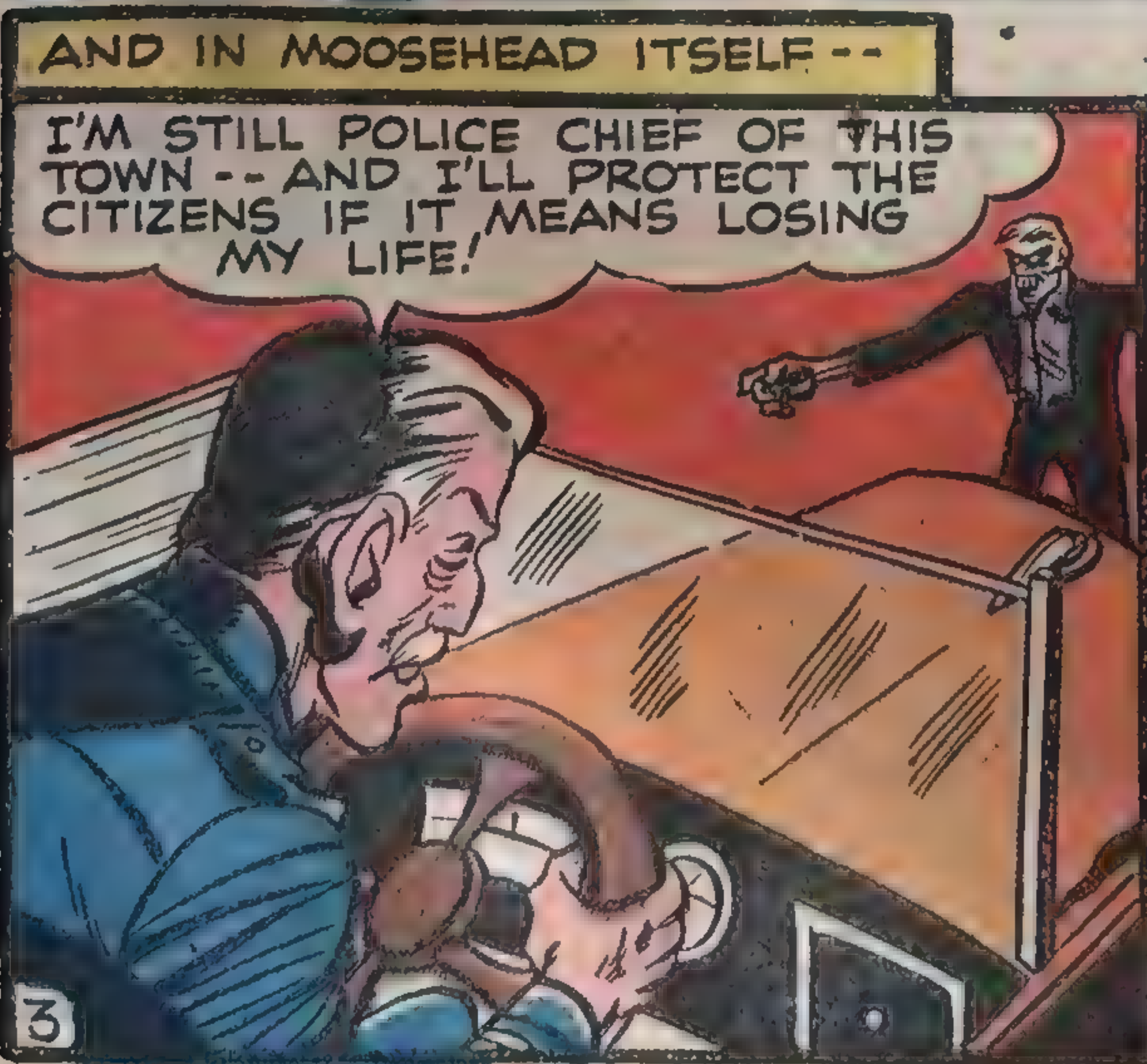
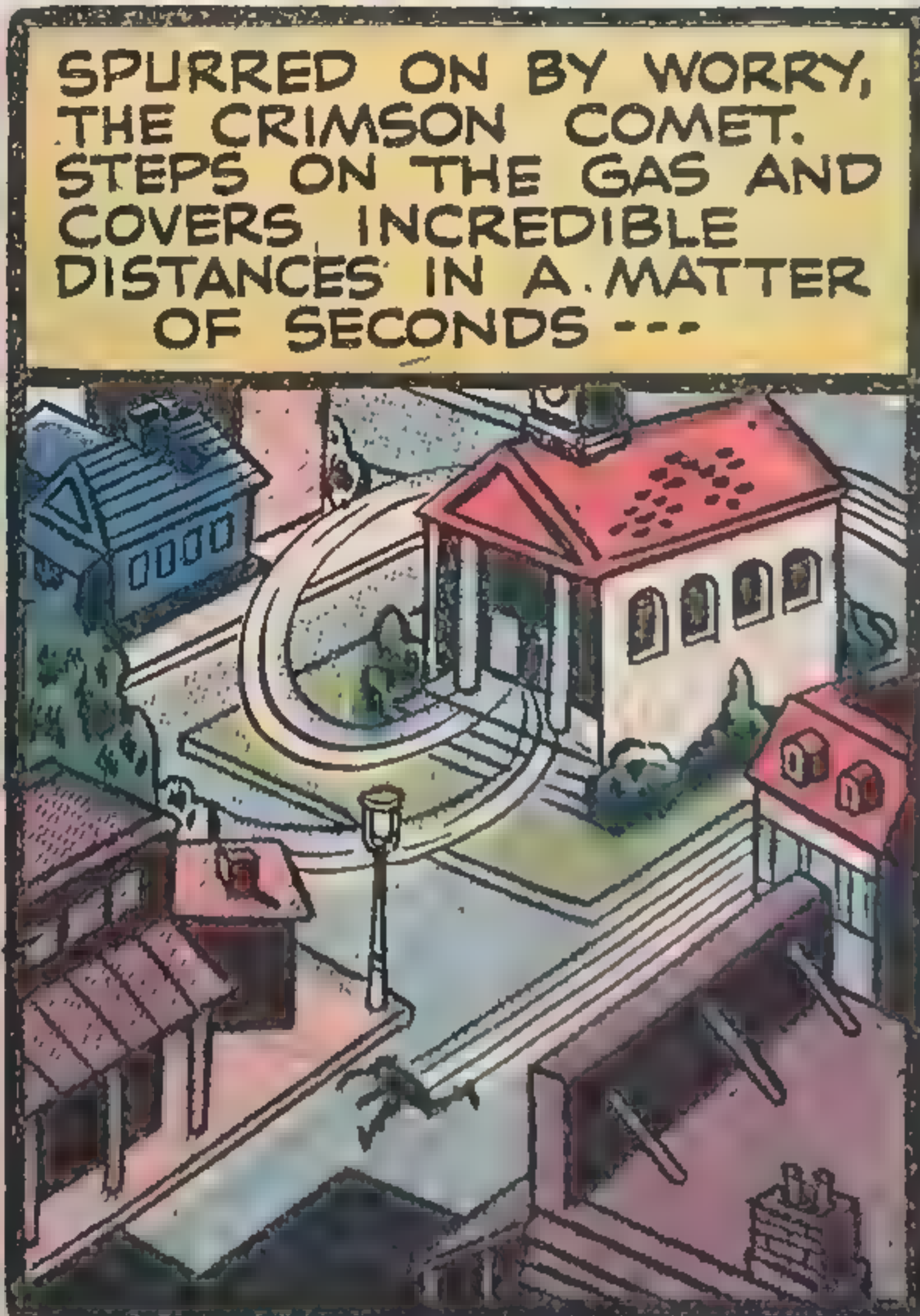
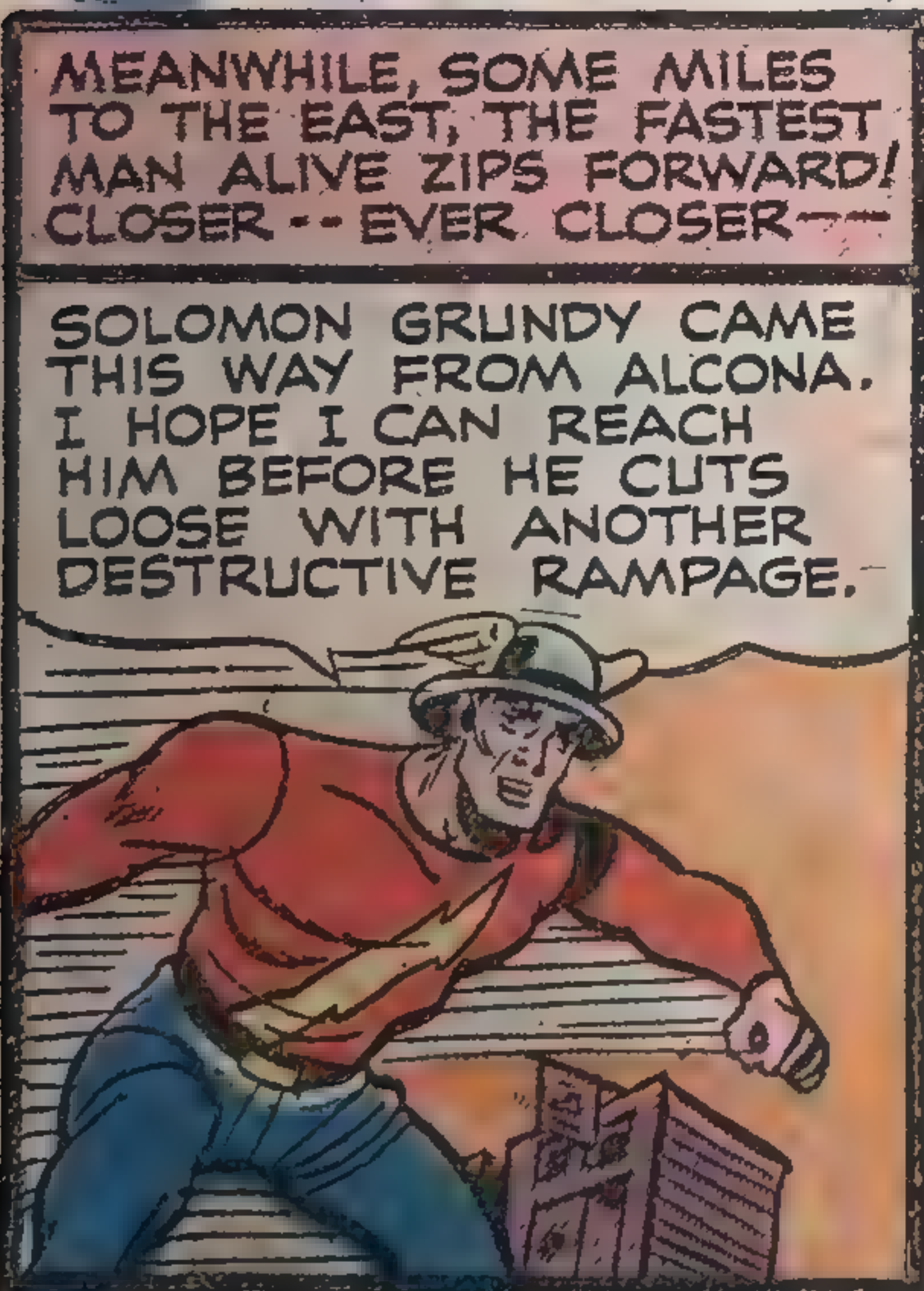
Follow JOHNNY THUNDER every month in FLASH COMICS!

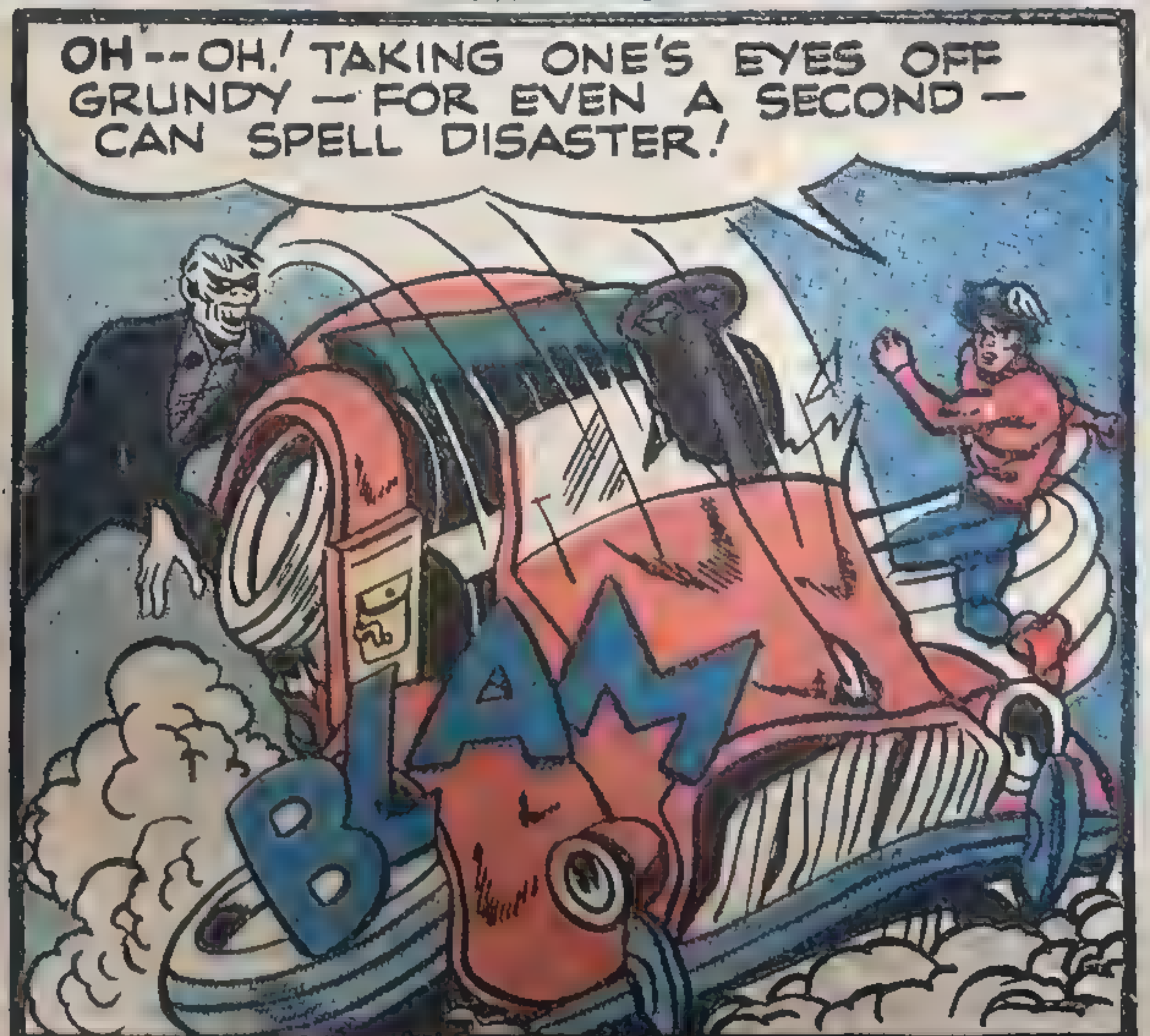
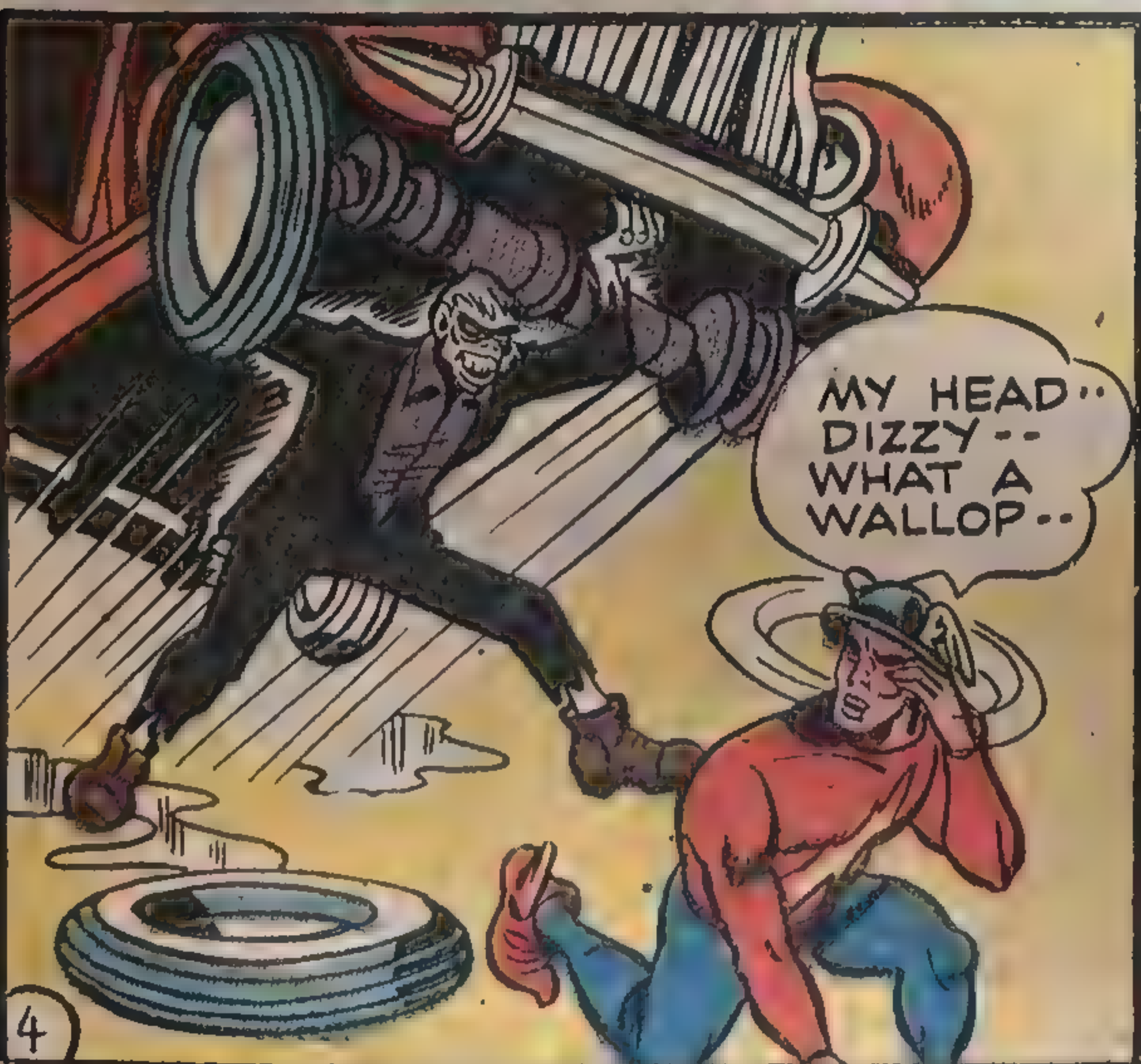
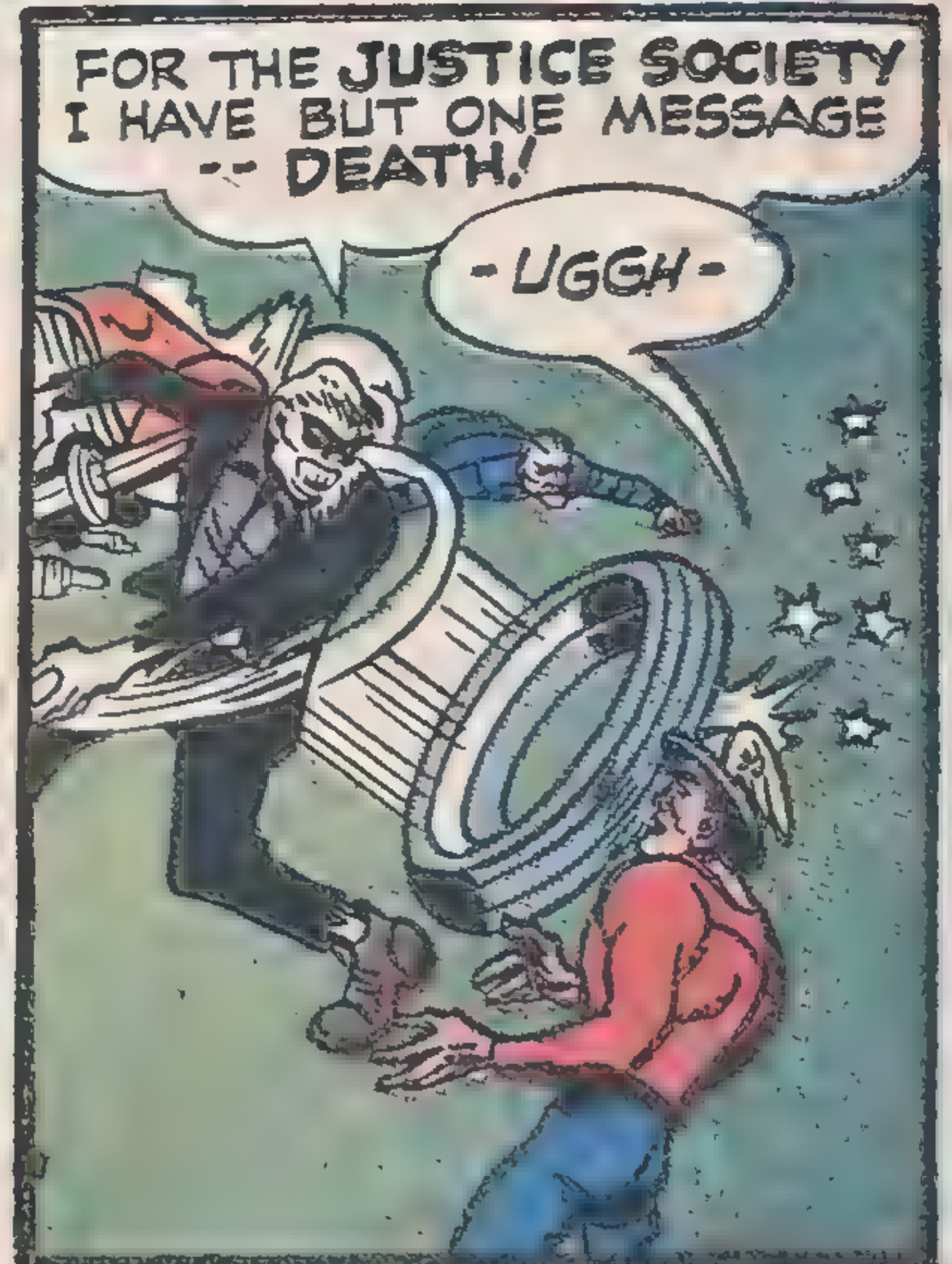
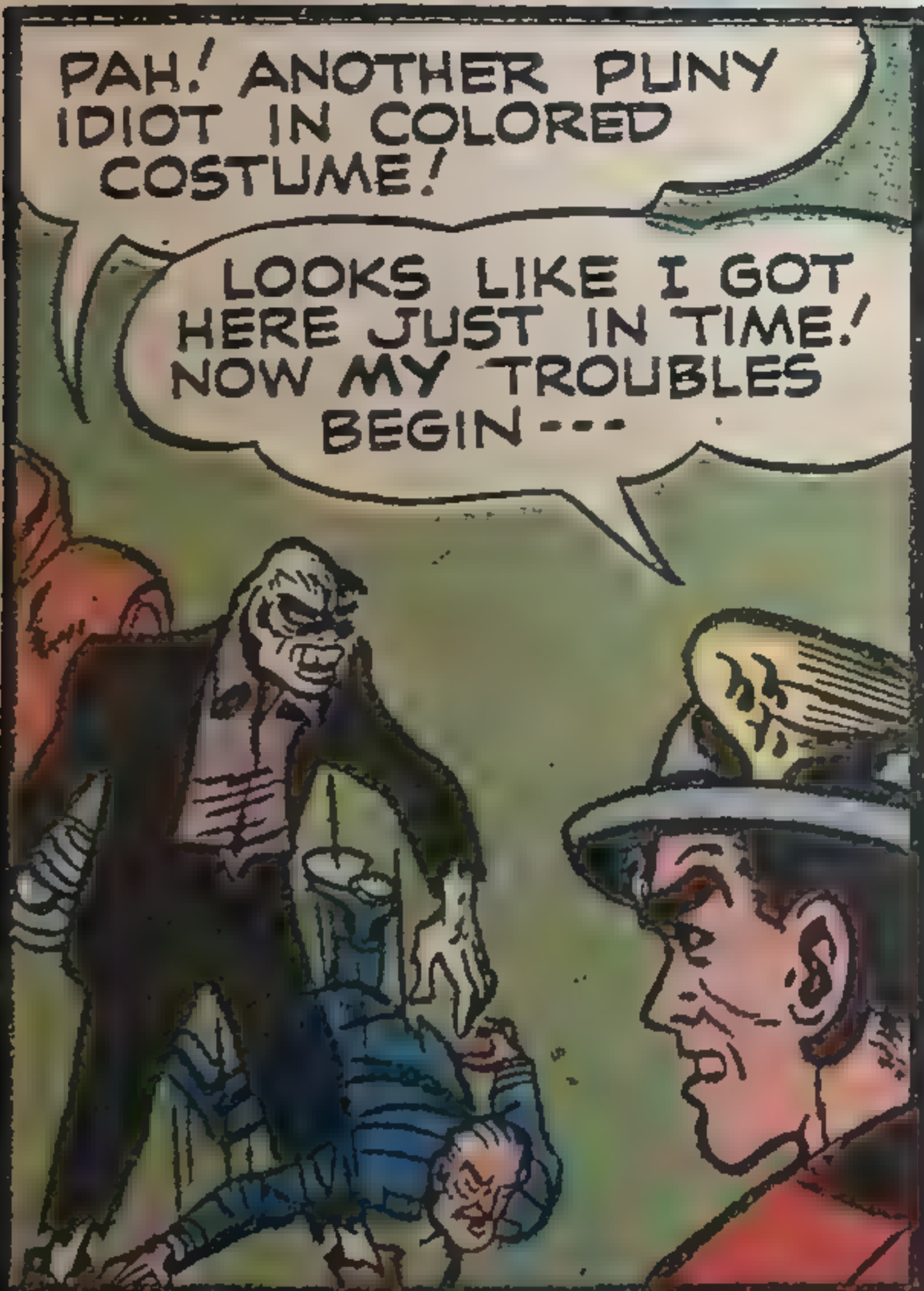
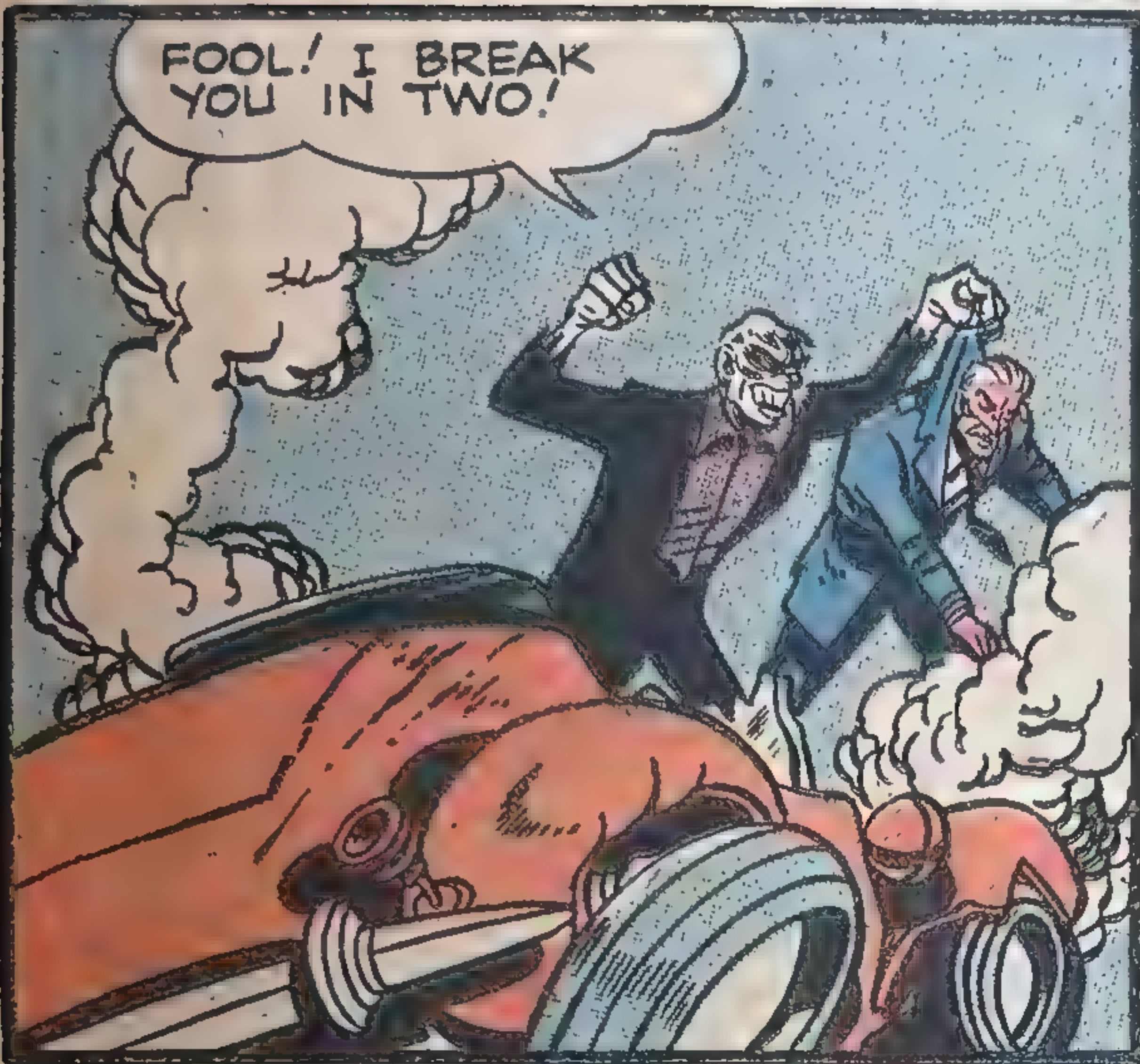


POLICE CHIEF ALVIN MCGURK WAS AN OLD-TIME LAWMAN. HE HAD COURAGE AND BRAINS AND AN UNERRING PISTOL HAND. BUT MCGURK WAS GETTING ON IN YEARS --- THE TOWN OF MOOSEHEAD WAS THINKING ABOUT GETTING A YOUNGER POLICE CHIEF -- AND THEN SOLOMON GRUNDY AND THE FLASH CAME VISITING!









GOT TO LEAD YOU -- AWAY FROM TOWN -- NOT LET ANYONE ELSE GET HURT!



ON AND ON THE BATTLE RAGES --- THE FLASH ALWAYS CLEVERLY LEADING GRUNDY FURTHER INTO THE COUNTRY ---



BUT, AS THE BRUISING BATTLE LEADS TO A SHEER CLIFFSIDE ---

SO -- AT LAST I TRAP YOU --



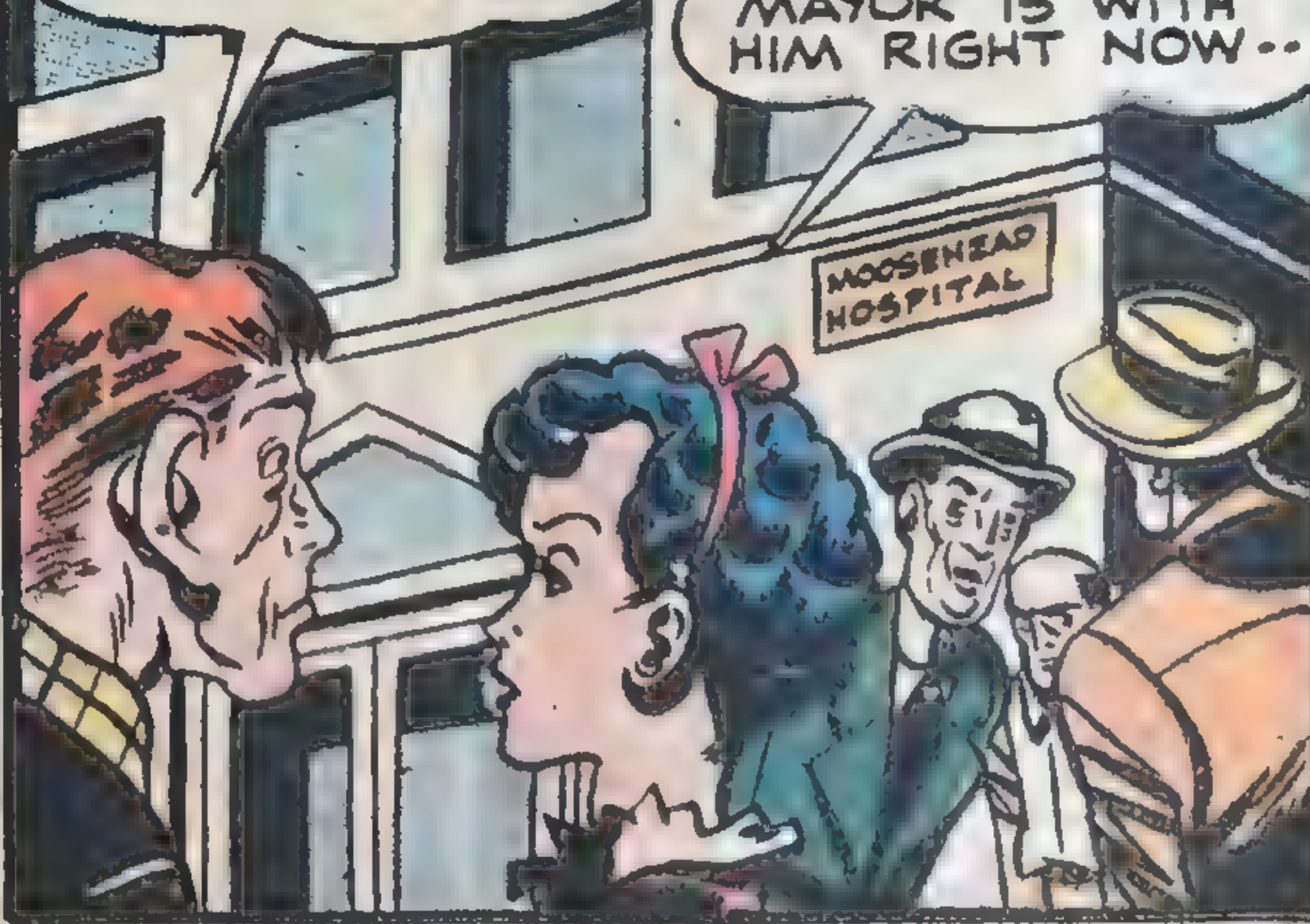
HA! HA! HA!



MEANWHILE, AT THE MOOSEHEAD HOSPITAL ---

IS CHIEF MCGURK --? IS HE --?

NO -- HE'S ALIVE! THE MAYOR IS WITH HIM RIGHT NOW --



CHIEF MCGURK, I -- AS MAYOR -- WANT YOU TO KNOW THE TOWN CAN NEVER REPAY YOUR COURAGEOUS STAND AGAINST SOLOMON GRUNDY. YOU'RE STILL OUR POLICE CHIEF -- AS LONG AS YOU WANT THE JOB!

THANK YOU -- I AM HONORED!



AND WHAT IS THE FATE OF THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE?

SUPER-SPEED HELPED ME BREAK MY FALL -- BUT BY THE TIME I GET BACK UP THERE, GRUNDY WILL BE GONE. I'LL HAVE TO TAKE UP HIS TRAIL AGAIN!



THE FLASH appears in every issue of FLASH COMICS!



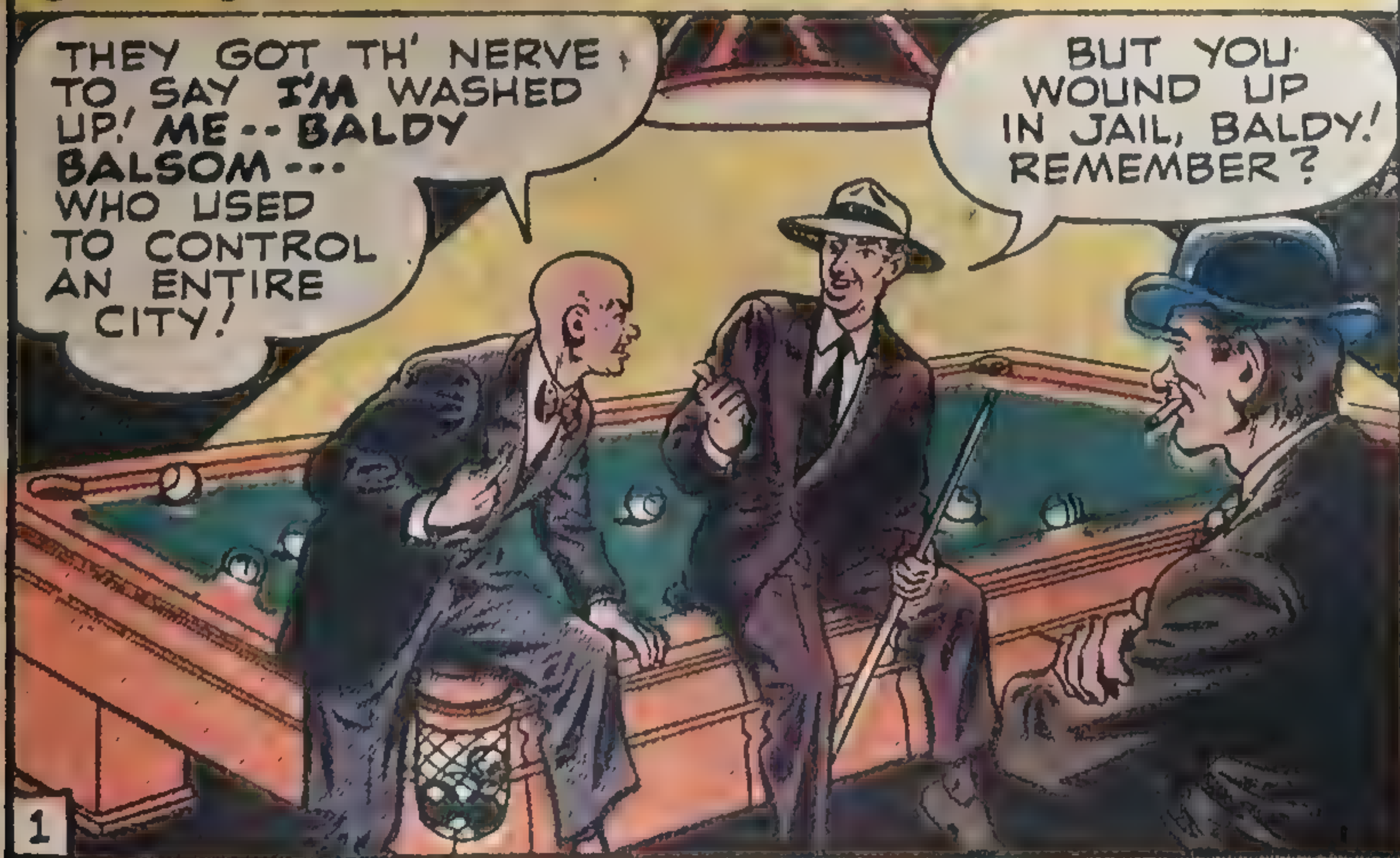
FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE COASTS,
THE RUIN - STUDDED PATH OF
SOLOMON GRUNDY LEADS TO DEATH
AND DESTRUCTION. THE **ATOM**
SOON LEARNS THAT IT LEADS ALSO
TO CRIME AND CRIMINALS...

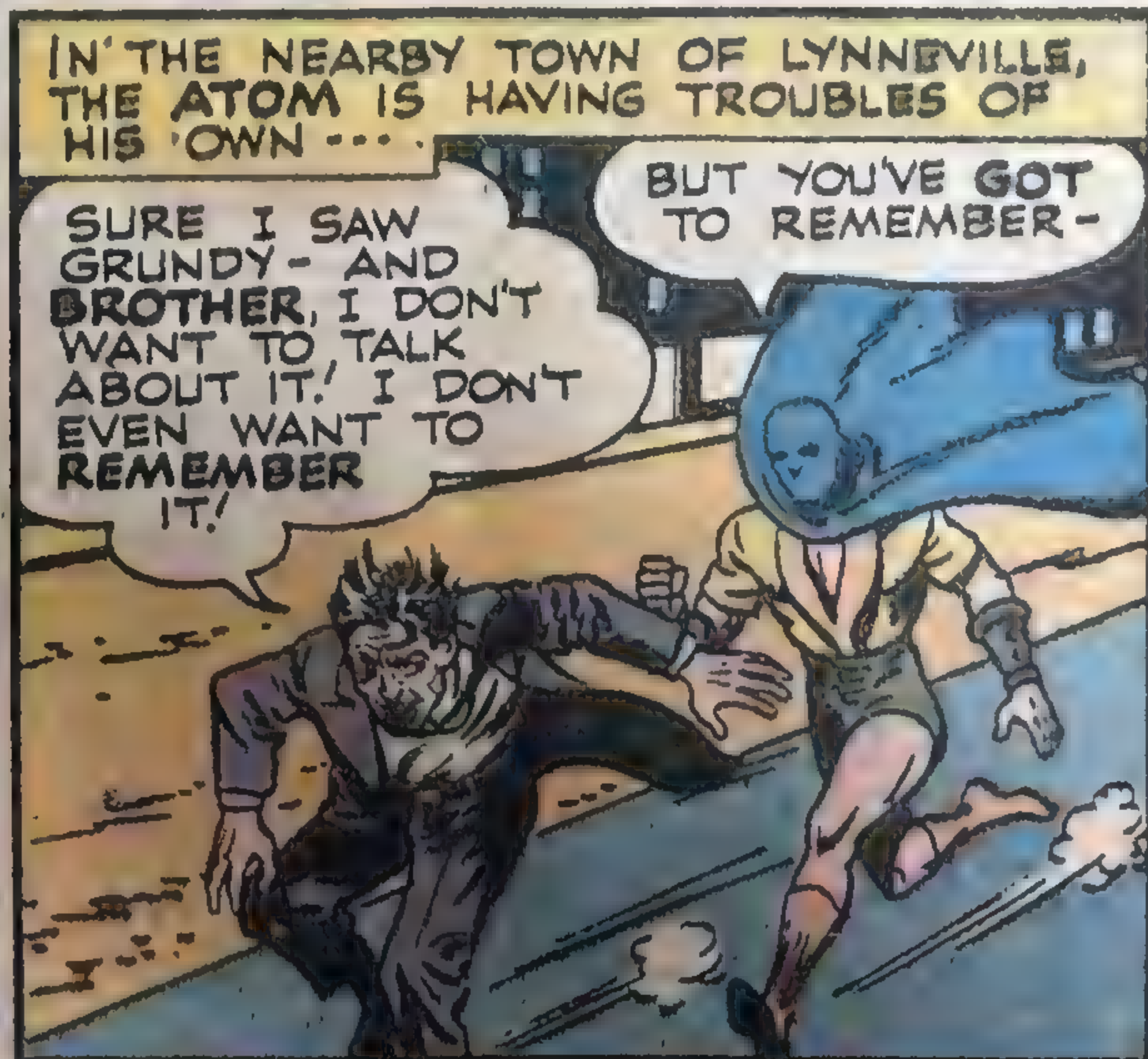
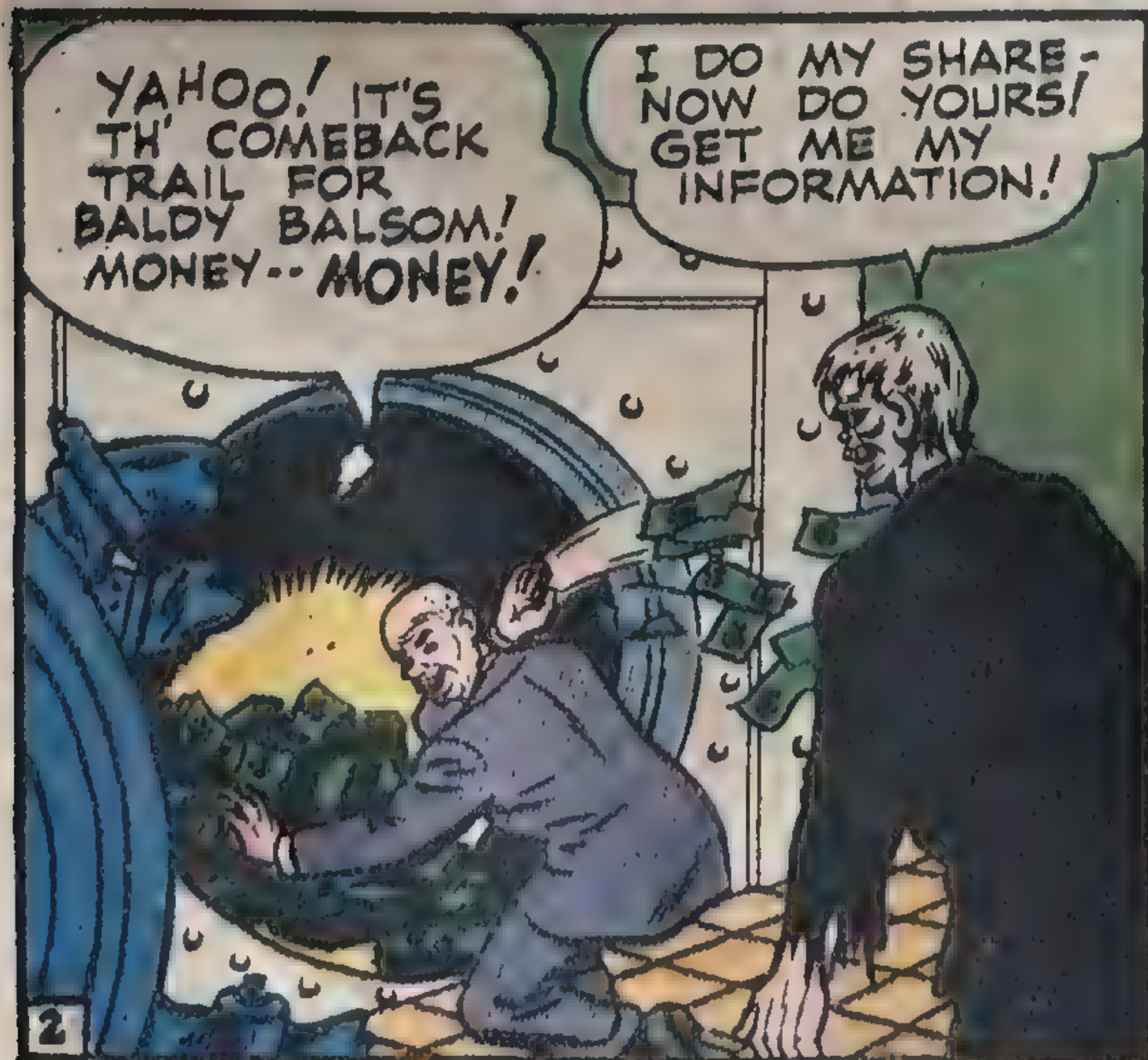
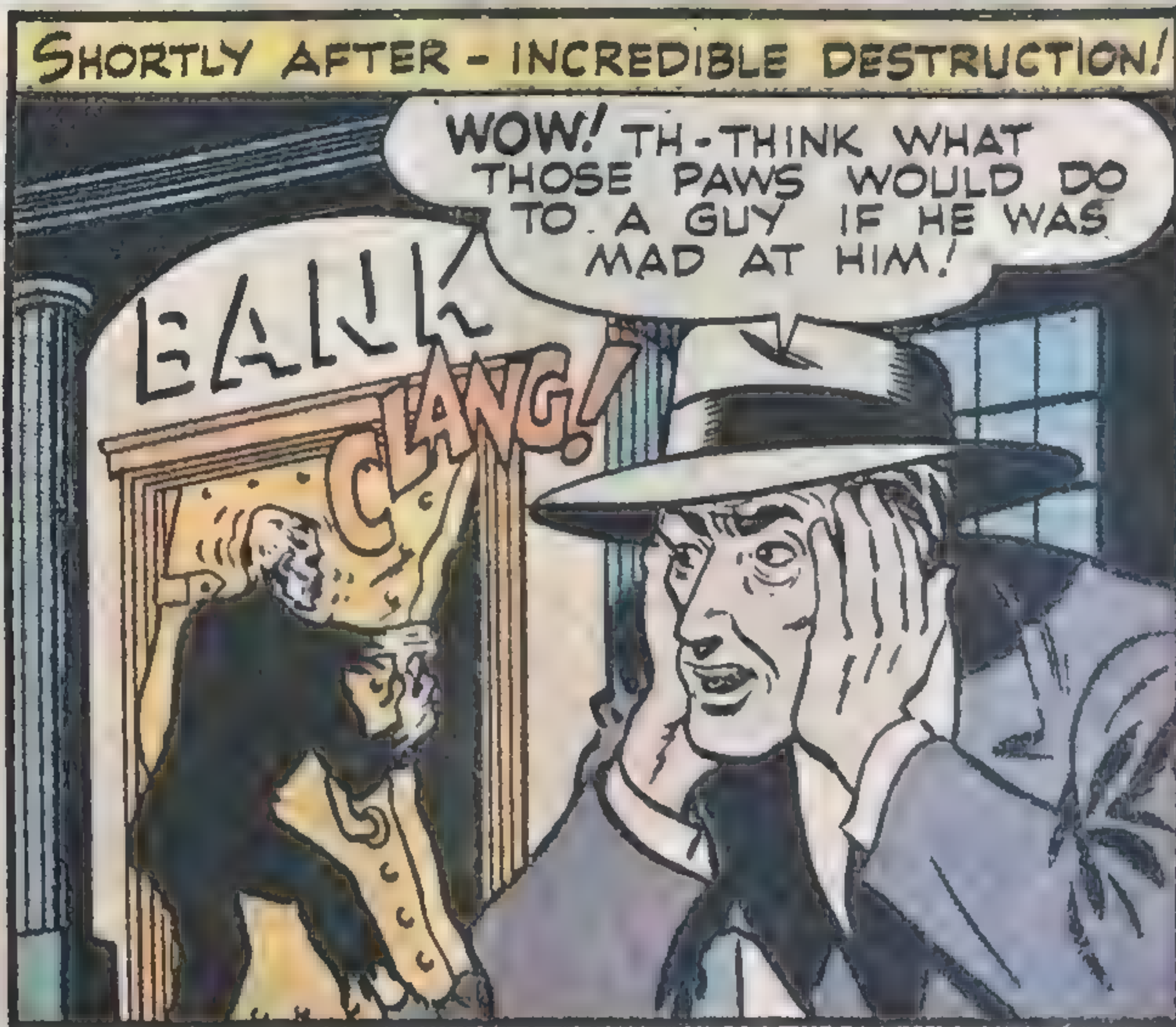
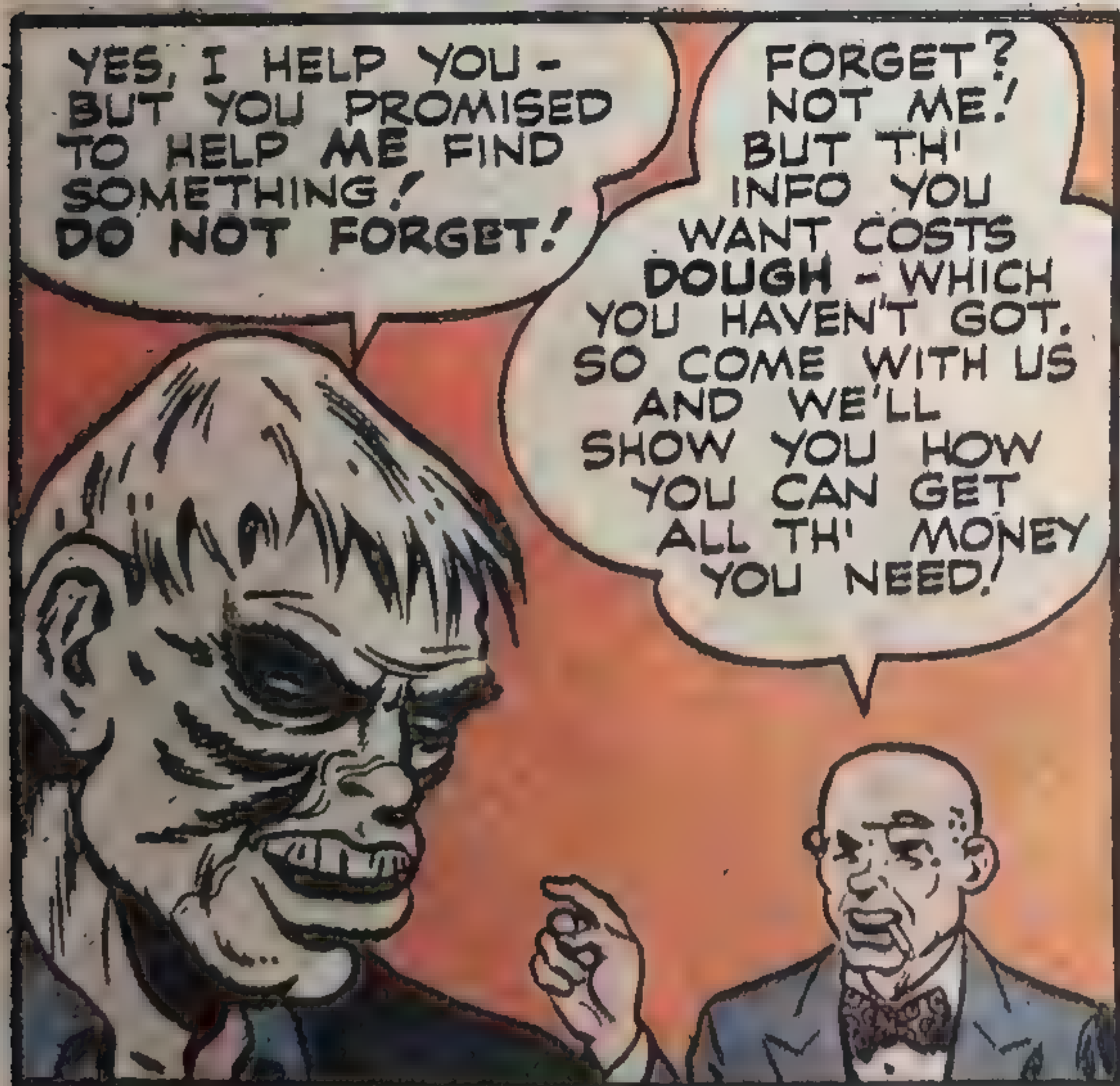
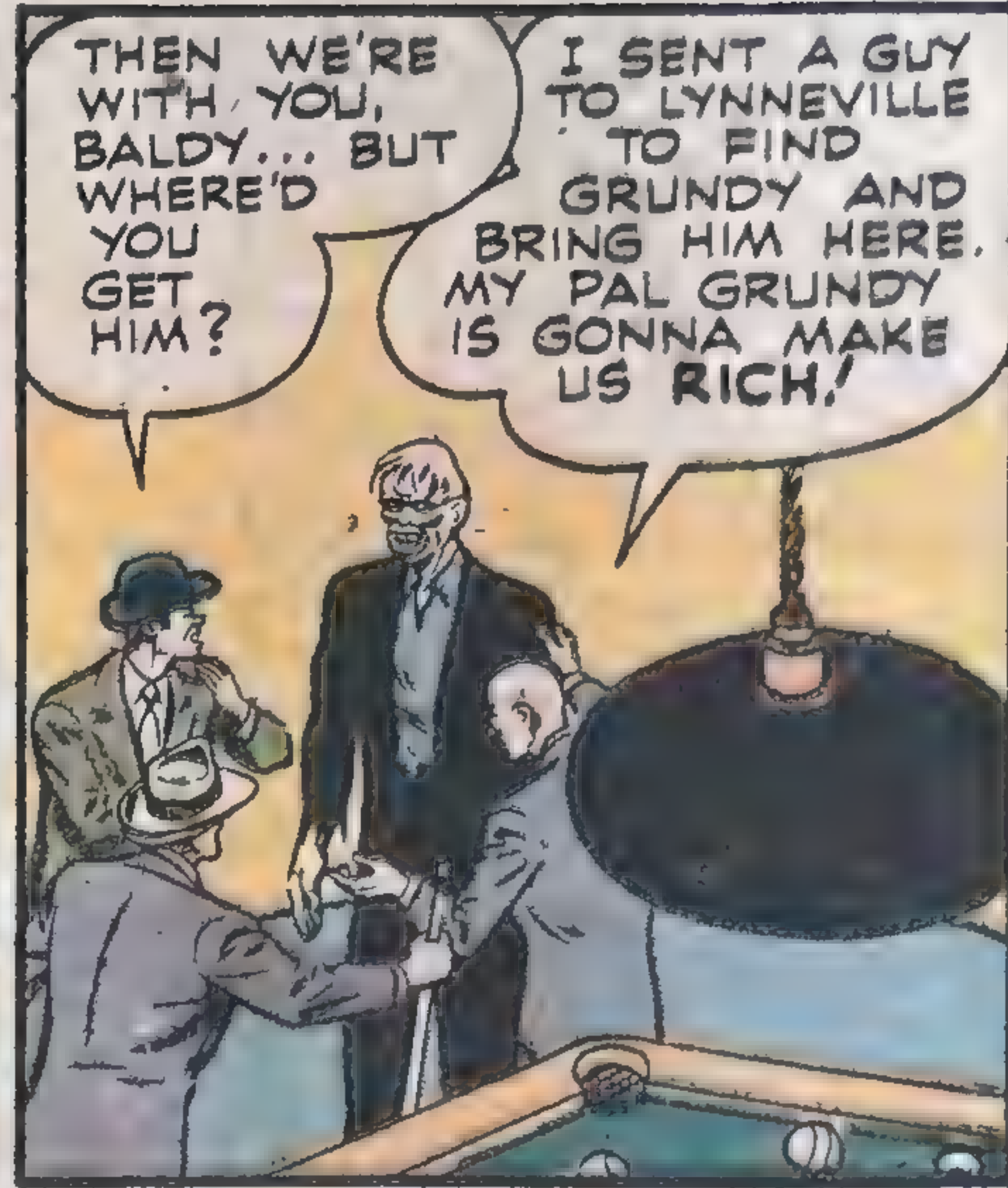
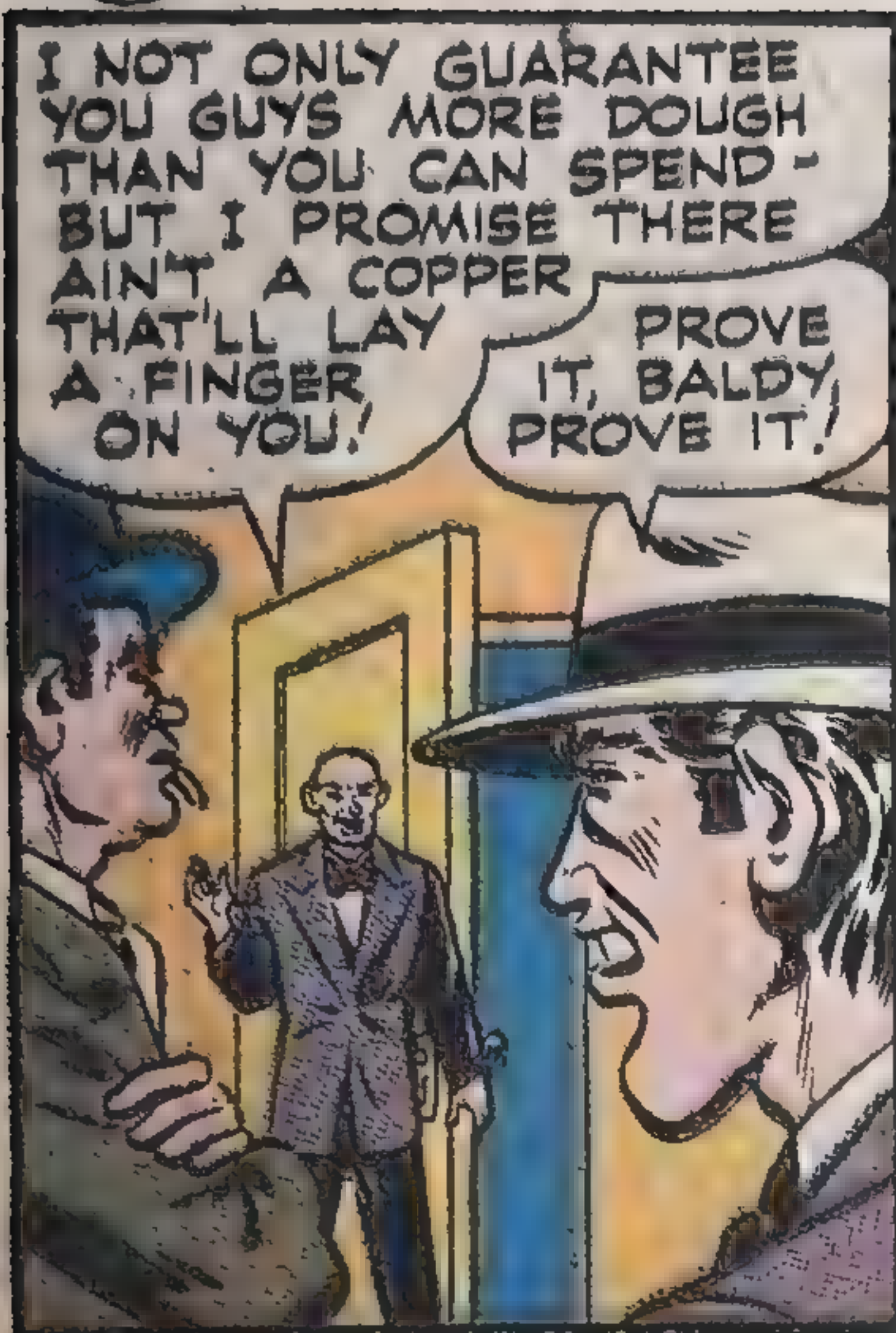
IN LAMBERT CITY, FORMER UNDERWORLD BIG -
SHOT BALDY BALSOM SOUNDS OFF -

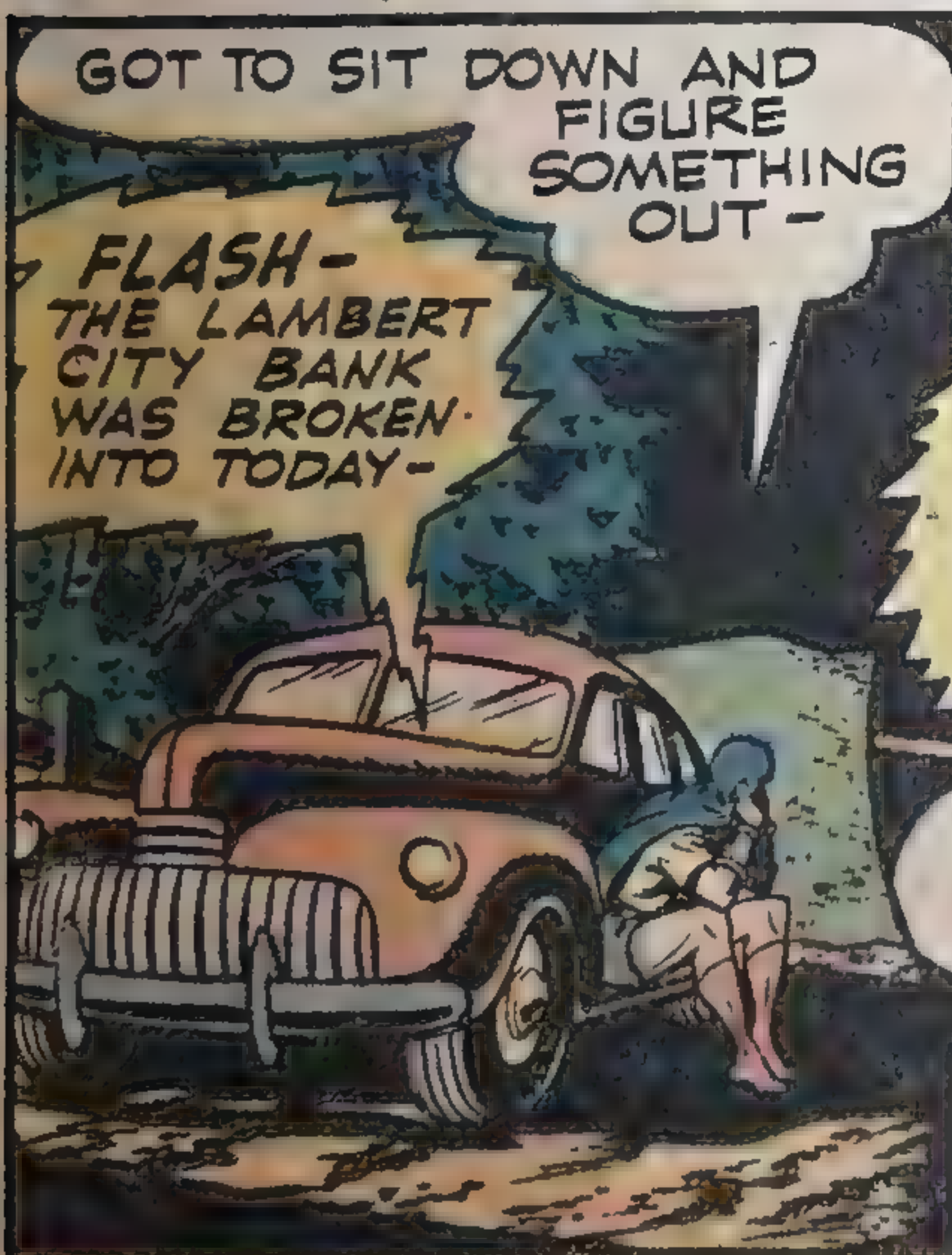
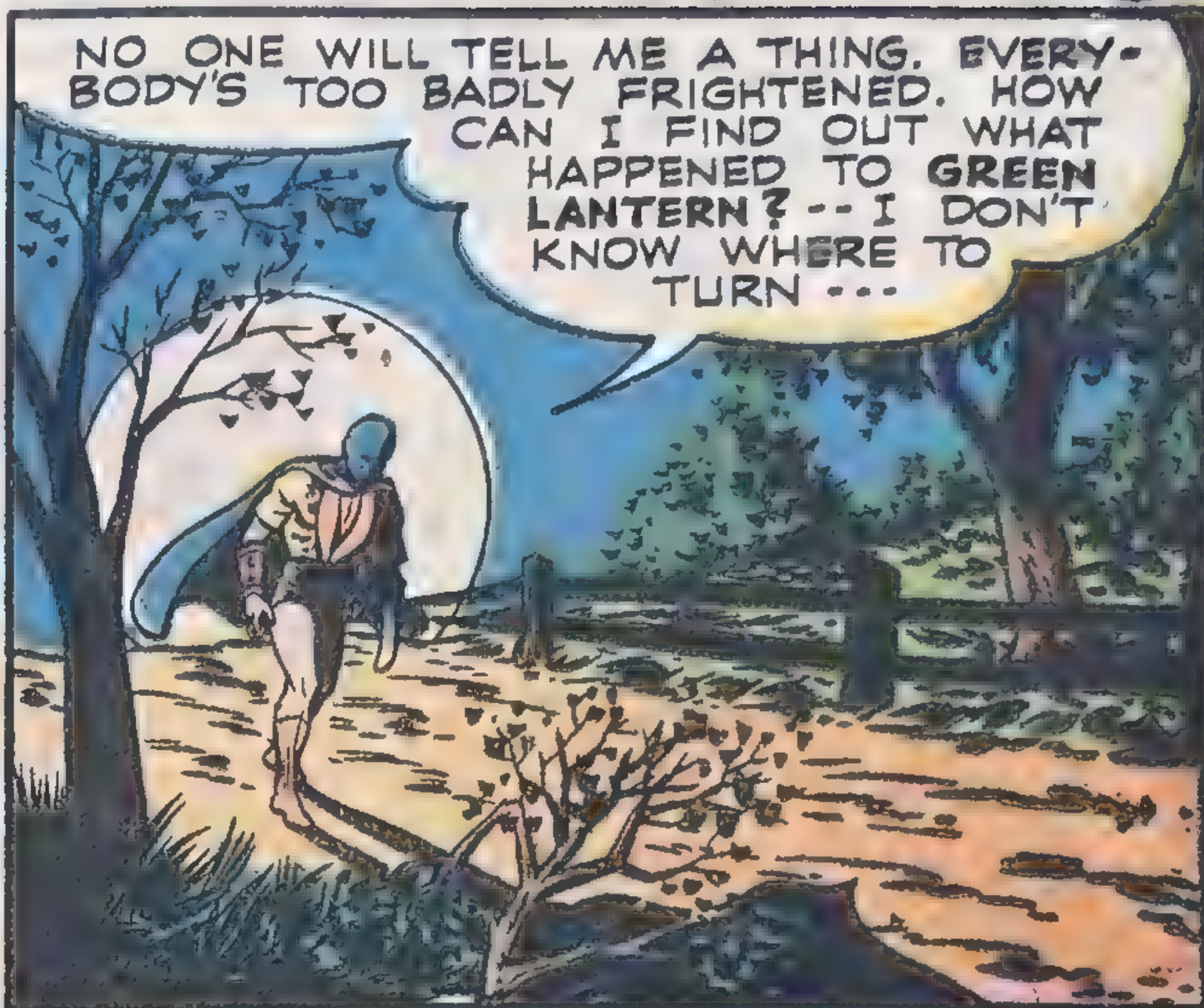
THEY GOT TH' NERVE
TO SAY I'M WASHED
UP! ME -- BALDY
BALSOM ---
WHO USED
TO CONTROL
AN ENTIRE
CITY!

BUT YOU
WOUND UP
IN JAIL, BALDY!
REMEMBER?

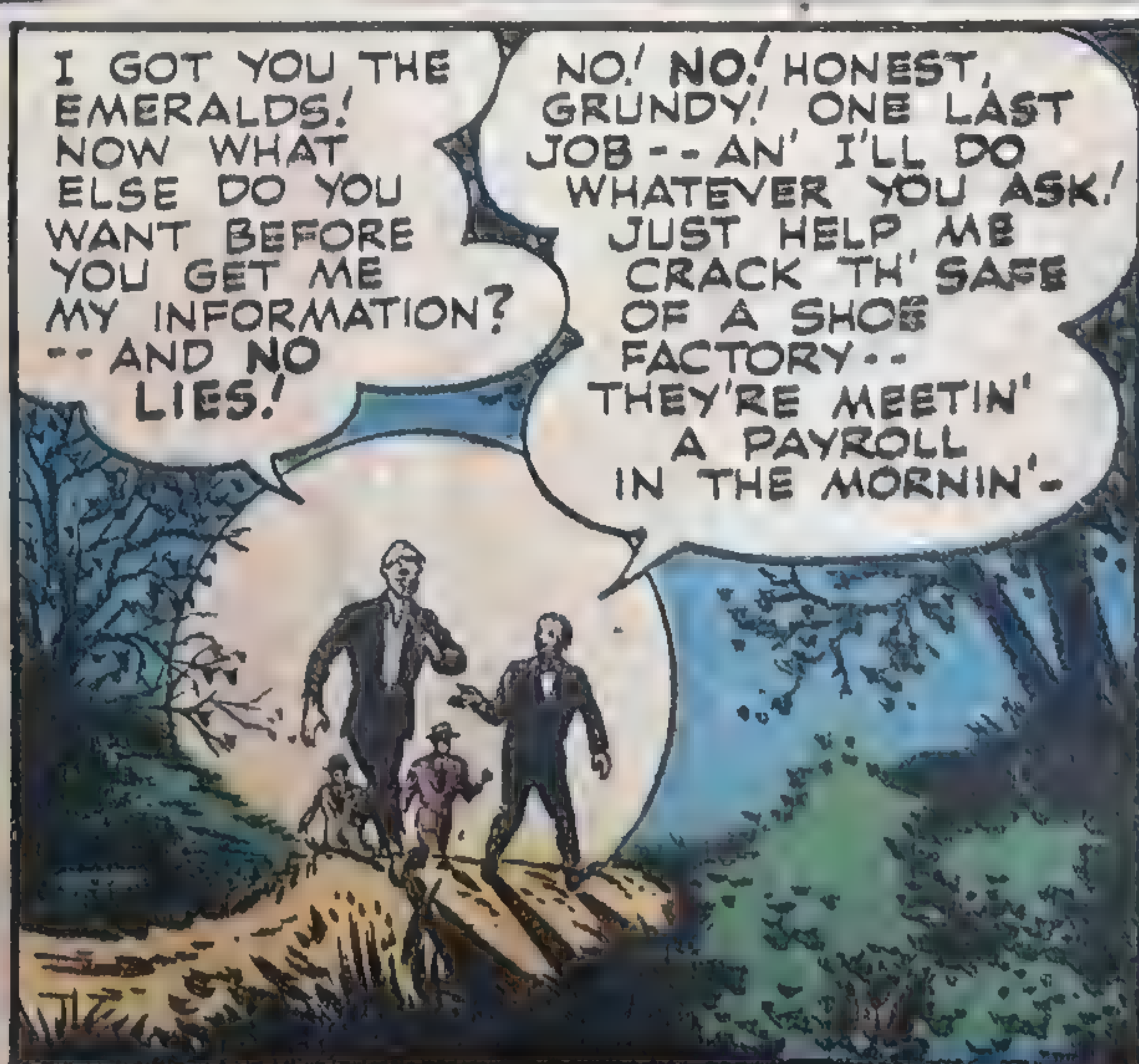
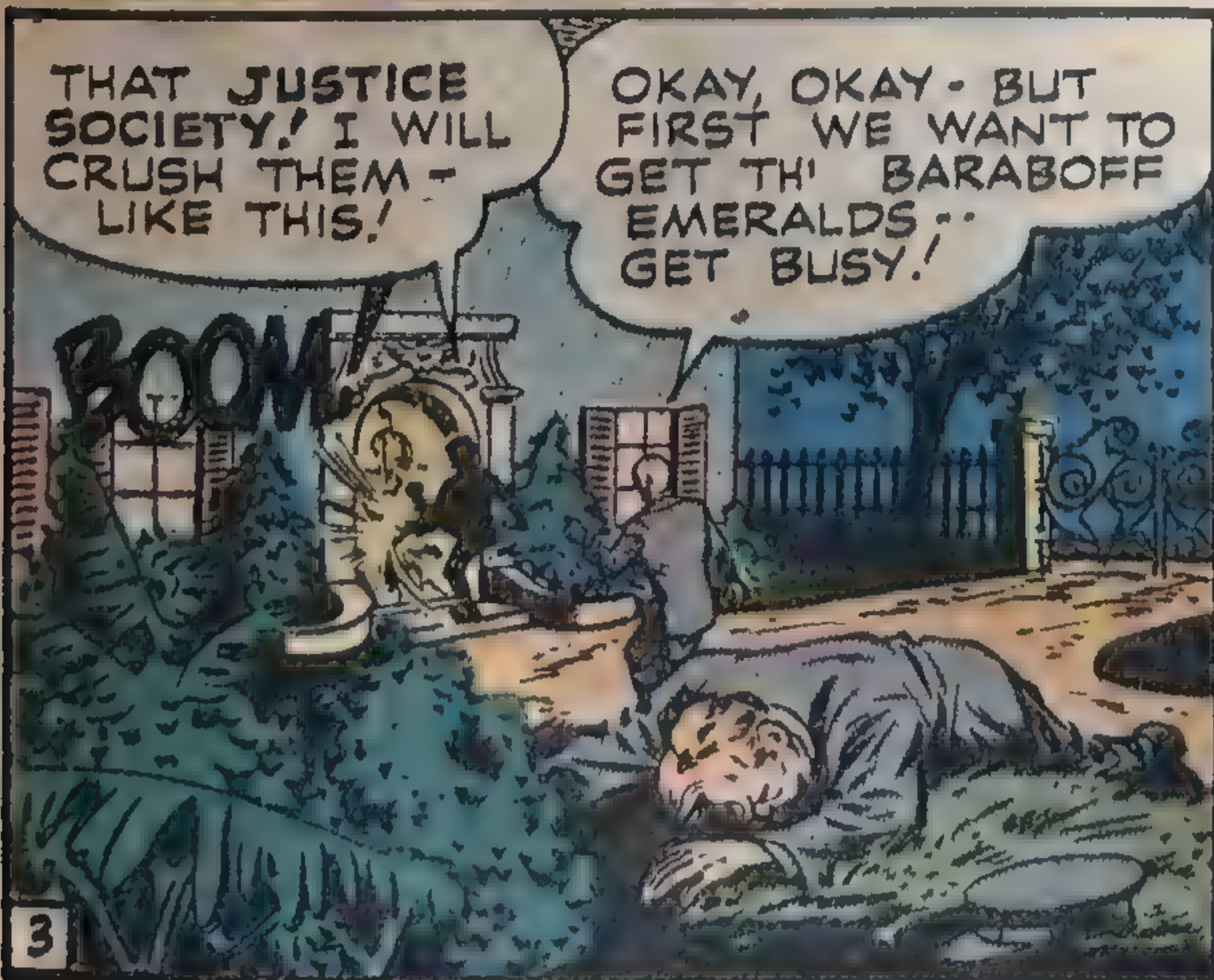
SO WHAT? ANYBODY'S
ENTITLED TO ONE MIS-
TAKE! FORGET IT -
THIS TIME I GOT TH'
BIGGEST DEAL EVER SET!
PUT IN WITH ME, AN'
YOU CAN'T LOSE! WE'LL
BUILD UP TO TH' BIGGEST
MOB OF ALL TIME!!







AND AS THE ATOM RACES TIME ITSELF, SOLOMON GRUNDY CONTINUES HIS REIGN OF RUTHLESSNESS -



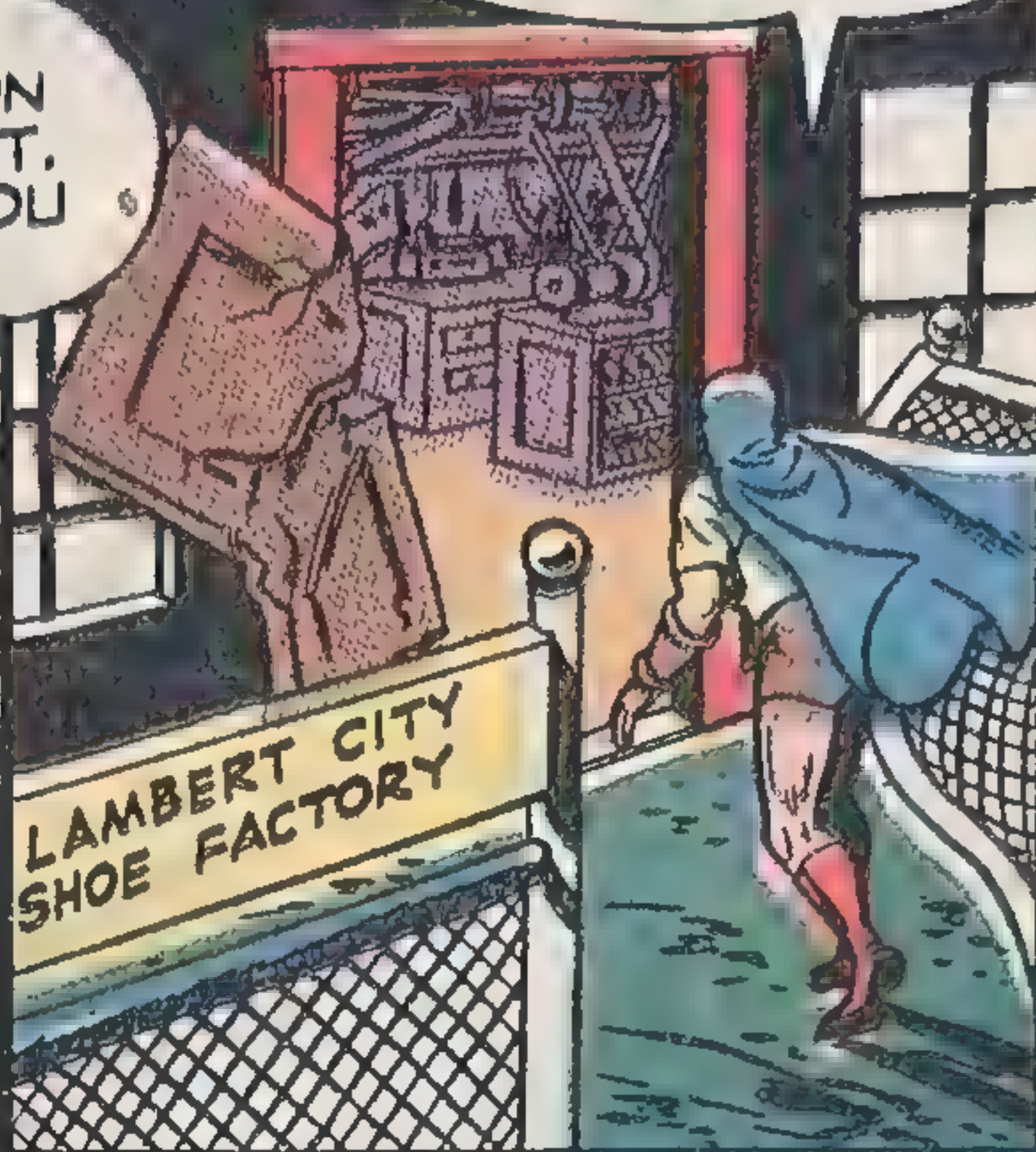
NOT LONG AFTER...

GRUNDY HIT ME... HE'S WITH SOME CROOKS... HEADED ALONG THE ROAD TOWARD THE LAMBERT SHOE FACTORY...

YOU'LL SOON BE ALL RIGHT, I'LL LEAVE YOU AND HEAD OUT AFTER THE OTHERS.



METAL CRUMPLED... SHREDDED LIKE A TOY IN A GIANT'S HAND...; WHEW!



THEY'VE ALREADY ROBBED THE PLACE - BUT MAYBE I CAN PREVENT THEM FROM LEAVING --

HUH? THE ATOM!



WISE GUY, EH? I'LL FIX YOUR WAGON -



THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW YOU WERE AROUND -



YOU LIKE TO KICK, EH? I ALSO LIKE TO KICK!

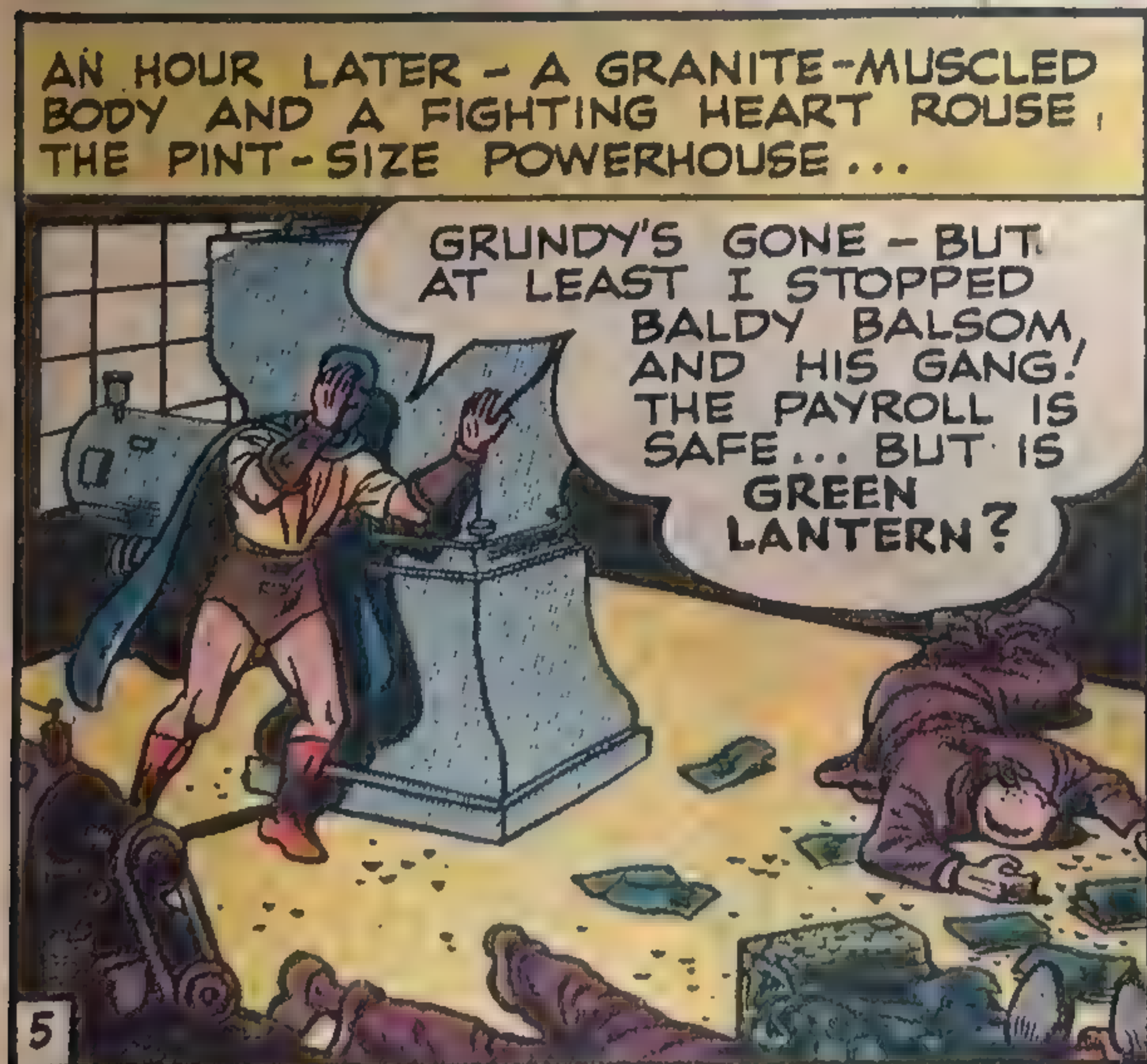
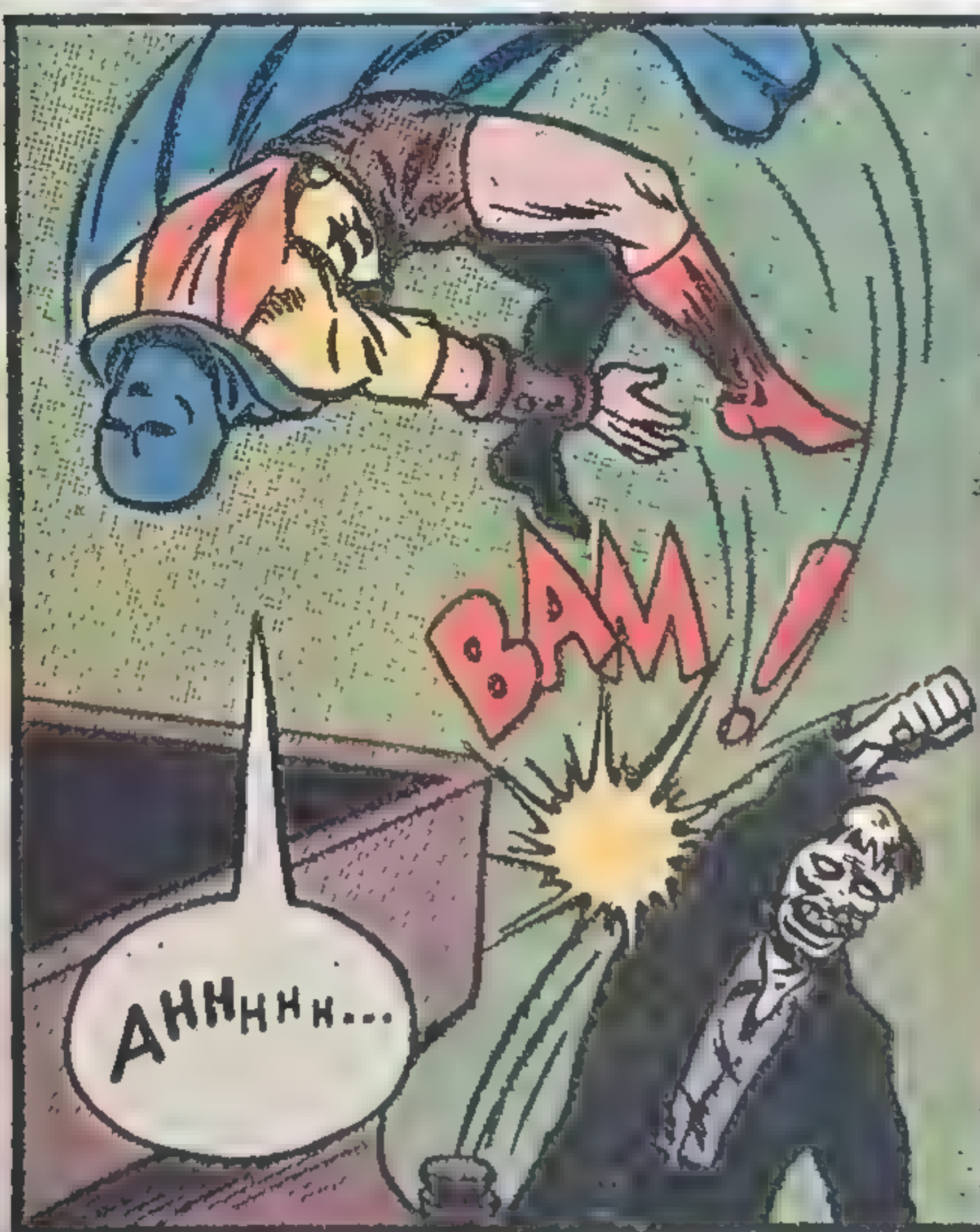
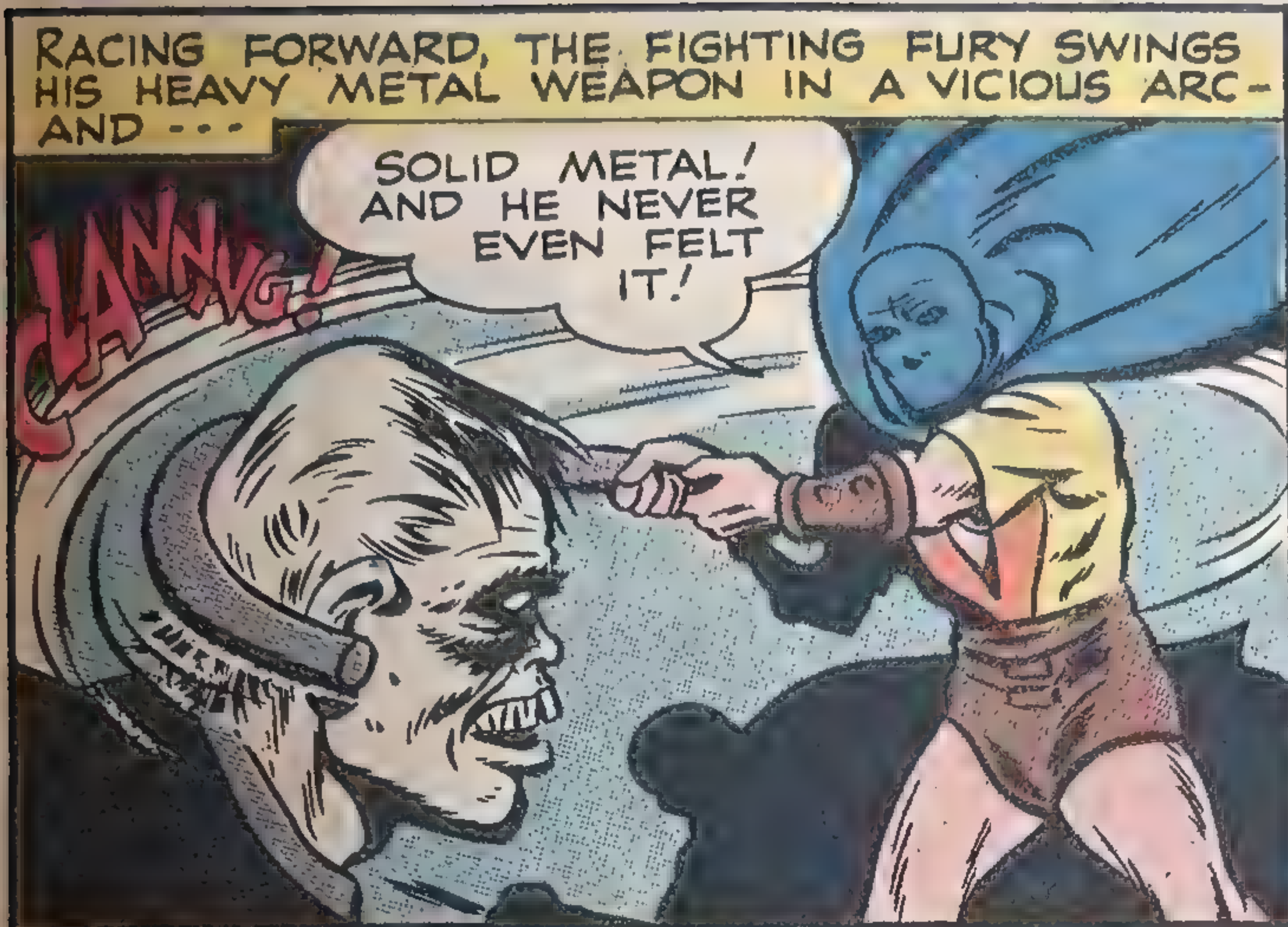
OOOOF!



SHOCKED... BRUISED...THE GALLANT LITTLE GLADIATOR GRITS HIS TEETH.

MY RIBS... FEEL AS IF THEY'VE BEEN CRUSHED... BUT THE FIGHT ISN'T OVER YET -





AND NOW WE RETURN TO GREEN LANTERN, WHO OPENED THE DOOR OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY MEETING ROOMS TO DANGER, TO DEATH, TO DESTRUCTION... AND, AS THOUGH HE COULD READ ALL THAT, HE CRIED OUT IN SHOCKED AMAZEMENT: "YOU!" WE GO BACK IN TIME TO THAT MOMENT, AND —

YOU!

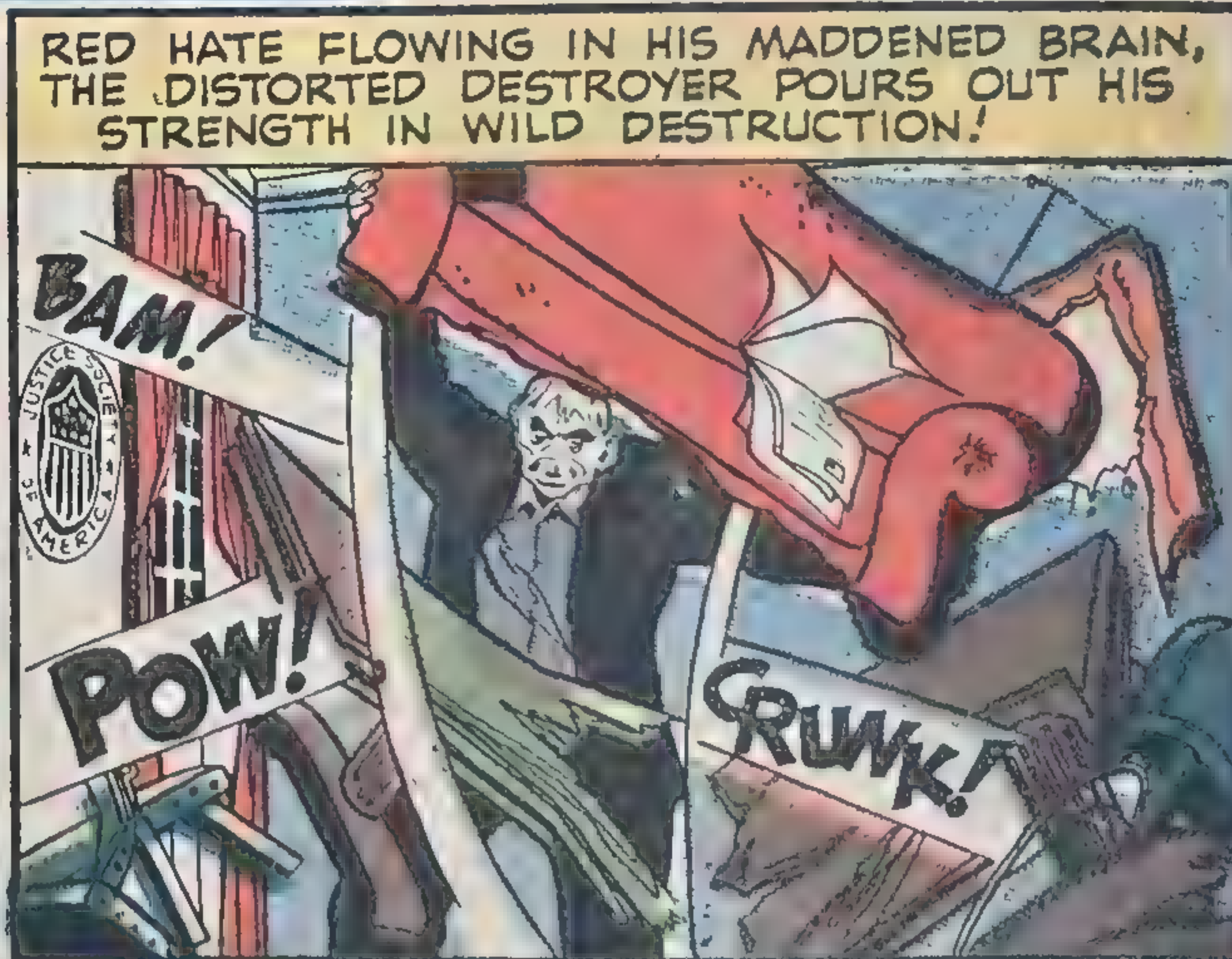
Paul Reinman

DOIBY DICKLES! BUT YOU SHOULDN'T COME HERE. YOU KNOW THAT!

I HAD TO, LANTRIN. IT'S BAD NEWS — SOLOMON GRUNDY IS LOOSE!

SOLOMON GRUNDY?

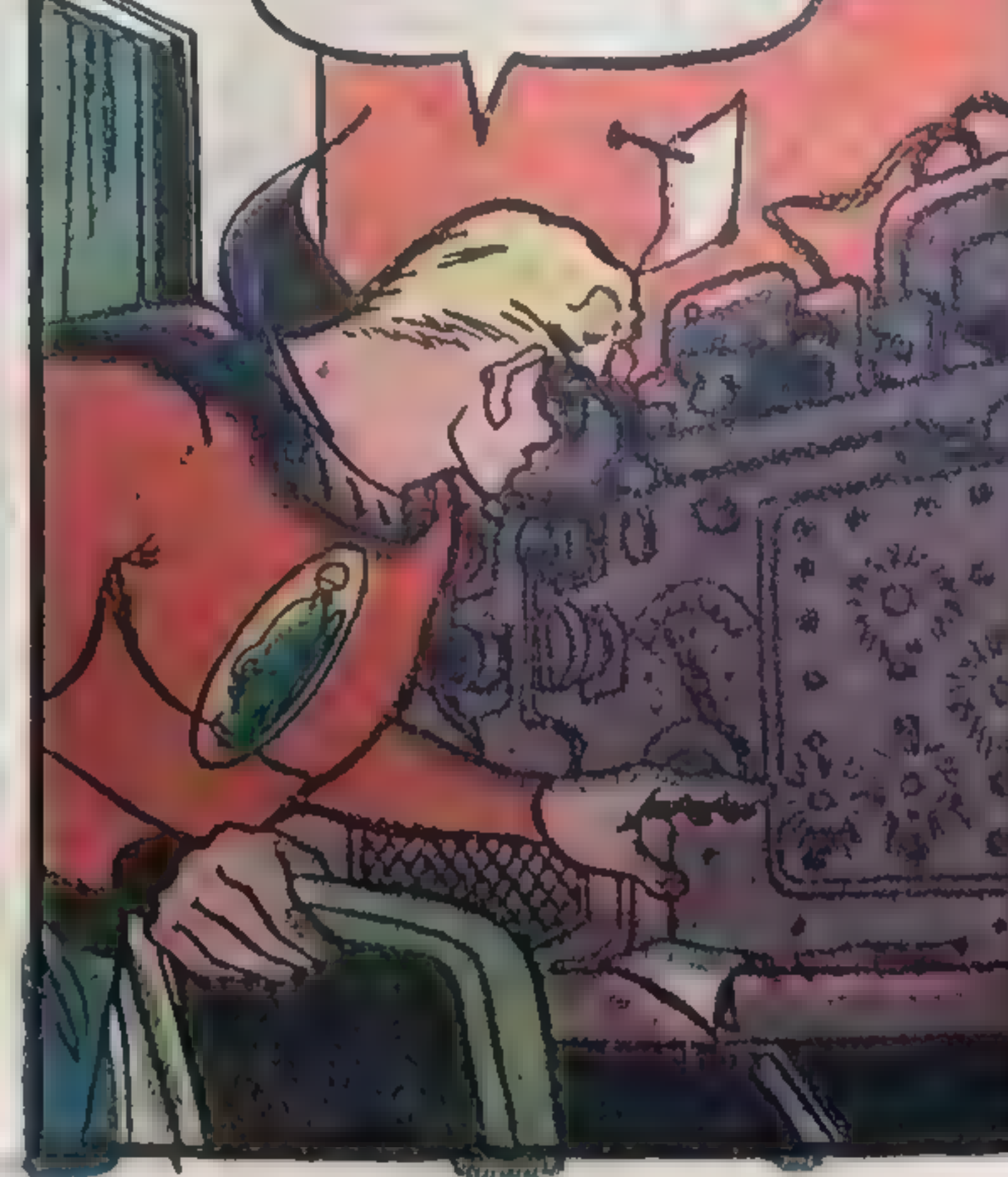
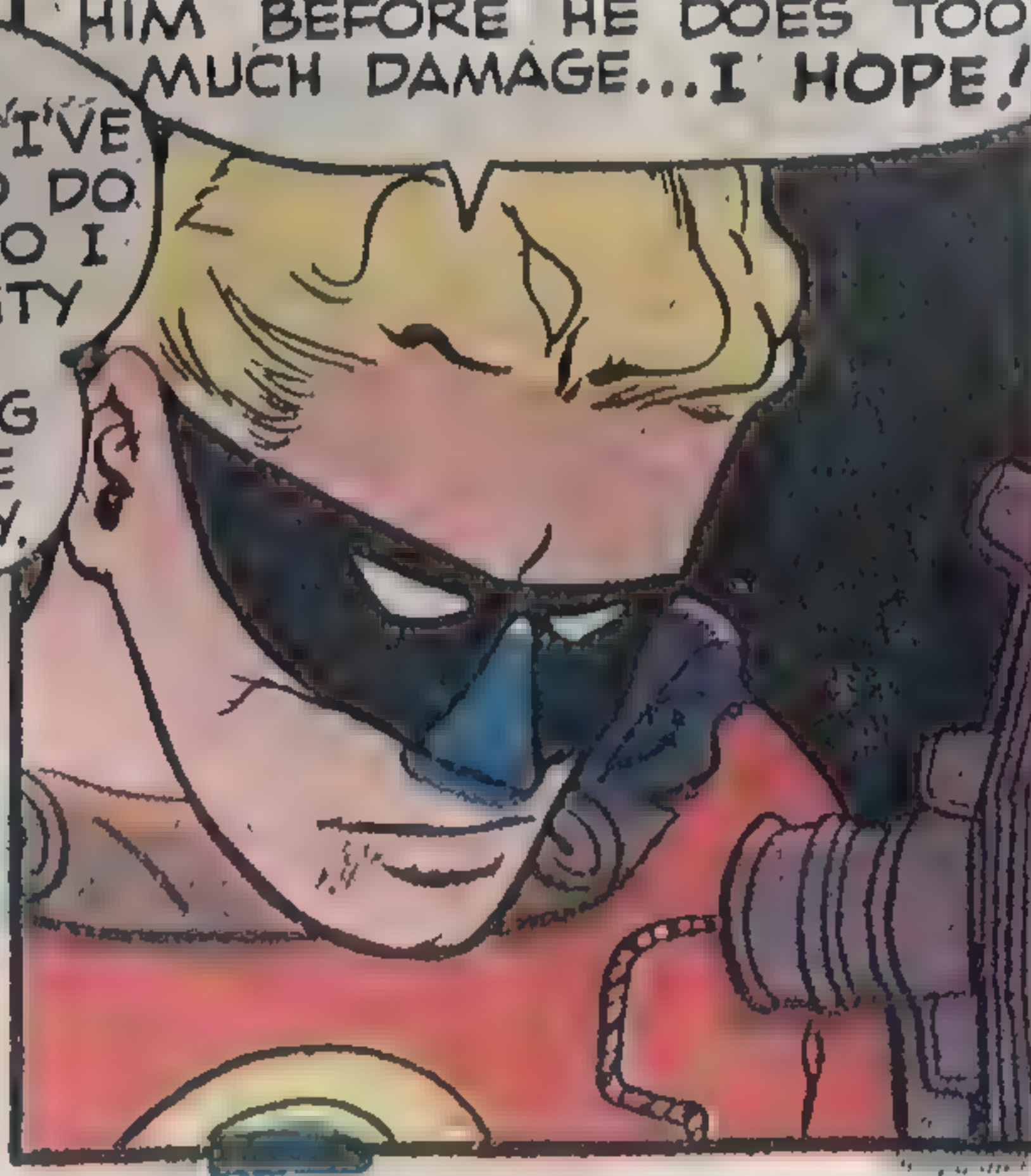
A PAL O' MINE IS ONE OF THEM HAM RADIO AMACHOORS. HE PICKED UP A FLASH FROM A FRIEND O' HIS OUT IN ARIZONEY. WE GOTTA DO SOMETHIN'!



AND WHILE THE JUSTICE SOCIETY ENTERS THEIR WRECKED MEETING ROOMS - AND MISINTERPRETS THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION - GREEN LANTERN WORKS FEVERISHLY AGAINST TIME...

THIS RADIO IS ATTUNED NOT TO SOUND WAVES, BUT TO THE MENTAL WAVE-LENGTH OF SOLOMON GRUNDY! WITH A LITTLE MANIPULATION, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO FOLLOW HIS PROGRESS AND LOCATE HIM BEFORE HE DOES TOO MUCH DAMAGE...I HOPE!

AHH -- HERE IT IS! I'VE CAUGHT HIS WAVE-LENGTH.. THOSE LIGHTS SHOULD TELL ME WHERE HE'S BEEN, AND I CAN TELEPHONE THE RADIO STATION...



AND THAT IS HOW THE JUSTICE SOCIETY ORIGINALLY HEARD THE CLUES ON SOLOMON GRUNDY AS BROADCAST BY STATION WXYZ ON INFORMATION SENT IN BY GREEN LANTERN... (ALAN SCOTT)...

HARFORD... LYNNEVILLE... DANDER... WXYZ GOT THEM ALL.

NOW, BY LITTLE MATHEMATICAL CALCULATION, I OUGHT TO DISCOVER WHERE GRUNDY WILL BE AT A GIVEN TIME.



HE'S RACING TOWARD STATE PARK. HE OUGHT TO ARRIVE THERE AROUND FIVE!



THAT UNCANNY INSTINCT OF HIS — LIKE THE SENSE OF DIRECTION OF A HOMING PIGEON — WILL EVENTUALLY BRING HIM TO ME! BUT I'LL MAKE IT EASIER! I'LL GET TO HIM FIRST!



I'M GETTING NEARER TO HIM... NEARER...



HAH! AT LAST!

TRAIL'S END!



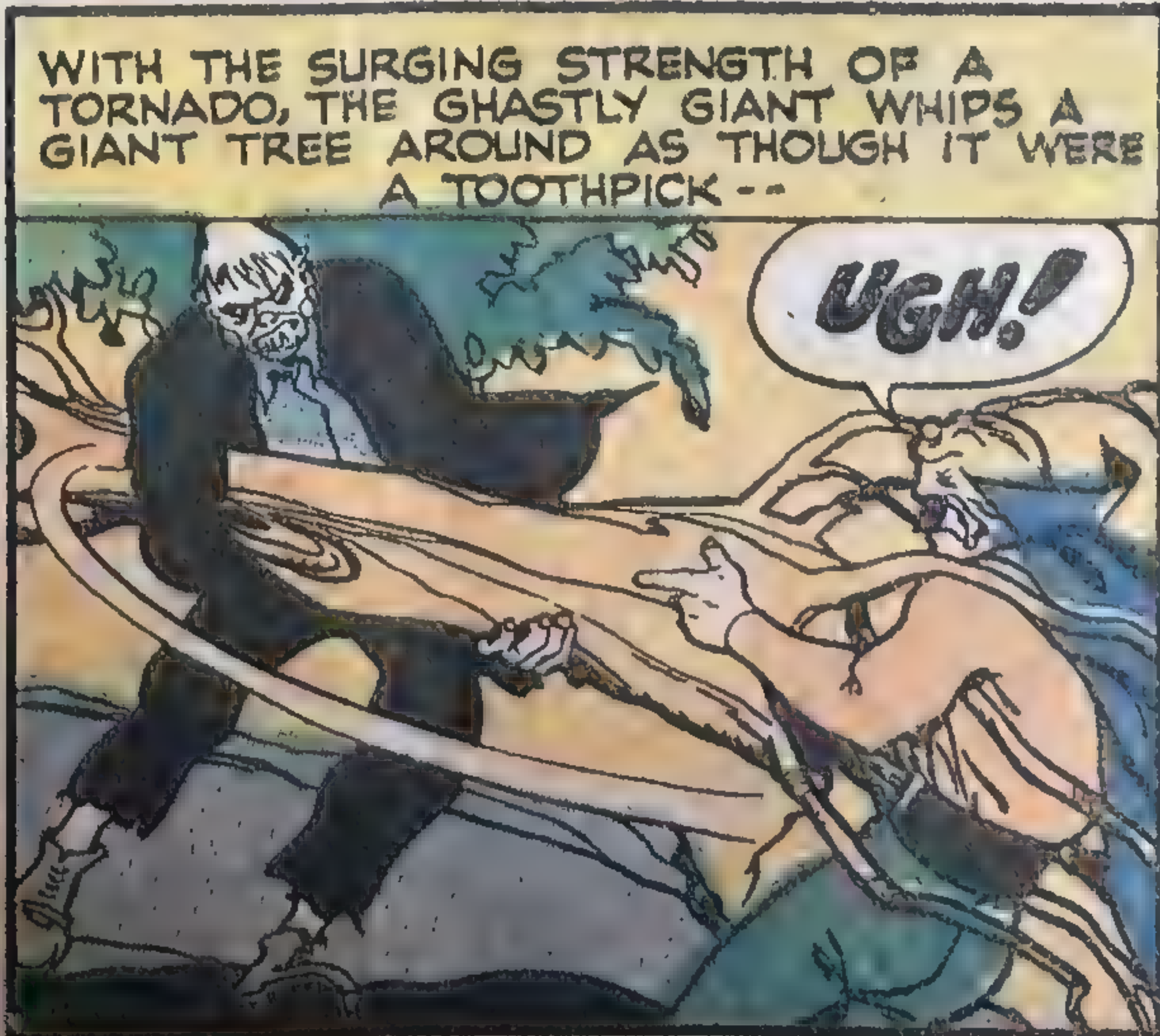
LITTLE MAN—WHEN THIS FIGHT IS OVER, ONLY ONE OF US WILL BE ALIVE!

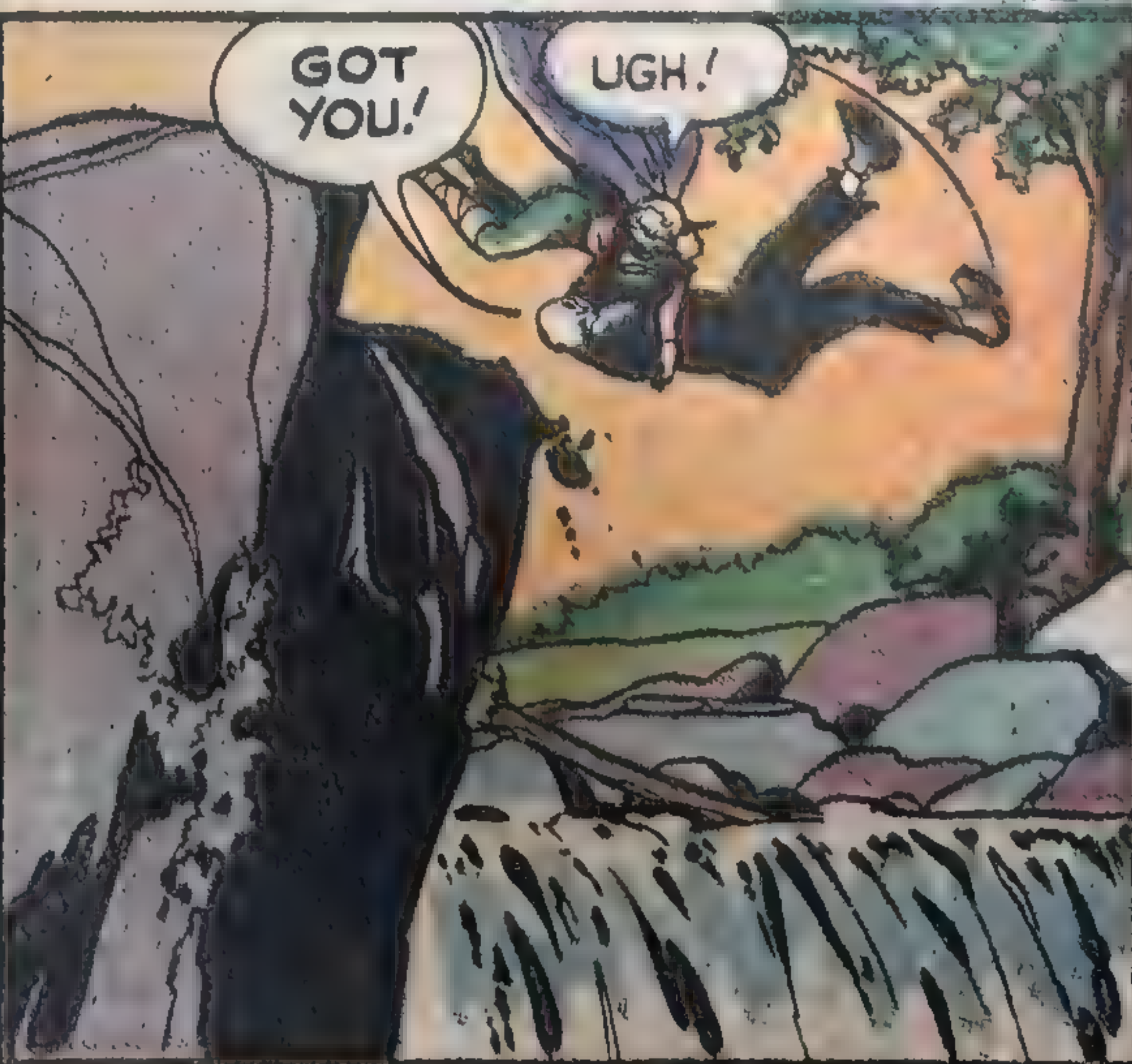
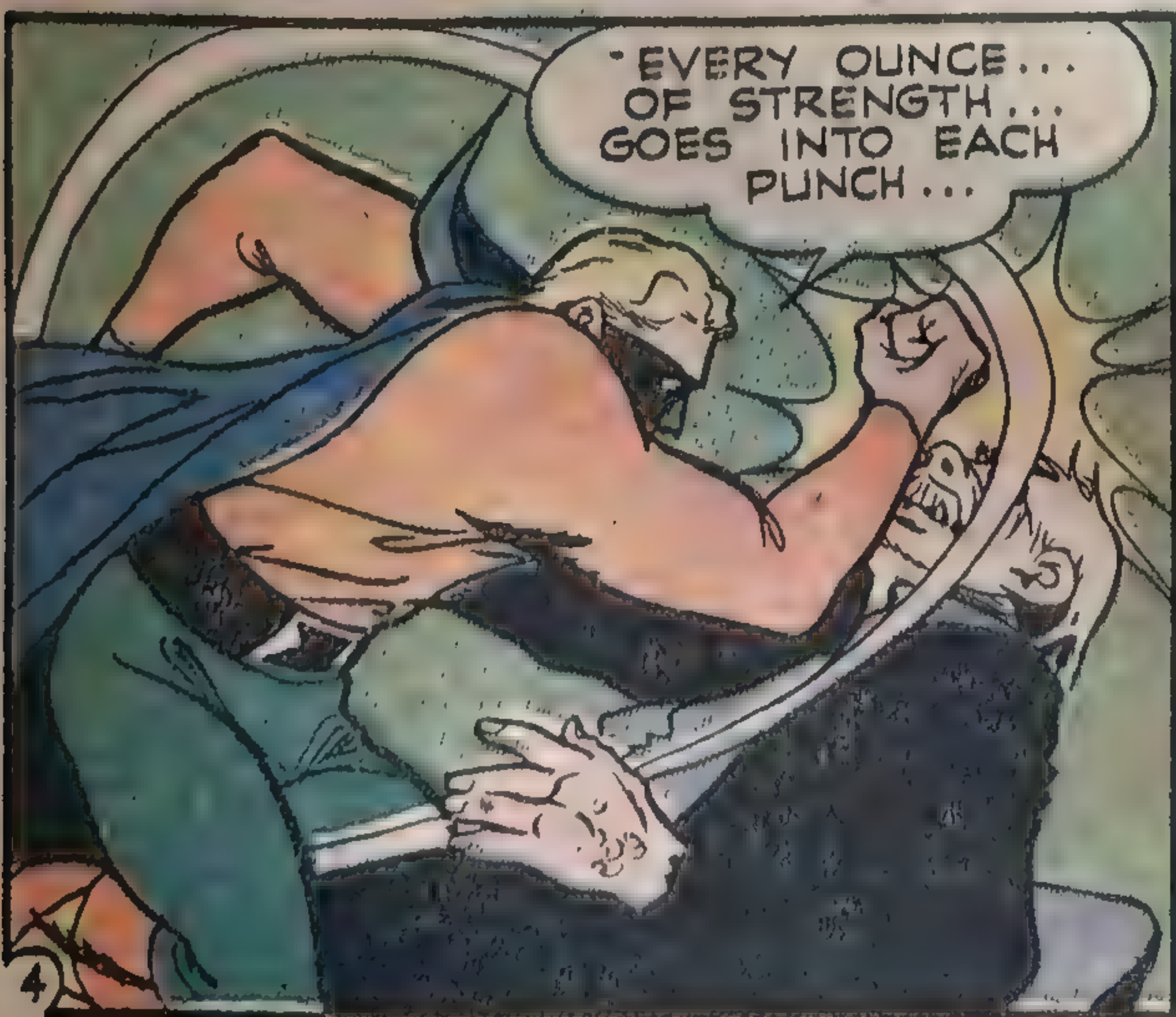
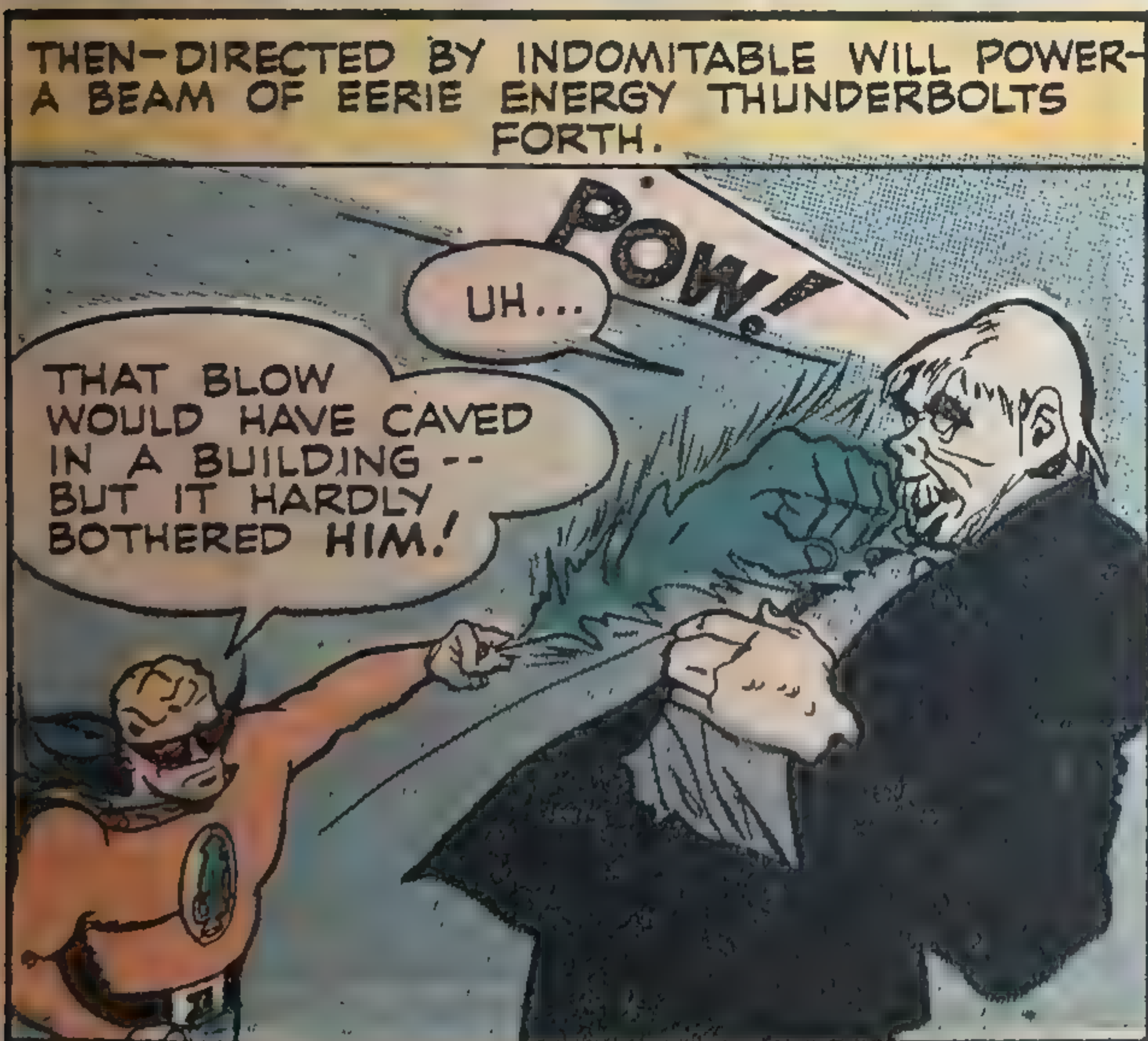
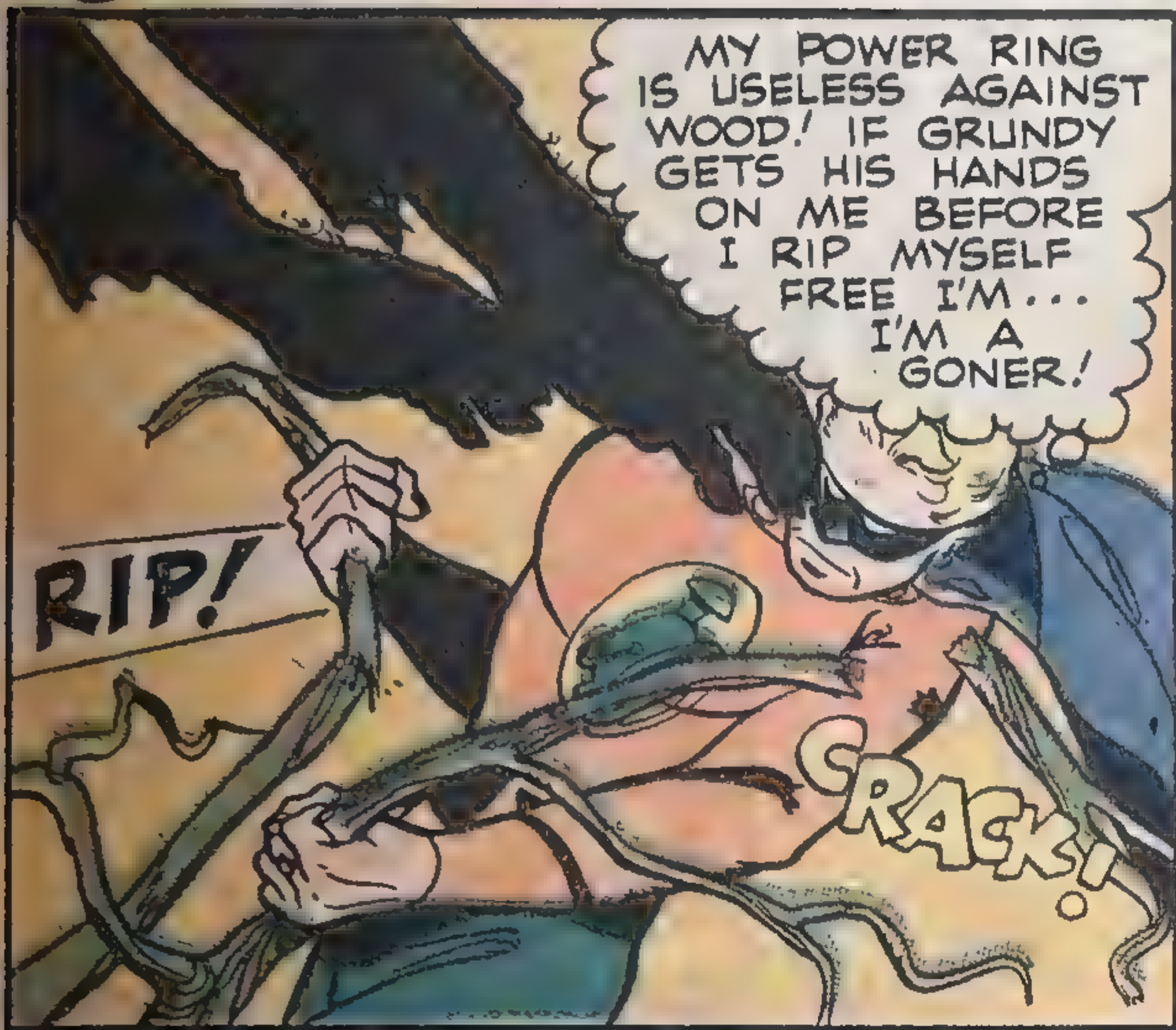
I'LL TAKE THE CHANCE IT WILL BE ME!



WITH THE SURGING STRENGTH OF A TORNADO, THE GHASTLY GIANT WHIPS A GIANT TREE AROUND AS THOUGH IT WERE A TOOTHPICK --

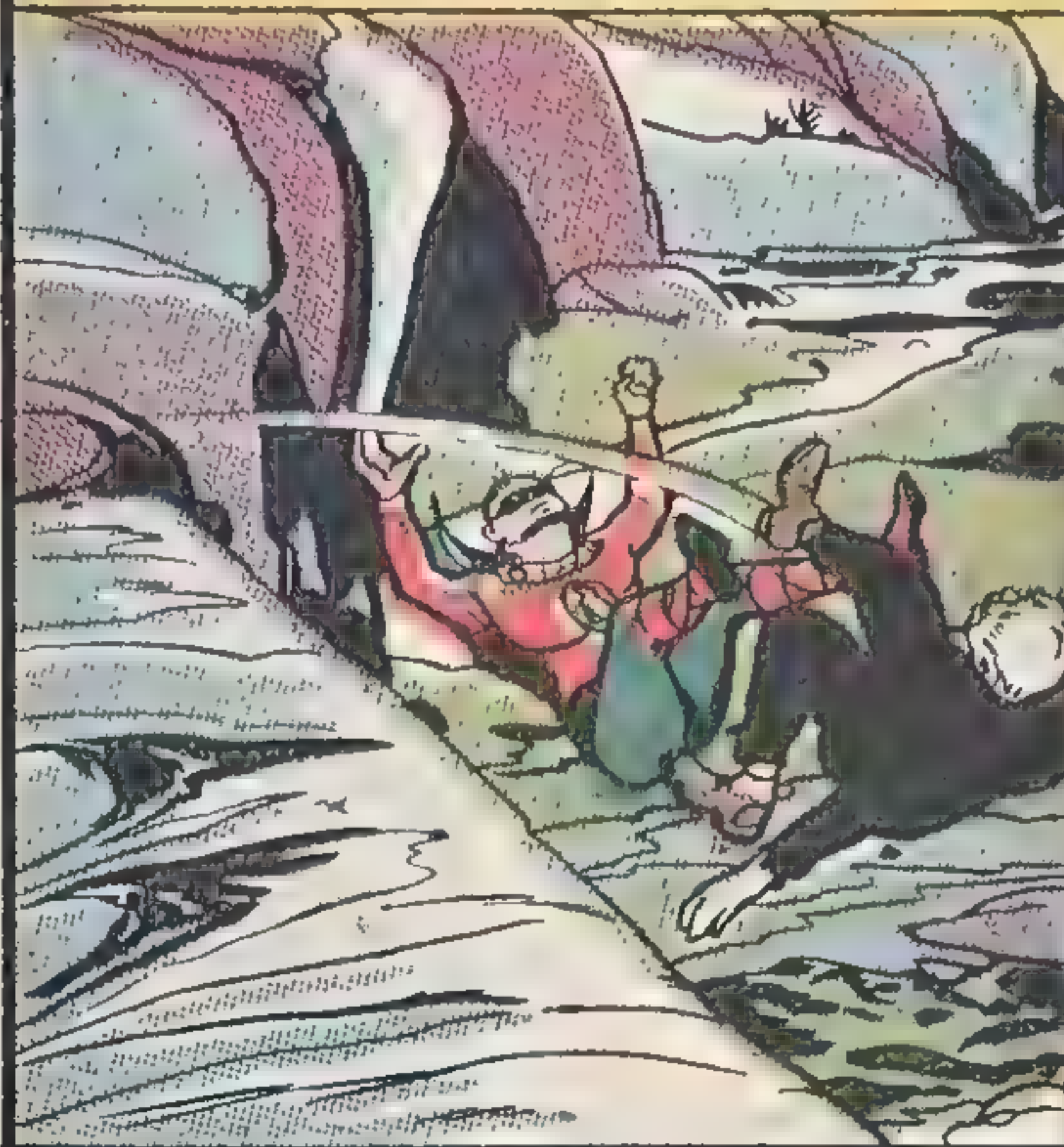
UGH!



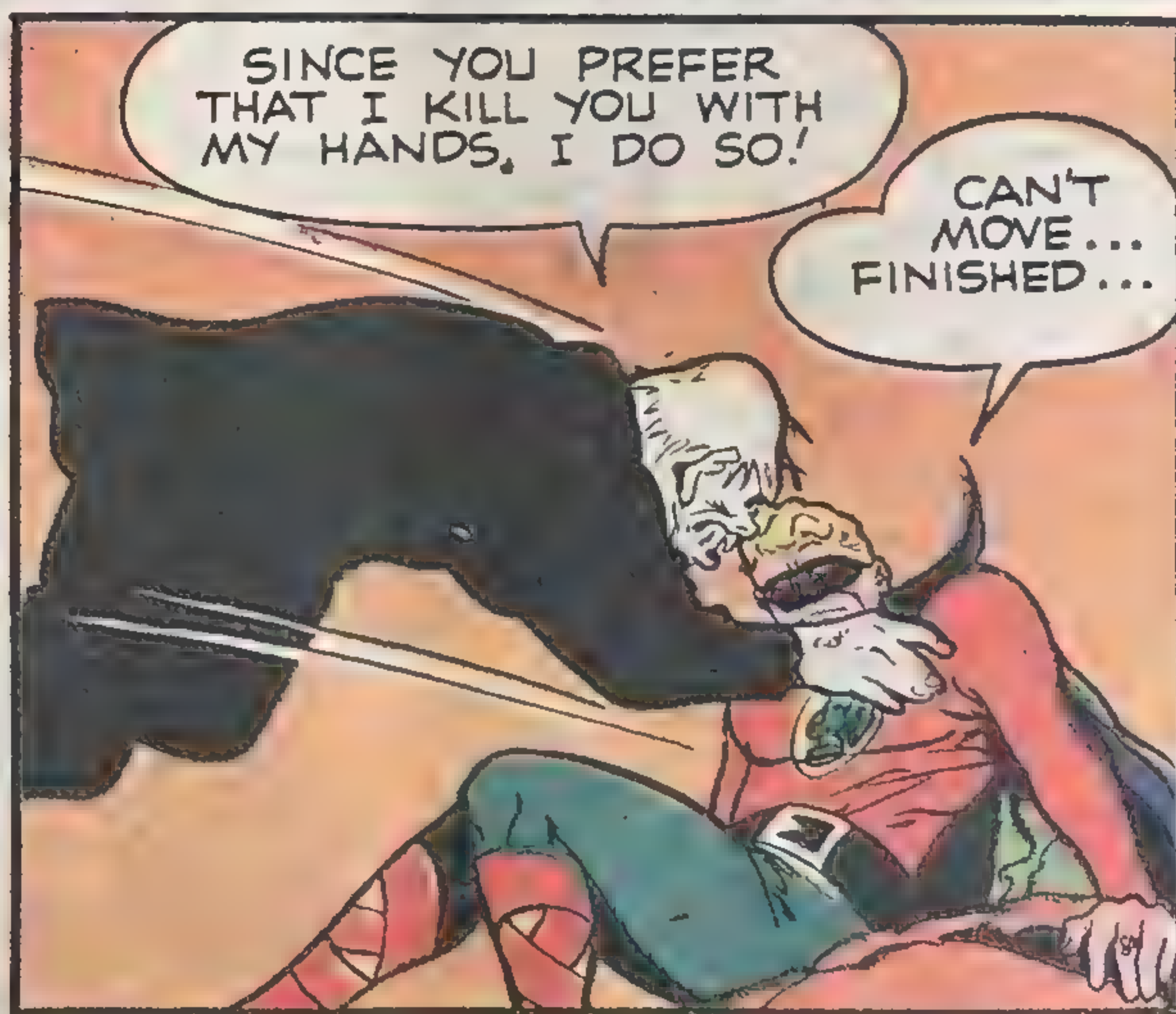




HURTTLED DOWNWARD BY TONS OF CASCADING WATER, THE BATTLING DUO LANDS WITH SHATTERING FORCE!

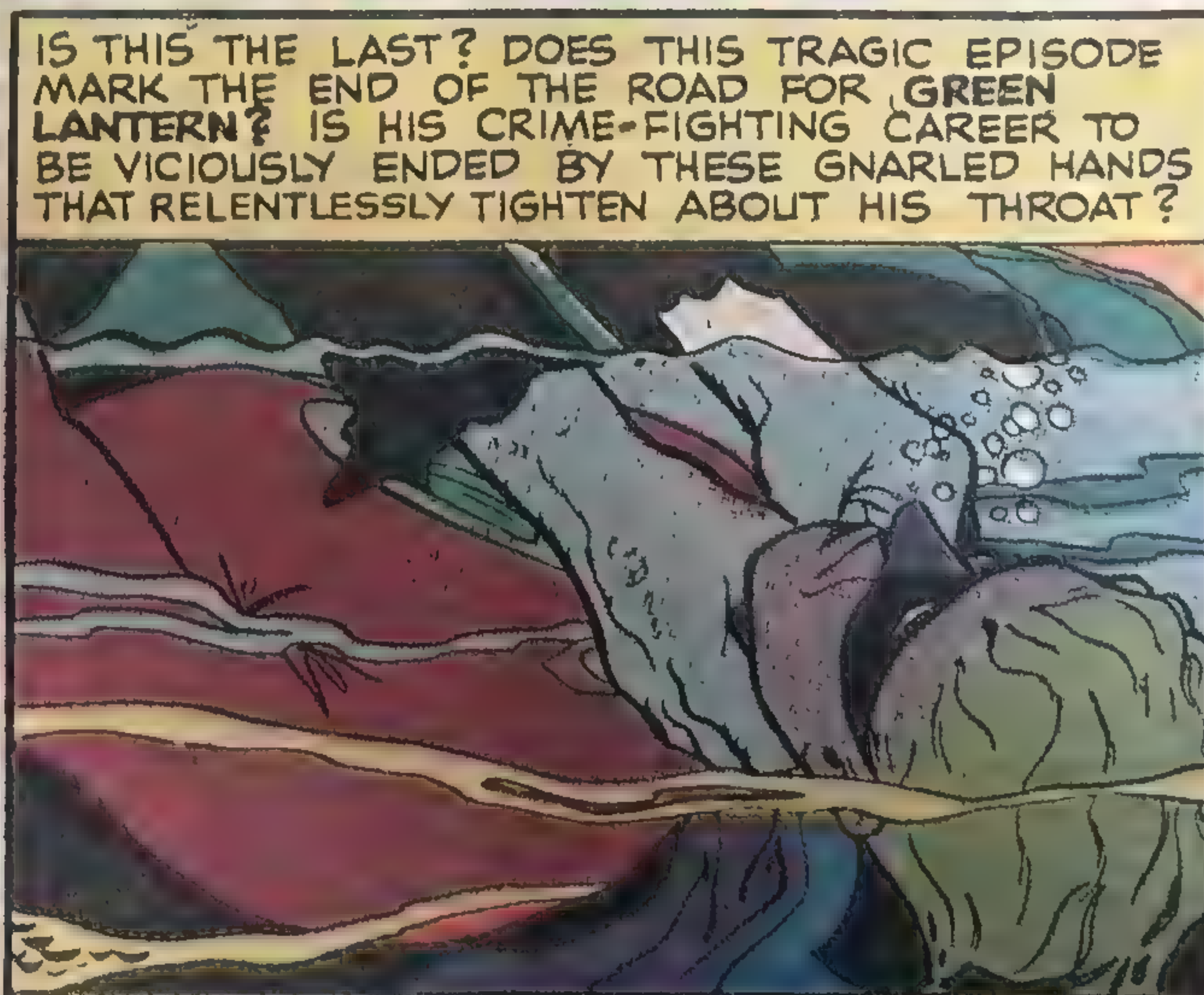


WOUNDED... INHUMANLY BATTERED... HIS STRENGTH ALMOST GONE. THE GALLANT GLADIATOR USES HIS FAST-WANING POWER TO DISSOLVE THE DEATH-DEALING ROCK-



SINCE YOU PREFER THAT I KILL YOU WITH MY HANDS, I DO SO!

CAN'T MOVE... FINISHED...

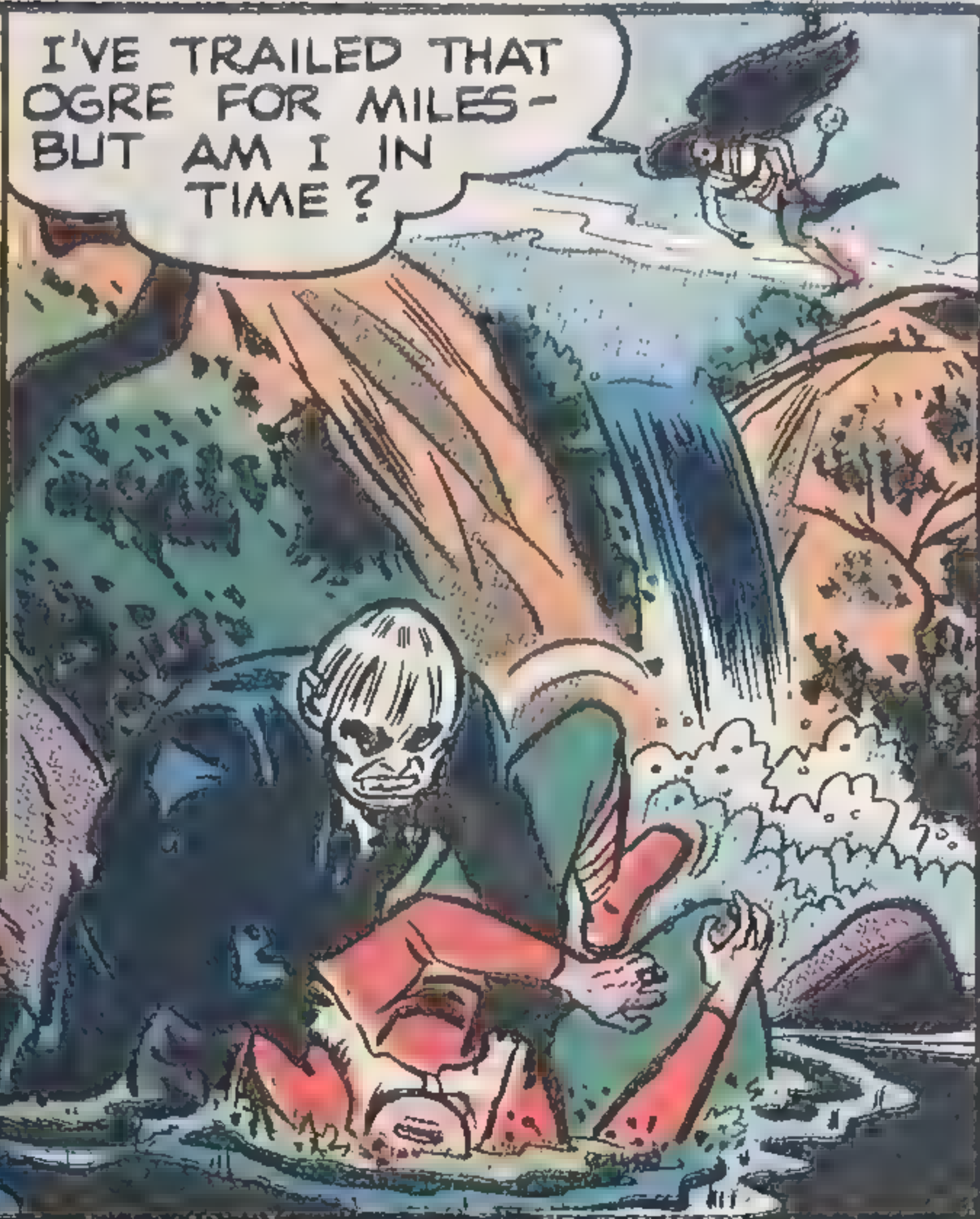


IS THIS THE LAST? DOES THIS TRAGIC EPISODE MARK THE END OF THE ROAD FOR GREEN LANTERN? IS HIS CRIME-FIGHTING CAREER TO BE VICIOUSLY ENDED BY THESE GNARLED HANDS THAT RELENTLESSLY TIGHTEN ABOUT HIS THROAT?

Follow GREEN LANTERN'S exploits in All-American Comics!

WEAKER AND WEAKER GROW THE STRUGGLES OF THE GREEN GLADIATOR! HIS LABORING LUNGS FILL TO BURSTING-- LIFE BEGINS TO EBB FROM HIS BODY. SUDDENLY, MIGHTY WINGS BEAT THE AIR, AND A FEATHERED FORM FLASHES DOWNWARD. IS IT TOO LATE?

I'VE TRAILED THAT OGRE FOR MILES-- BUT AM I IN TIME?



OUT OF THE UNDERBRUSH LEAP OTHER GRIM-VISAGED FIGURES---

THERE'S GRUNDY NOW--

GREEN LANTERN IS SO STILL-- SO QUIET--



GIVE US A HAND, FLASH!

NOTHING WOULD PLEASE ME MORE!

AHRR!



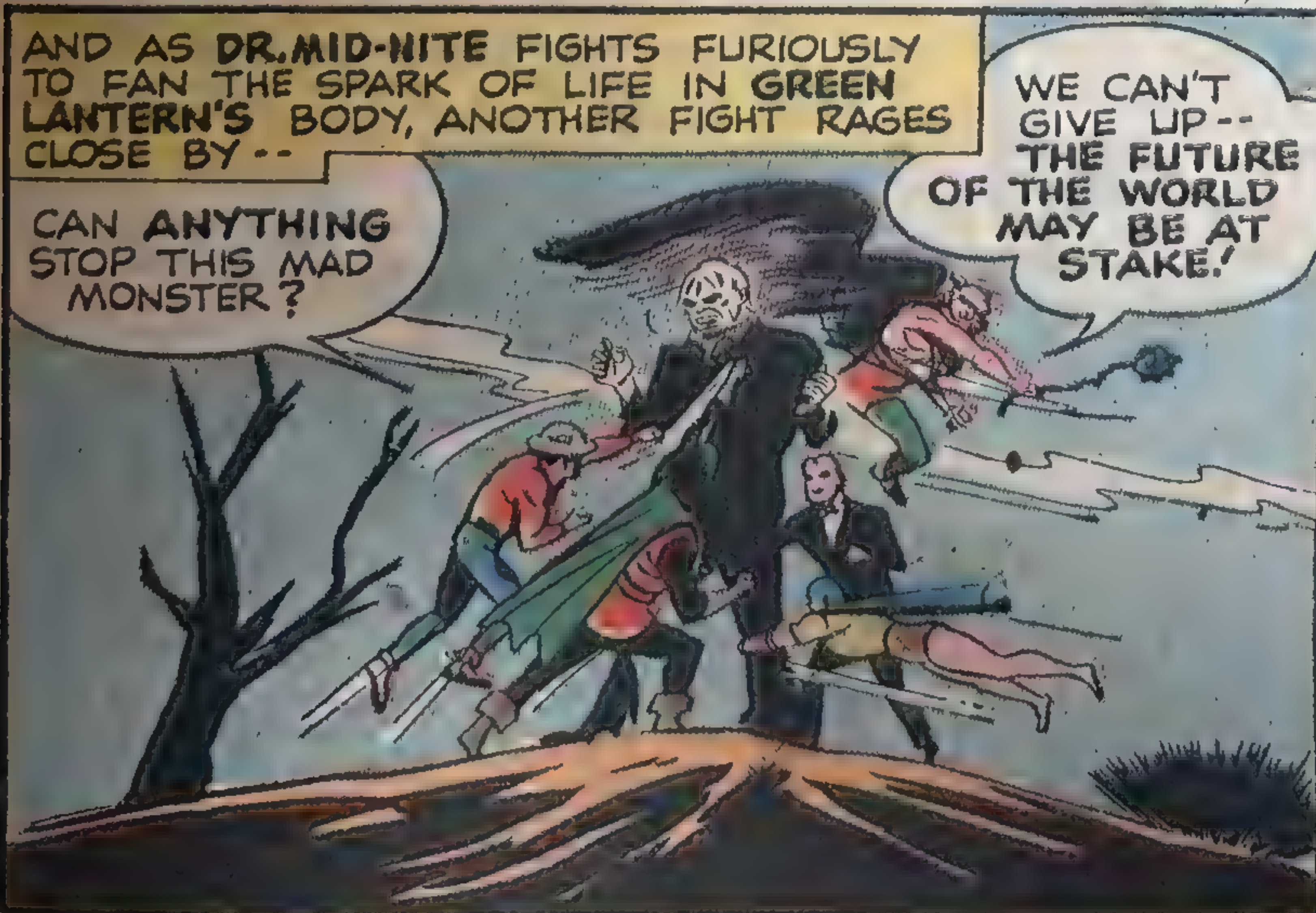
CAN IT BE THAT-- IS HE-- WAIT! HIS HEART IS BEATING! HE'S ALIVE!!



AND AS DR. MID-NITE FIGHTS FURIOUSLY TO FAN THE SPARK OF LIFE IN GREEN LANTERN'S BODY, ANOTHER FIGHT RAGES CLOSE BY--

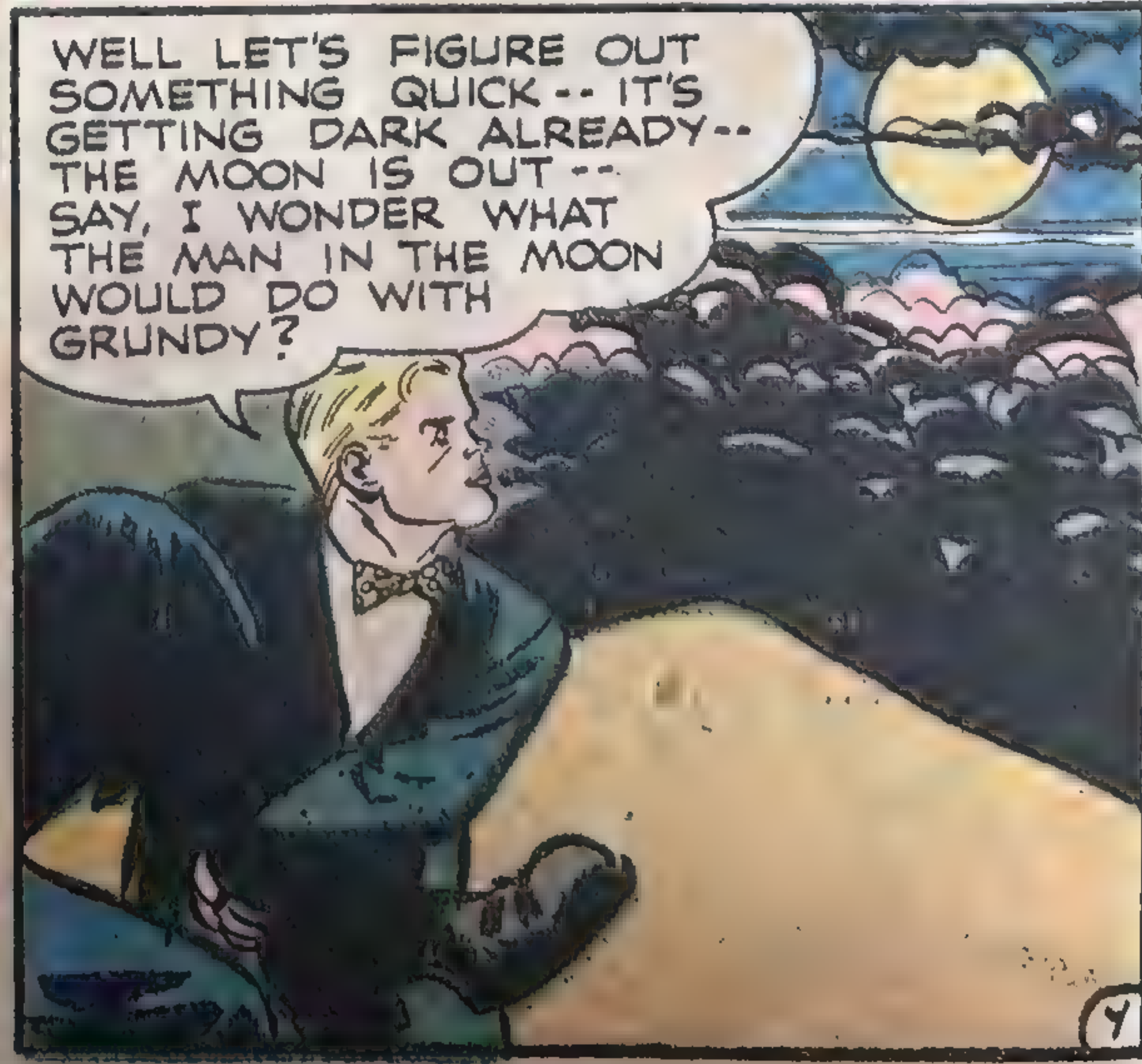
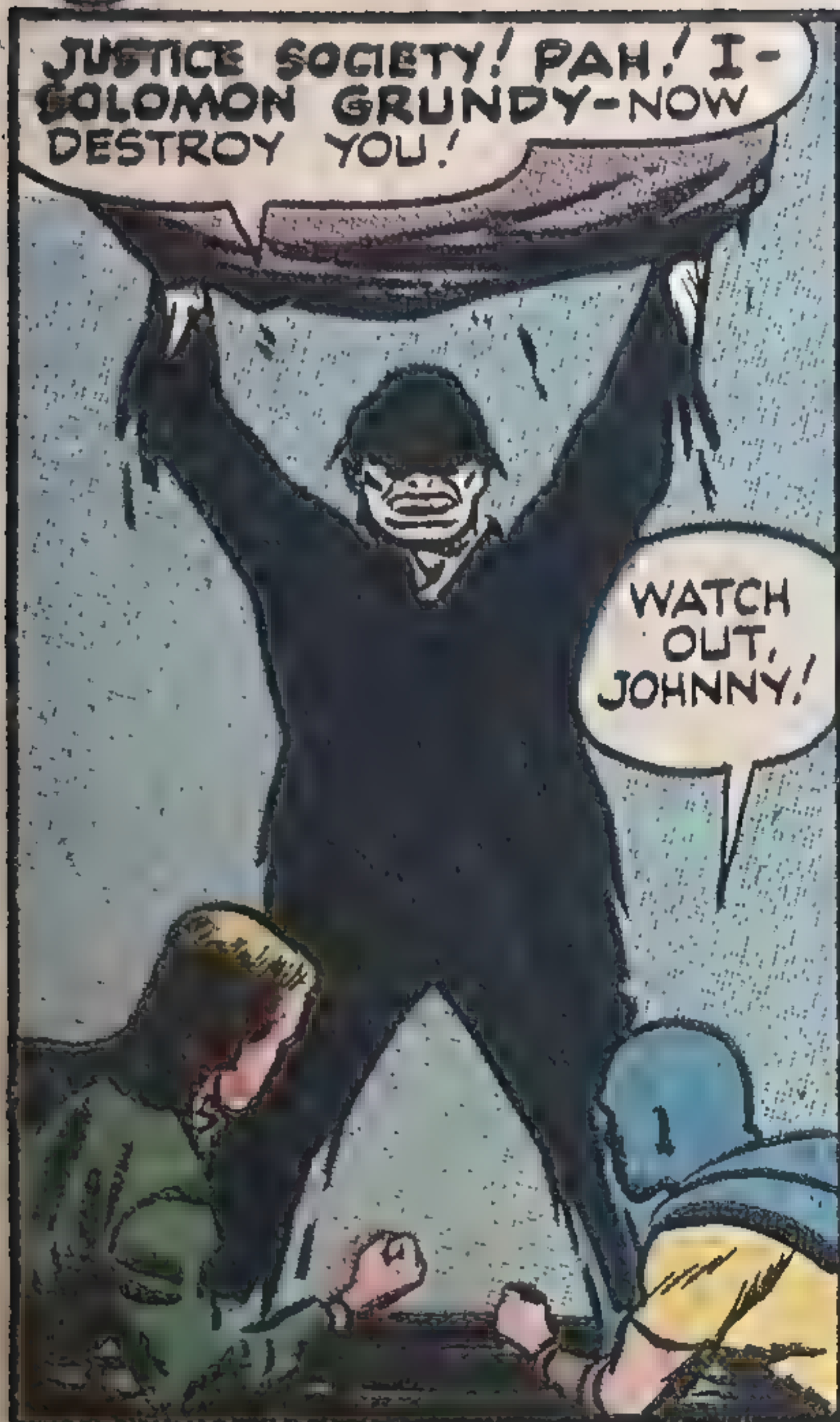
CAN ANYTHING STOP THIS MAD MONSTER?

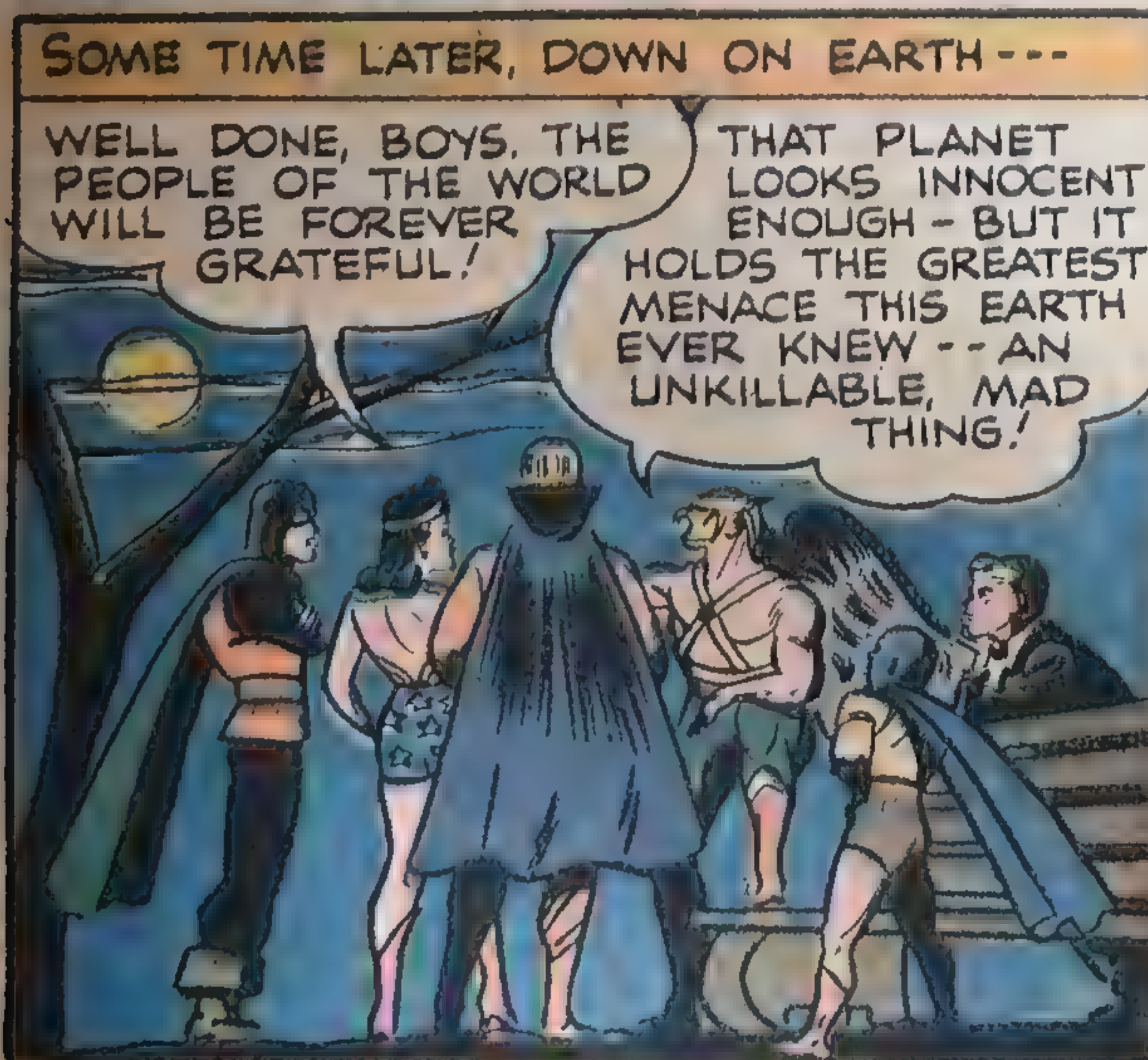
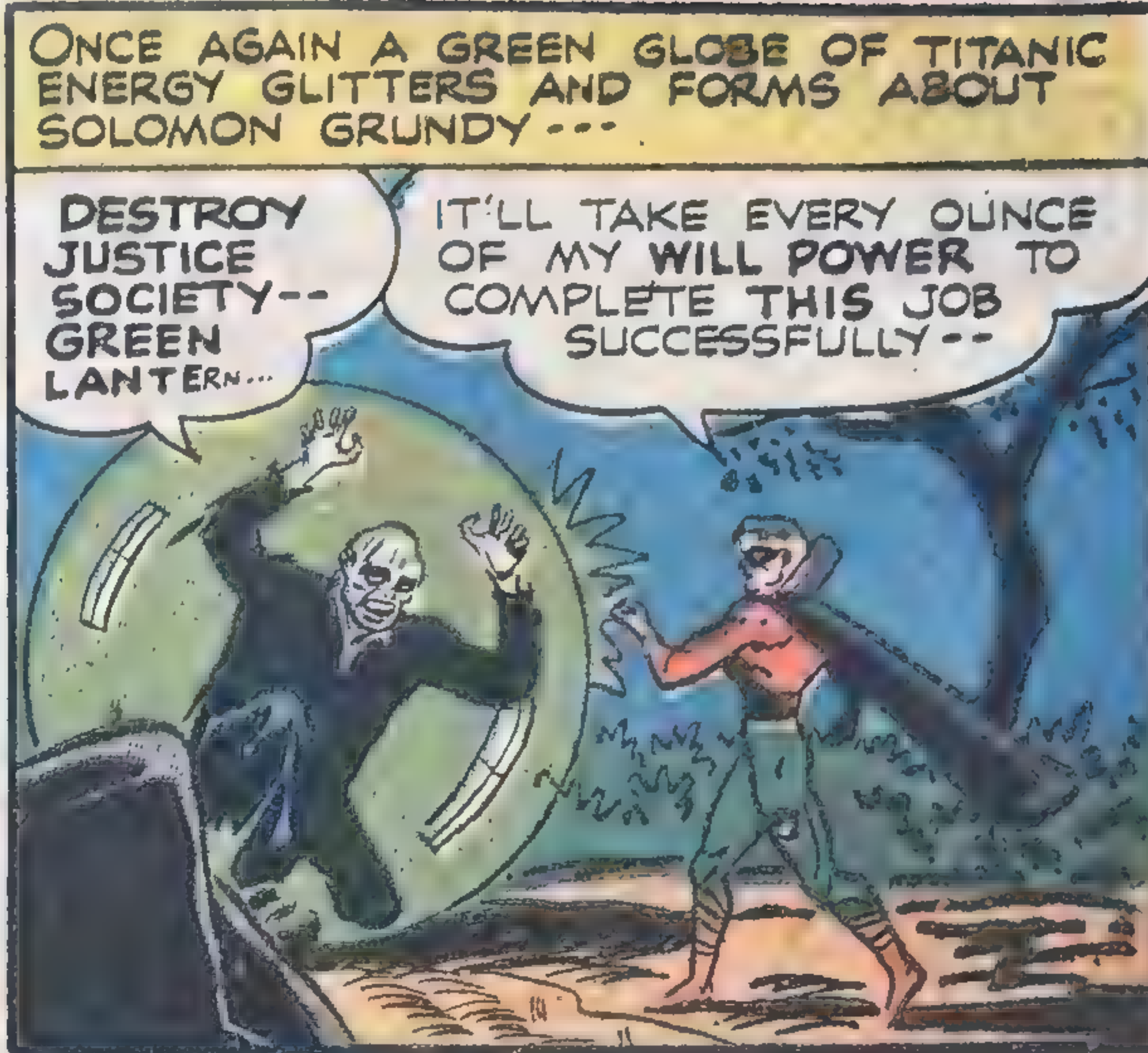
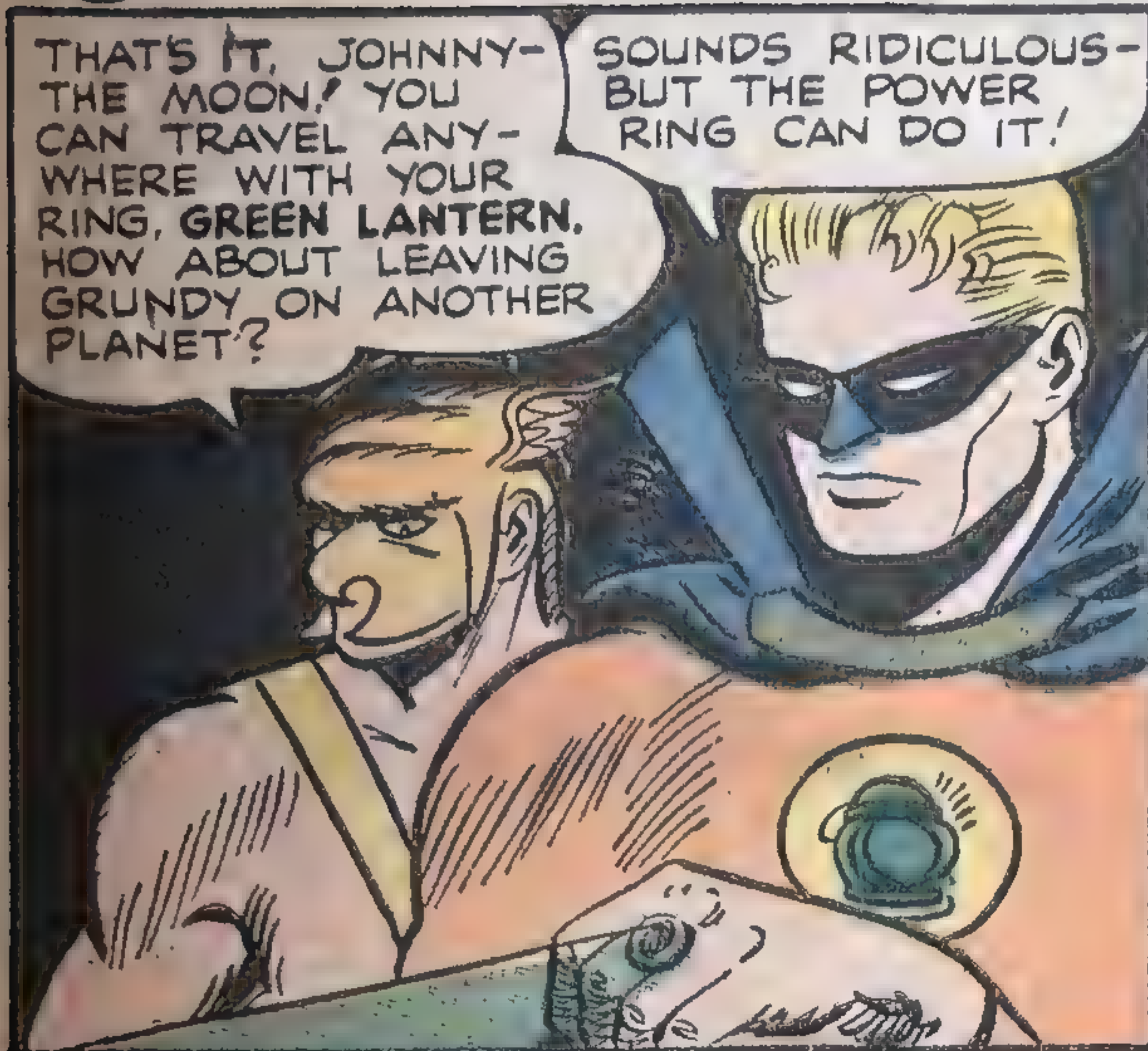
WE CAN'T GIVE UP-- THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD MAY BE AT STAKE!



YOU CANNOT STOP ME, LITTLE MEN! NOTHING CAN STOP SOLOMON GRUNDY! NOTHING!

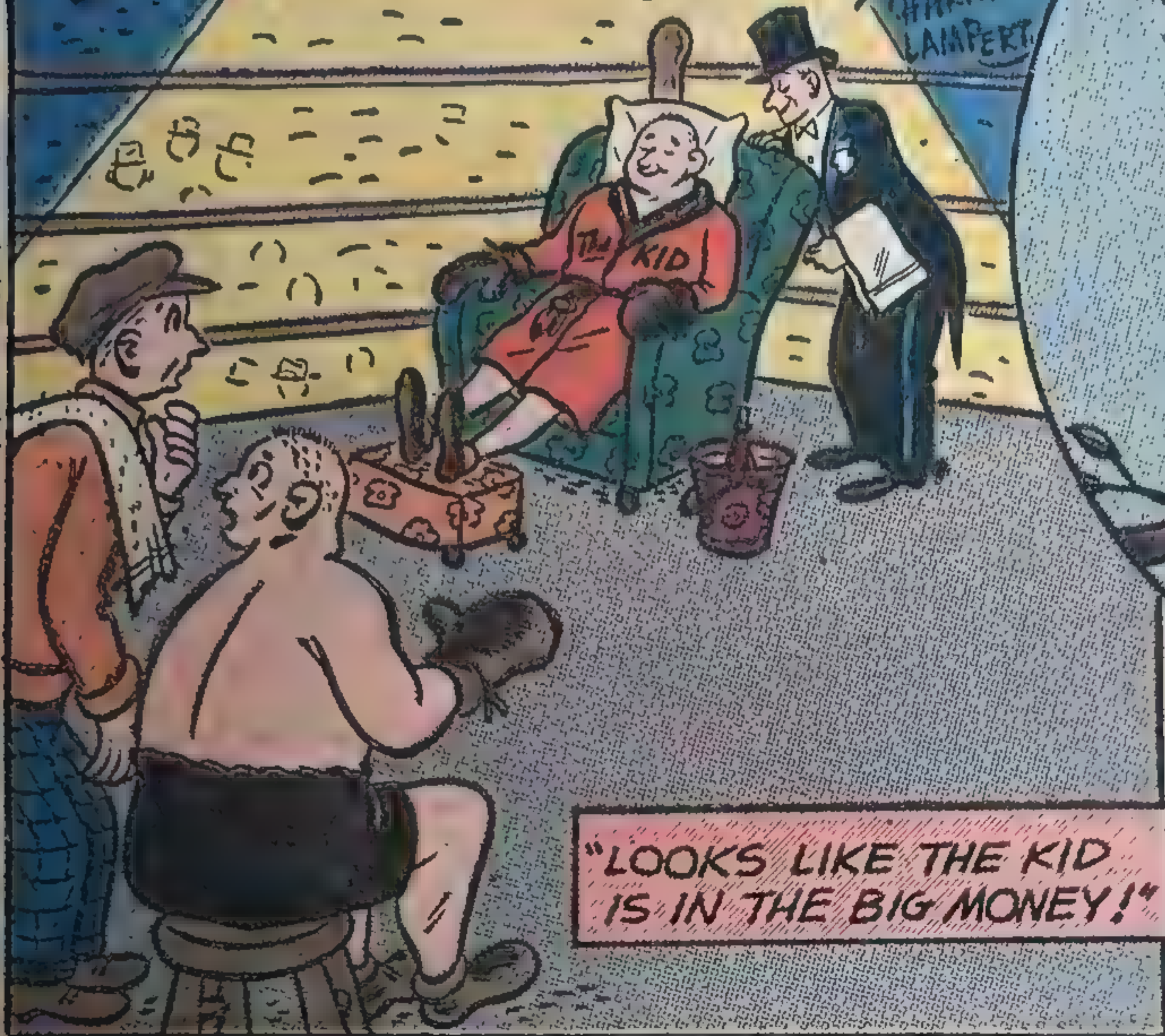






TON O' FUN

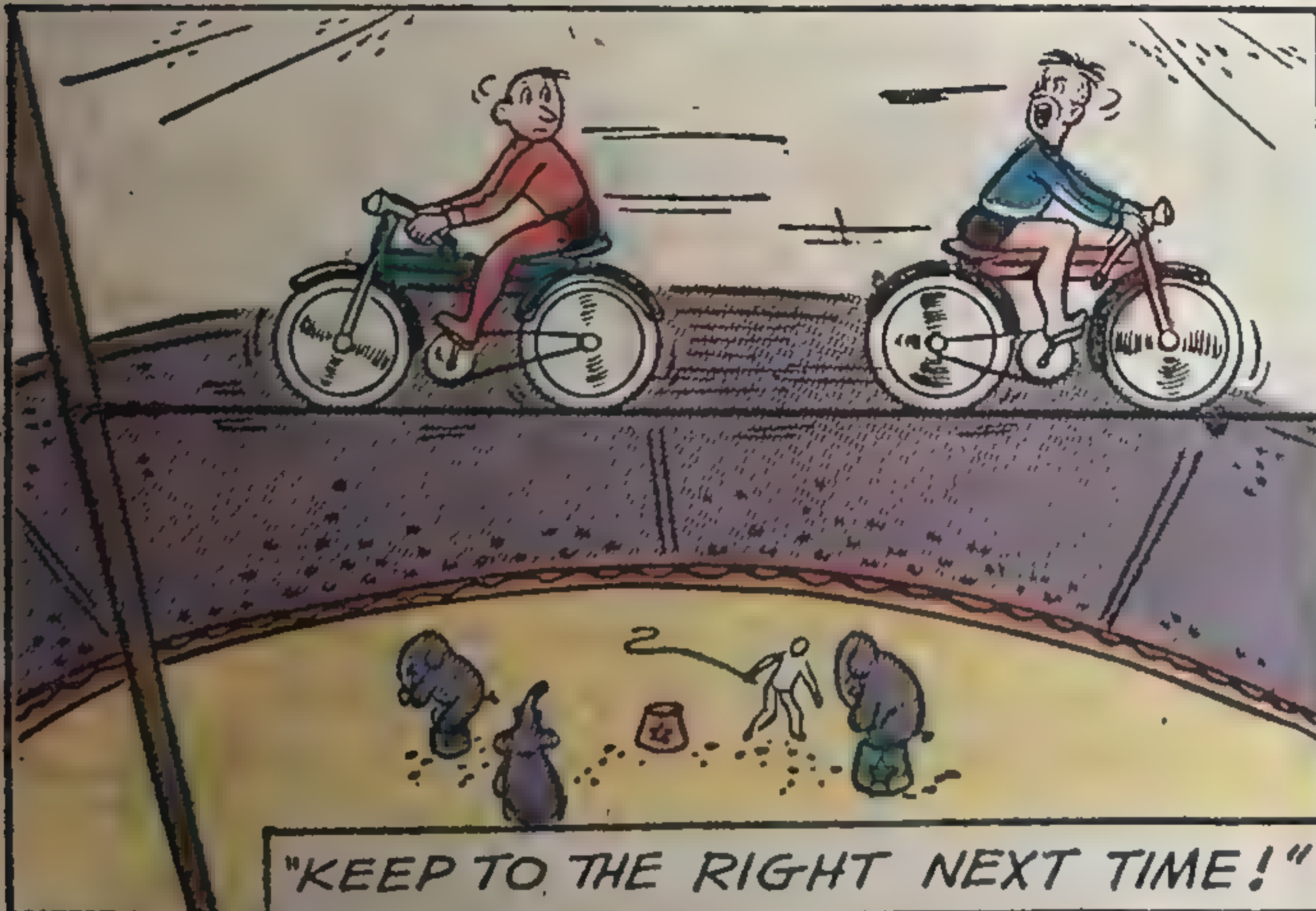
BY HARRY LAMPERT



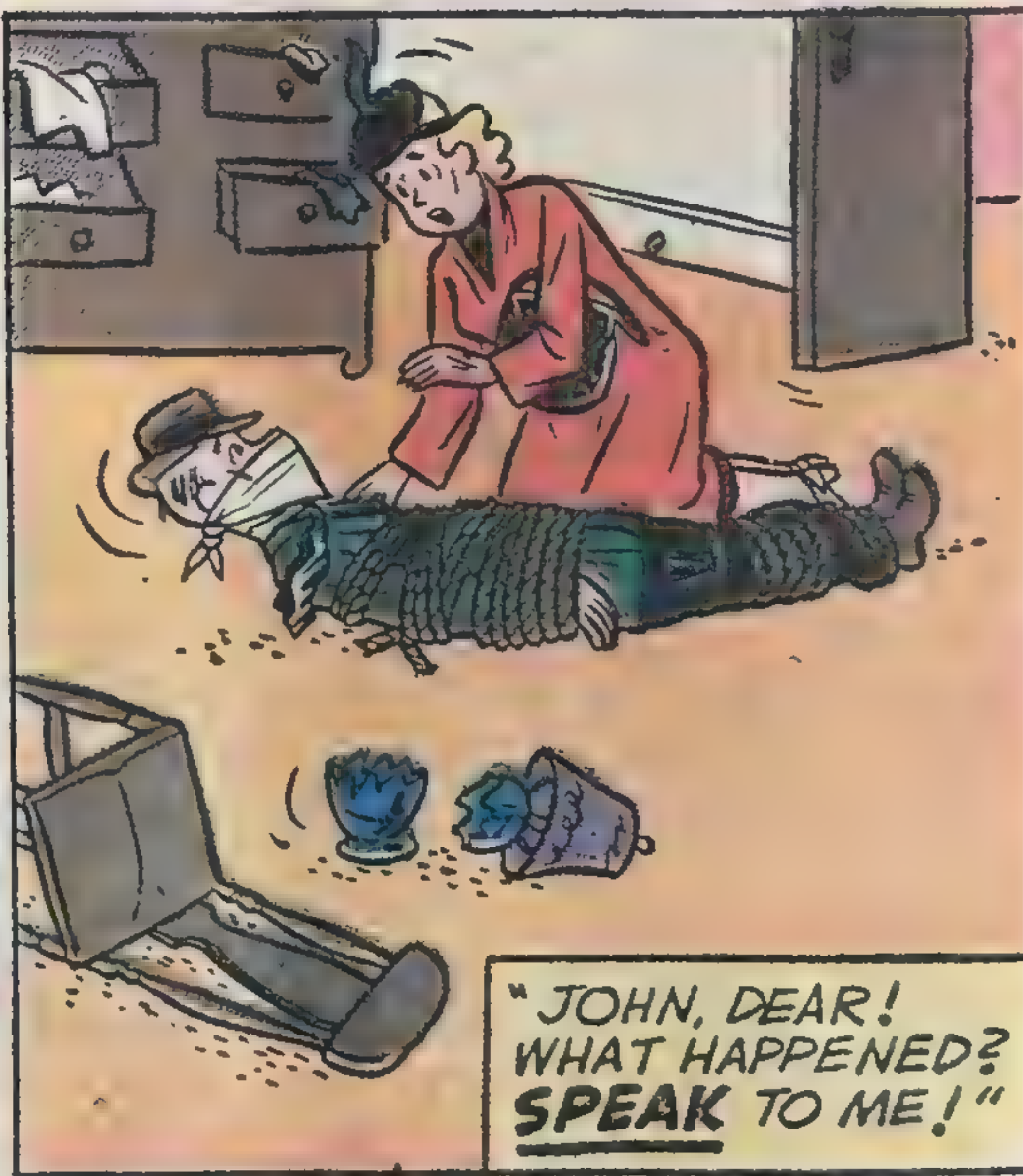
"LOOKS LIKE THE KID IS IN THE BIG MONEY!"



"HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO STAY AWAY FROM THAT BADMINTON COURT?!"



"KEEP TO THE RIGHT NEXT TIME!"



"JOHN, DEAR! WHAT HAPPENED? SPEAK TO ME!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF ALL STAR COMICS, published bi-monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1946.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of ALL STAR COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the Publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, National Comics Publications, Inc., 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, Sheldon Mayer, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address, must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.) National Comics Publications, Inc.; Harry Donenfeld, Gusle Donenfeld, J. S. Liebowitz, Rose Liebowitz, P. H. Sampliner, Sophie U. Sampliner, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham

I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Irwin Donenfeld, Jacob S. Liebowitz and Abraham I. Menin as Successor Trustees for Sonia Donenfeld, all at 480 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1946.
ALFRED B. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1948)



BLUEBELL

By Jim Robinson

BONE-TIRED, feet dragging, Sam plodded wearily home. A dust cloud, created from underfoot, hung about him in the still hot air like yellow fog.

"Seventy-eight days without nary a drop of rain!" The thought stabbed thru his squinting eyes as he passed the corn standing brown and sear, stunted, less than half grown; the vegetable garden, curled up and dead under the scorching sun like the weeds in the yard.

Automatically Sam tightened his frayed belt as he entered the little dooryard. His wife leaned listlessly against a corner post of the porch. Little Sam, hollow-eyed, emaciated, tried to smile upward at his father as he clung to his mother's tattered dress.

Sam carefully set down the gun and slumped into a battered rocker. "No wonder near everyone's done gone from this part of the country," he moaned, "no food to eat, cattle all dead from thirst. What we goin' to do? There ain't a rabbit, nary a squirrel in the swamp and I'm so weak I can scarcely tote my gun!"

Sam's wife made a small sound in her throat; stooped slowly and picked up Little Sam. "Wish we could only get enough money to get out of this misery," she whispered, half to herself. She turned to Sam, "I've done saved a mite of that last possum . . . I'll fetch it for yuh, Sam."

She turned and went into the house. Sam kept staring out at the seared cotton field beyond the dead corn.

"No," Sam roused as his wife reappeared, "yuh an' the child have th' meat. I can wait some mo', I reckon." He licked his dry lips and frowned at his gun, loaded, but impotent.

Late that evening, just as the sun was sliding its fiery furnace beyond the rim of the parched swamp, a dust cloud arose down the narrow road. Sam's eyes widened. "Johnson's on his way," he thought. Johnson, his

only neighbor within five miles. A bully and a thief but Johnson had a hound, a possum hound. Long and gaunt; so thin you could see his heart beating between his ribs.

A smile creased Sam's tired face. Bluebell was a friend. A friend in need. If there was meat in the swamp, he would find it. "Bless yore heart, dawg," he murmured.

Sam again tightened his belt as he arose to his feet and reached for his gun. "Johnson," he muttered in his parched throat, "I hopes yuh ain't no more ugly than usual this evenin'. If yuh beats me agin . . ."

The dust cloud drifted near and Johnson bellowed thru it. "C'mon out here, Sam. Bluebell's gonna tree us a possum tonight, I bet, an' yuh is goin' to climb th' tree an' fetch 'em out!"

Sam stepped out into the road. Bluebell whined and licked at Sam's hand. Sam was bending to pat the dog when Johnson kicked at the hound and turned him loose. He waved his hand at the swamp.

Sam and Big Johnson were silhouetted together for a moment before they plunged into the parched swamp briars. Little Sam, watching from the porch, sucked the moisture out of the wet rag his mother had given him.

Two hours later Bluebell gave tongue. Sam's wife heard it two miles away. Little Sam rolled his eyes toward the swamp. He pointed . . . "Boobell?"

The resonant tones of Bluebell were so loud and clear it seemed they might shake a little rain from heaven. Then they faded slowly as the track led off.

The two men stumbling after, came to a huge tree in the center of the swamp. Jumping excitedly against the base of it and looking was Bluebell.

"Up y'go!" bellowed the bulky Johnson. "Earn yore share now, Shrimp. Climb it, yuh shriveled monkey and shake 'im aloose!"

Sam's heart pounded furiously. He knew *that* tree was too big for him to climb. Too large around to get a grip with his arms. His legs lost all feeling, they were so weak he could hardly stand. His hands sweated on the inside and his knees trembled as he looked around at Johnson in the darkness.

"Y'hear me, Shrimp! What yuh waitin' fo'?" Johnson took a step nearer, waving his big arms. "Git goin'!" he shouted.

Sam staggered up to the tree. The nearest branch was twenty feet up the trunk. He could barely make it out in the flickering light of his match. His heart skipped a beat as Johnson laid heavy hand on his shoulder and commanded him to climb. Sam shed his shoes; the socks so full of holes.

He was half-thrown up the tree by Johnson who was too heavy to climb a tree if it was lying full length upon the ground. Sam tried to cling to the rough bark by fingers and toes but starvation rations had sapped his strength. He fell back onto Johnson's broad chest with despairing cry. Johnson grunted, hurled Sam upward again. This time when Sam fell backward, Johnson had stepped aside. He hit the ground heavily, the wind knocked out of him.

Johnson quickly had him by the back of the neck and shook him.

"Yuh ain't even a monkey!" he screamed, "go back to th' house an' git me an axe. I cain't shine a possum in a tree like that. I'll chop it down!"

Sam staggered his way thru the swamp to the house and back. He was bleeding from a dozen severe briar cuts. Bluebell was still barking. Johnson sat hunched at the tree base.

He grunted as he got up. "I've bin thinkin'," he growled, "I reckon yuh better chop it down, Shrimp. I don' feel 'zactly healthy tonight."

Sam's mind raced furiously. He thought of his wife and of little Sam. Then he shrugged his thin shoulders, thinking, "I oughta sink this here axe into Johnson, 'stead of that tree!"

Sam tried to spit on his hands as he grasped the axe. His mouth was too dry. He labored for twenty minutes while Johnson threatened him. Then the tree crashed. Bluebell was on

the dazed possum in a flash. The quest was over.

"Here y'are, Shrimp!" Johnson cut a small piece from the skinned animal. "This is all yuh git 'cause yuh don' climb that tree when I ask yuh!"

Sam was stunned. Why that piece of meat wouldn't even make one meal. And he had done all the work. His bottled wrath burst the stopper. He flew at Johnson with the axe.

But Johnson twisted it out of his hands easily; crushed Sam with one sweep of his huge fist.

When Sam came to his senses just as day was breaking, he found his head gashed and swollen where it had struck the fallen tree. How his head ached! How his ears hummed. He saw spots before his eyes. Johnson had nearly killed him this time, he thought and struggled upright.

Then the hum in his ears increased. The spots before his eyes took form. "Lawdy!" he shouted, "Bees! Oh, Lawdy, I've cut down a bee-tree!"

Sam managed to get onto his feet. Along the tree trunk he wobbled. Then he saw the opening. His eyes bulged with the reflection of the golden hoard within the tree. A hurried examination assured Sam there was fully three hundred pounds of honey there.

"Sixty dollars' worth!" he shouted, dancing crazily up and down and never feeling the sting of the bees as they swarmed angrily about him. "The bees done made their honey before the drought!"

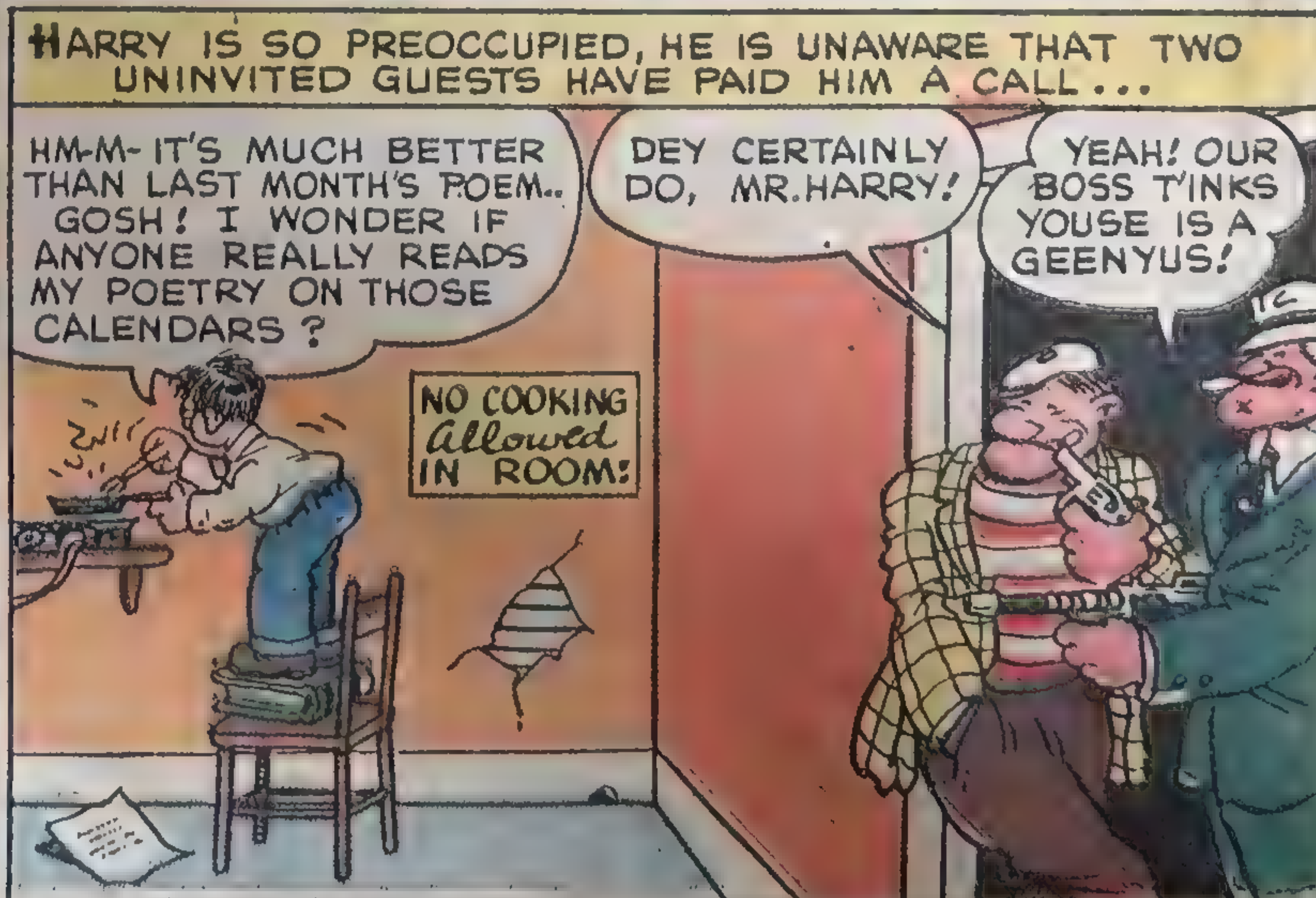
Sam calmed as a bee stung him fair on the end of his nose. "Let me outta here!" Suddenly Sam recalled his own home, parched and starving as he backed away and watched the bees circle their demolished domicile. "I'm rich with plenty of honey to sell!" Sam turned and raced barefooted for home.

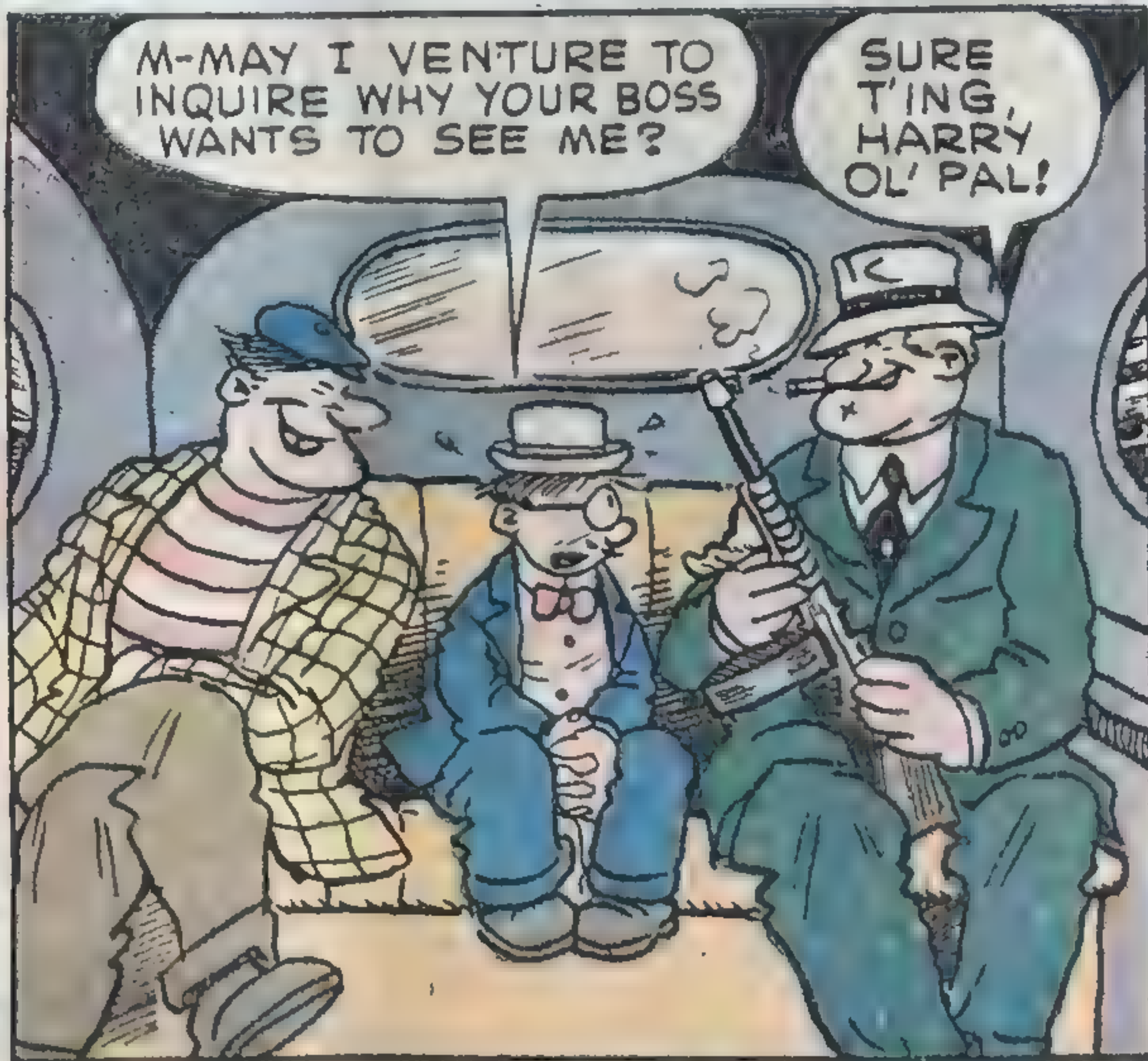
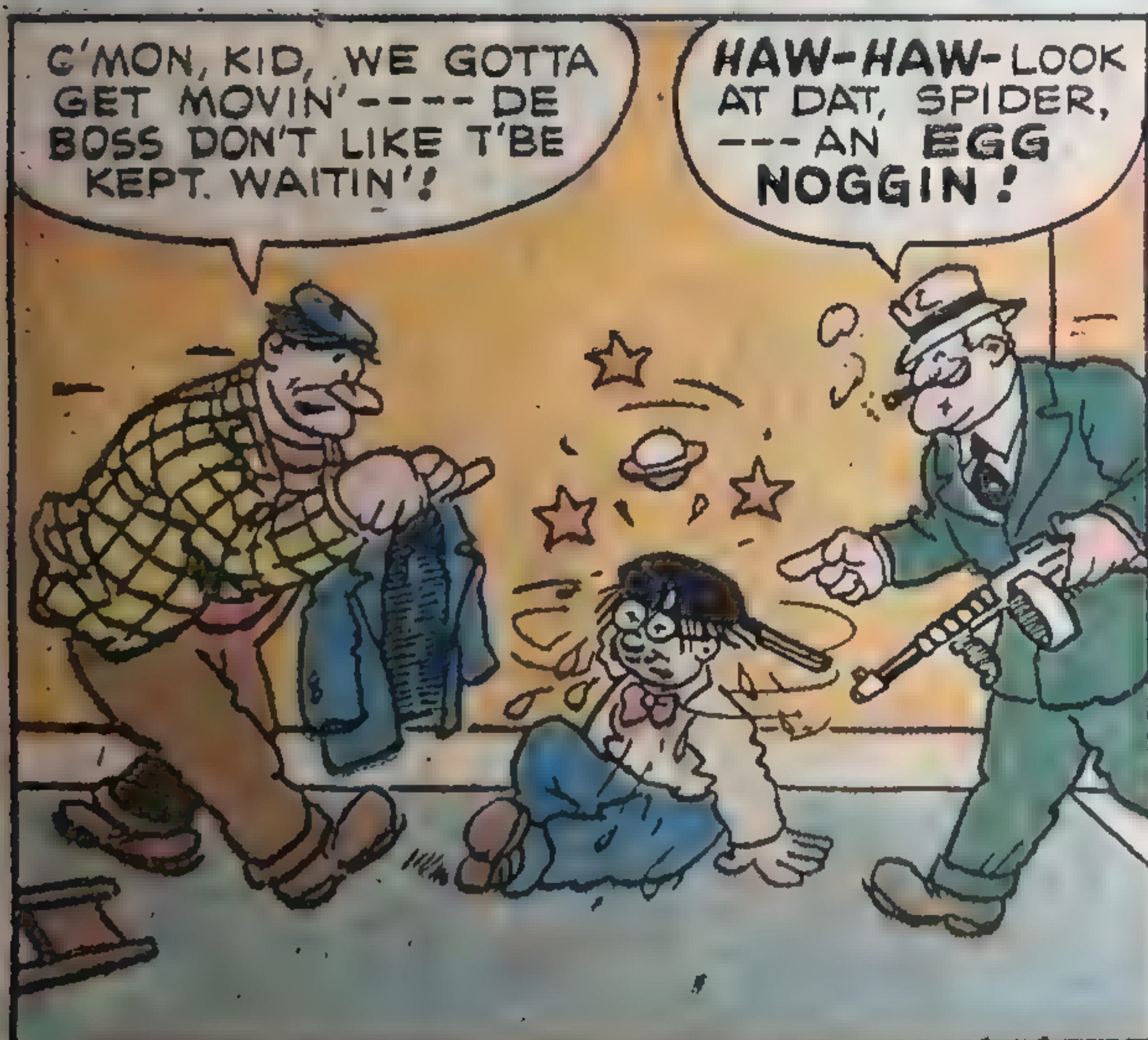
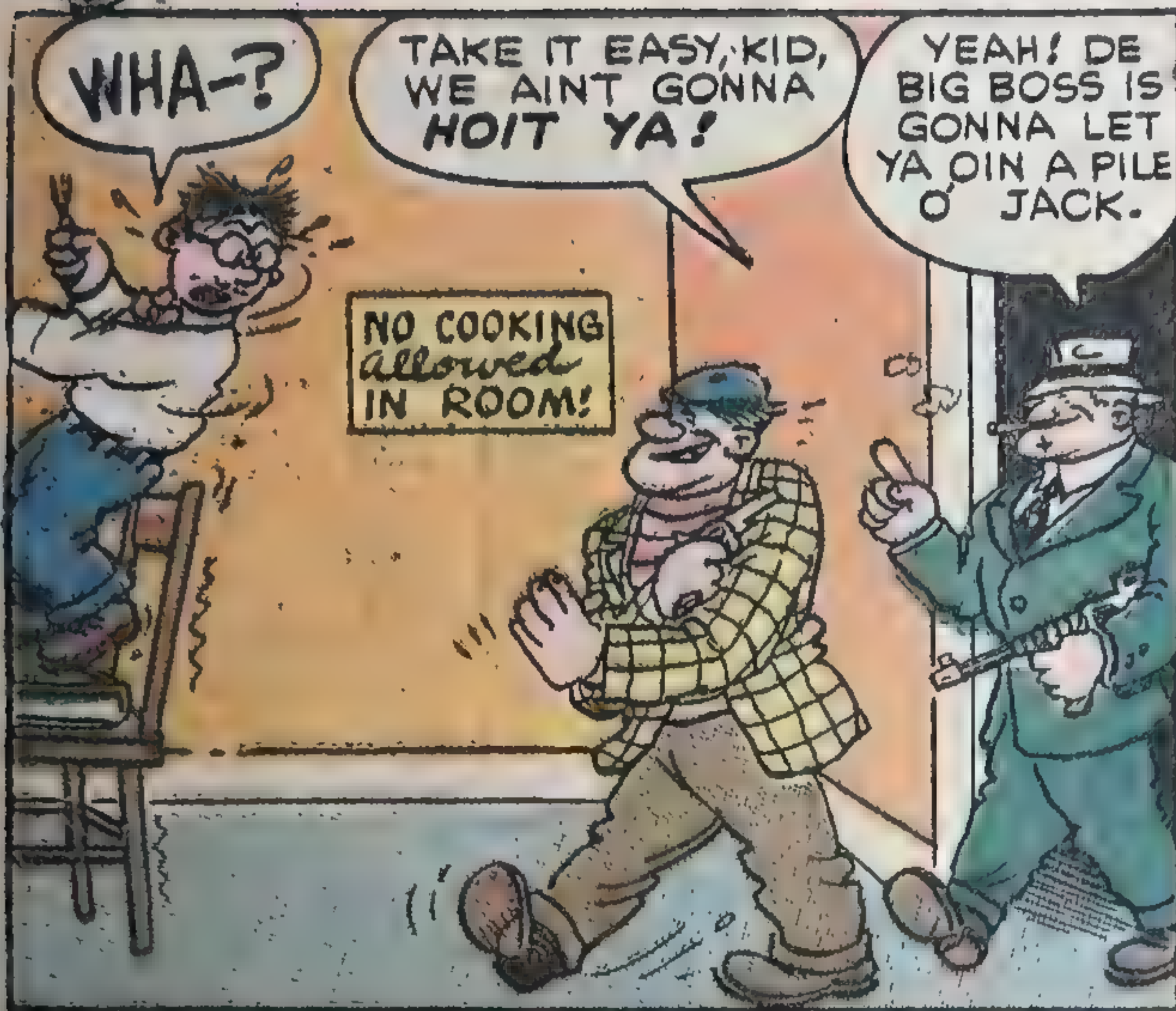
"Now I can get my family away from this infernal region," Sam cried as he leaped over a fallen log, "an' I sure can spare two dollars to buy Bluebell from that bully Johnson! Yes, sir! Bluebell, the hound so thin I can see his ole heart abeatin' right between his ribs! He's acoming with me or I don' go!"

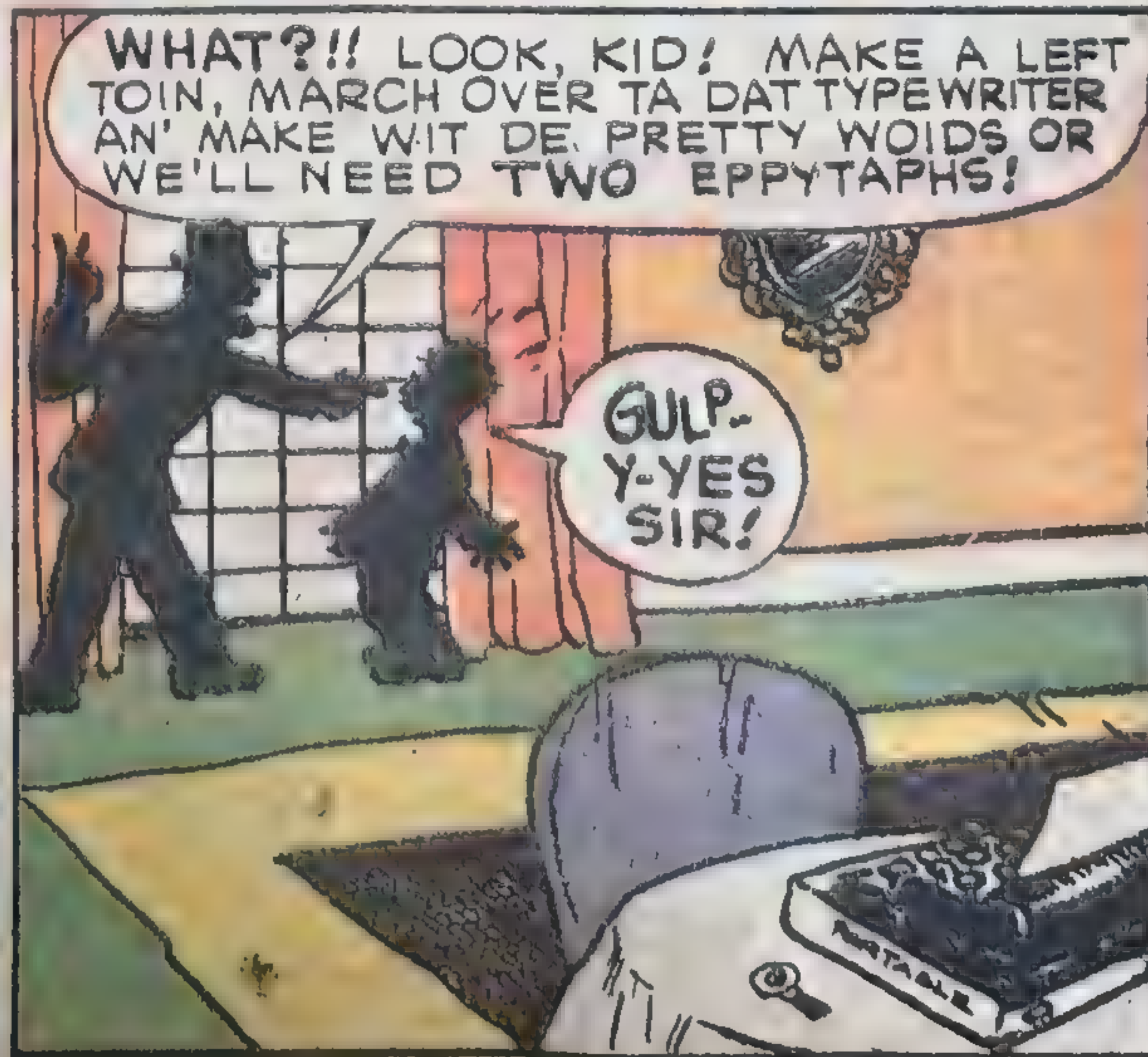
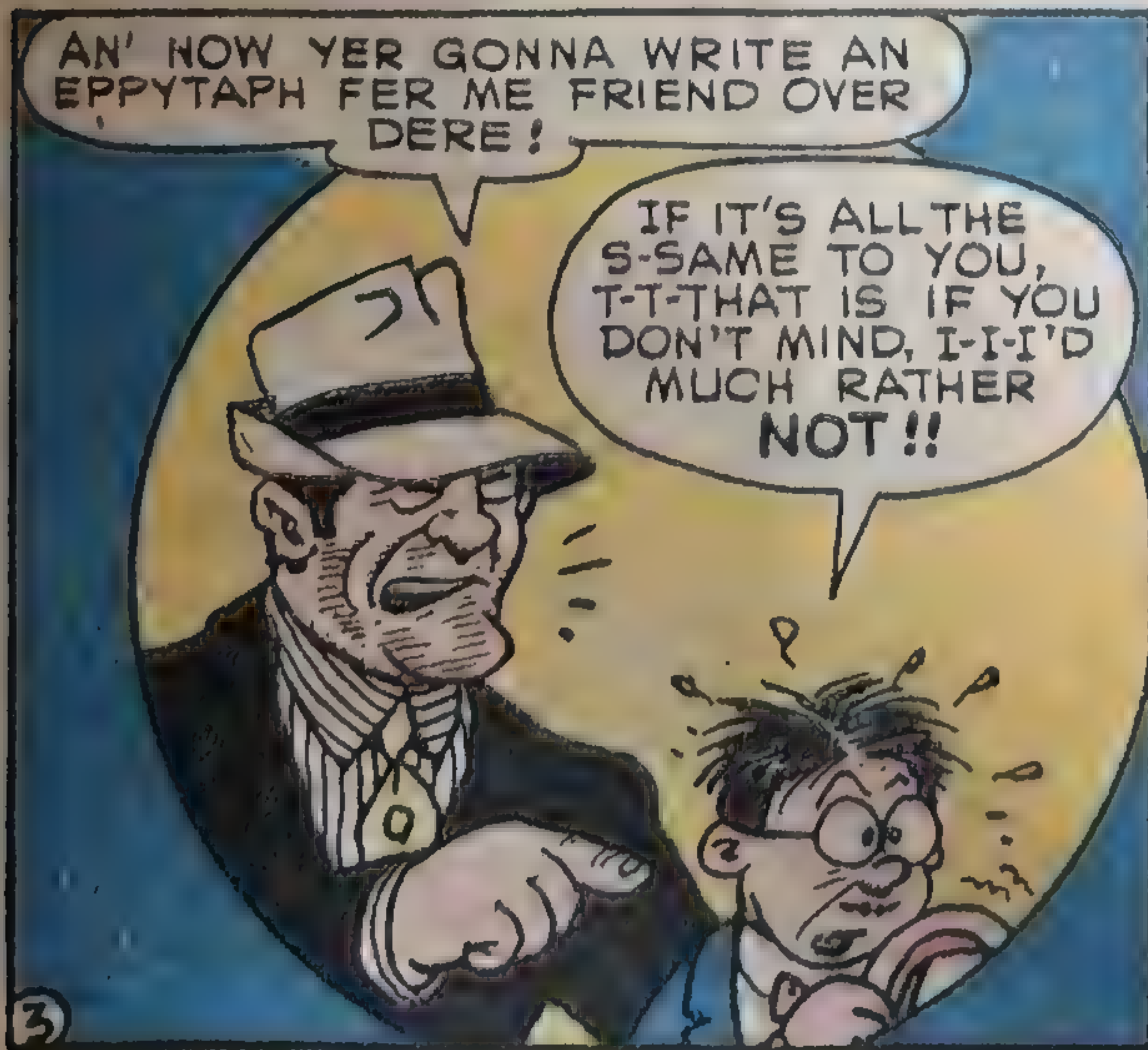
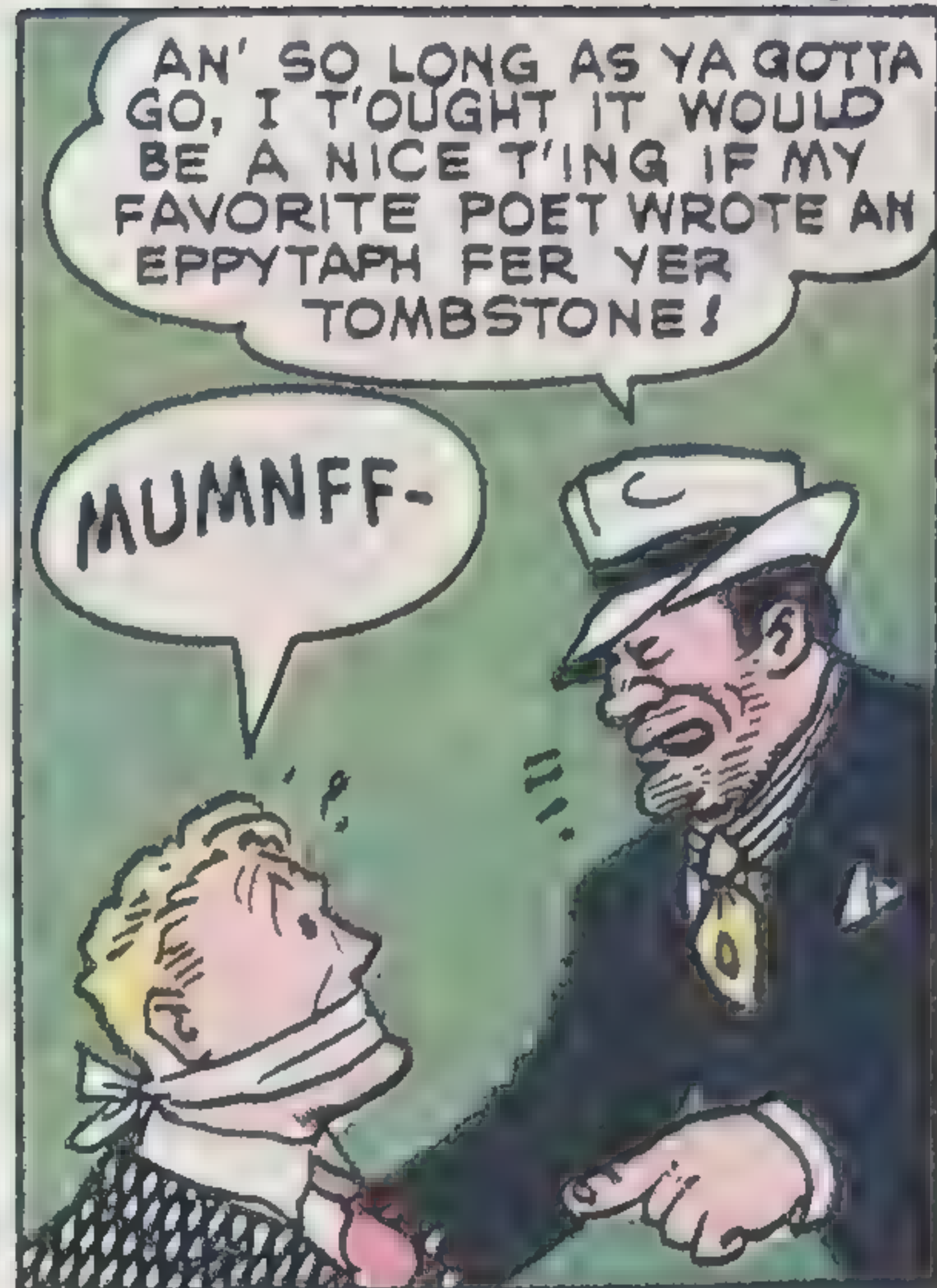
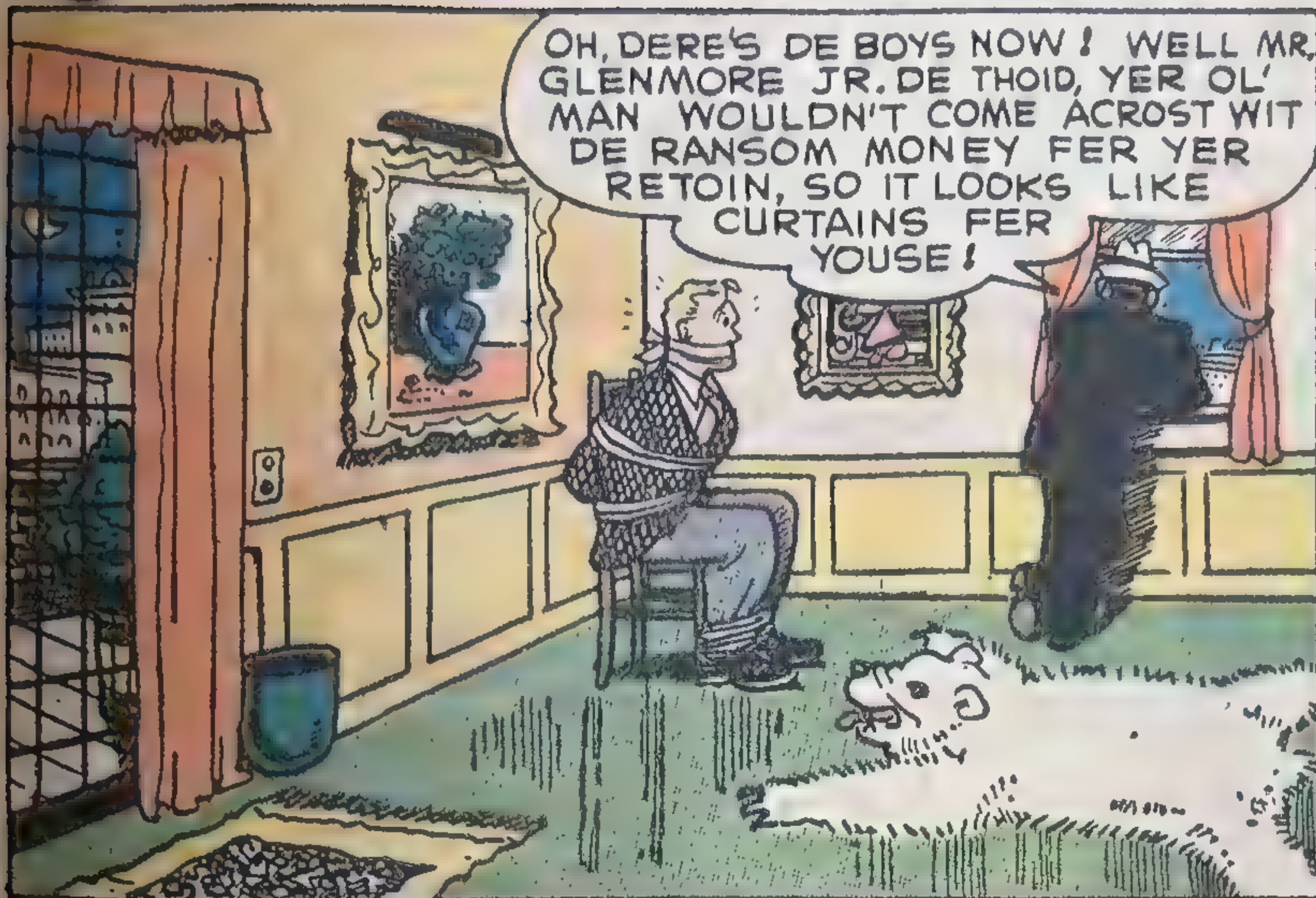


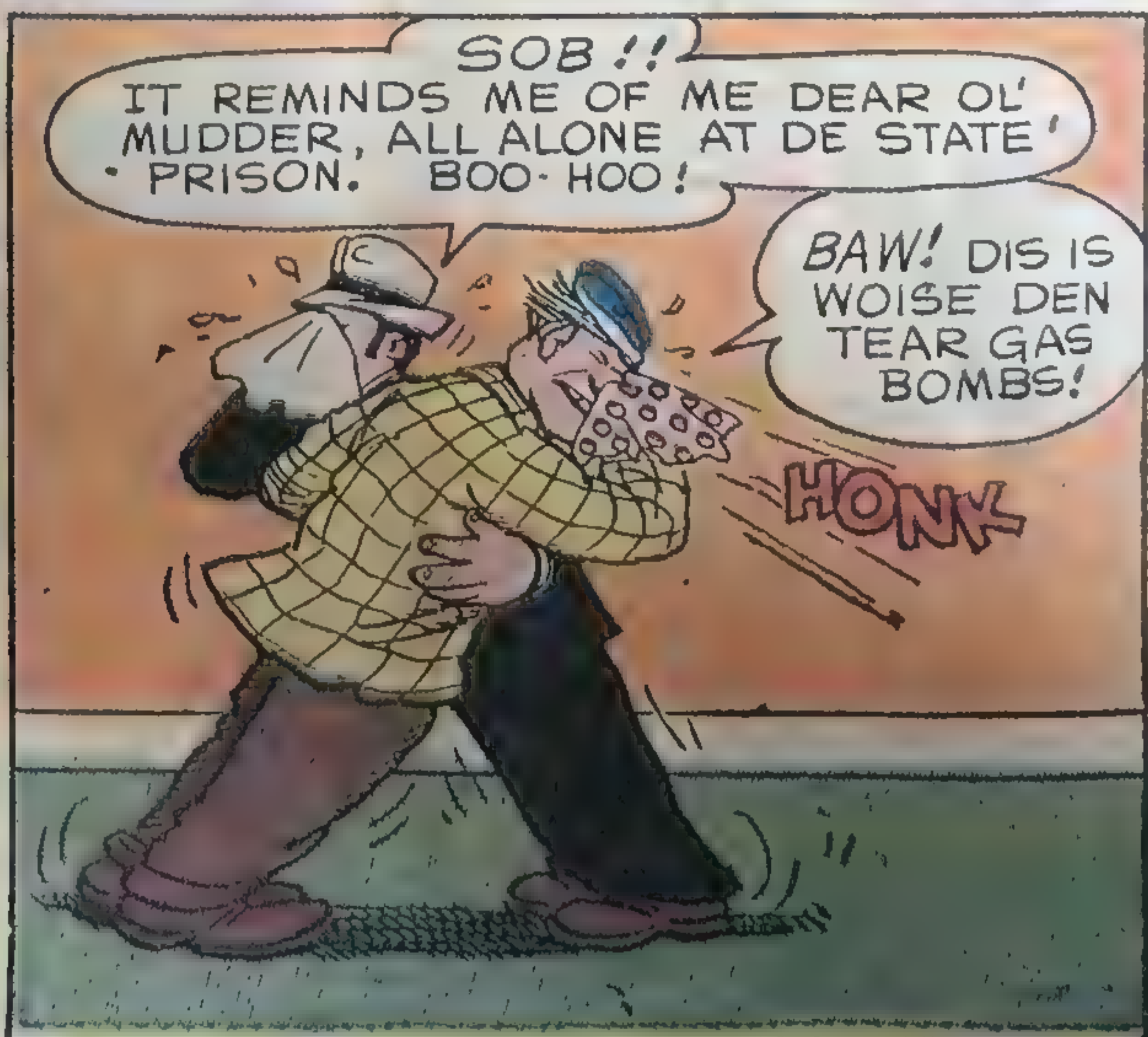
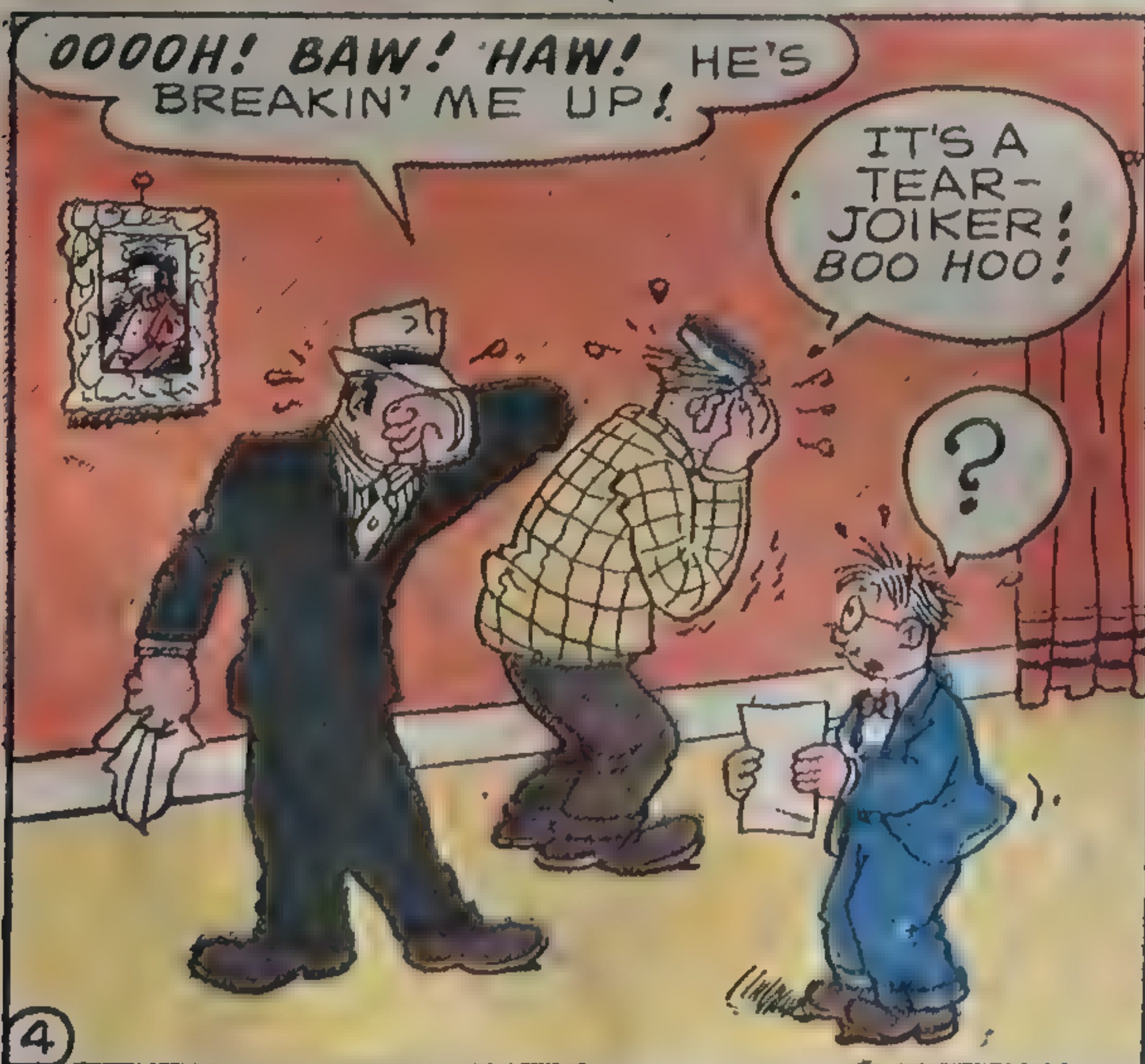
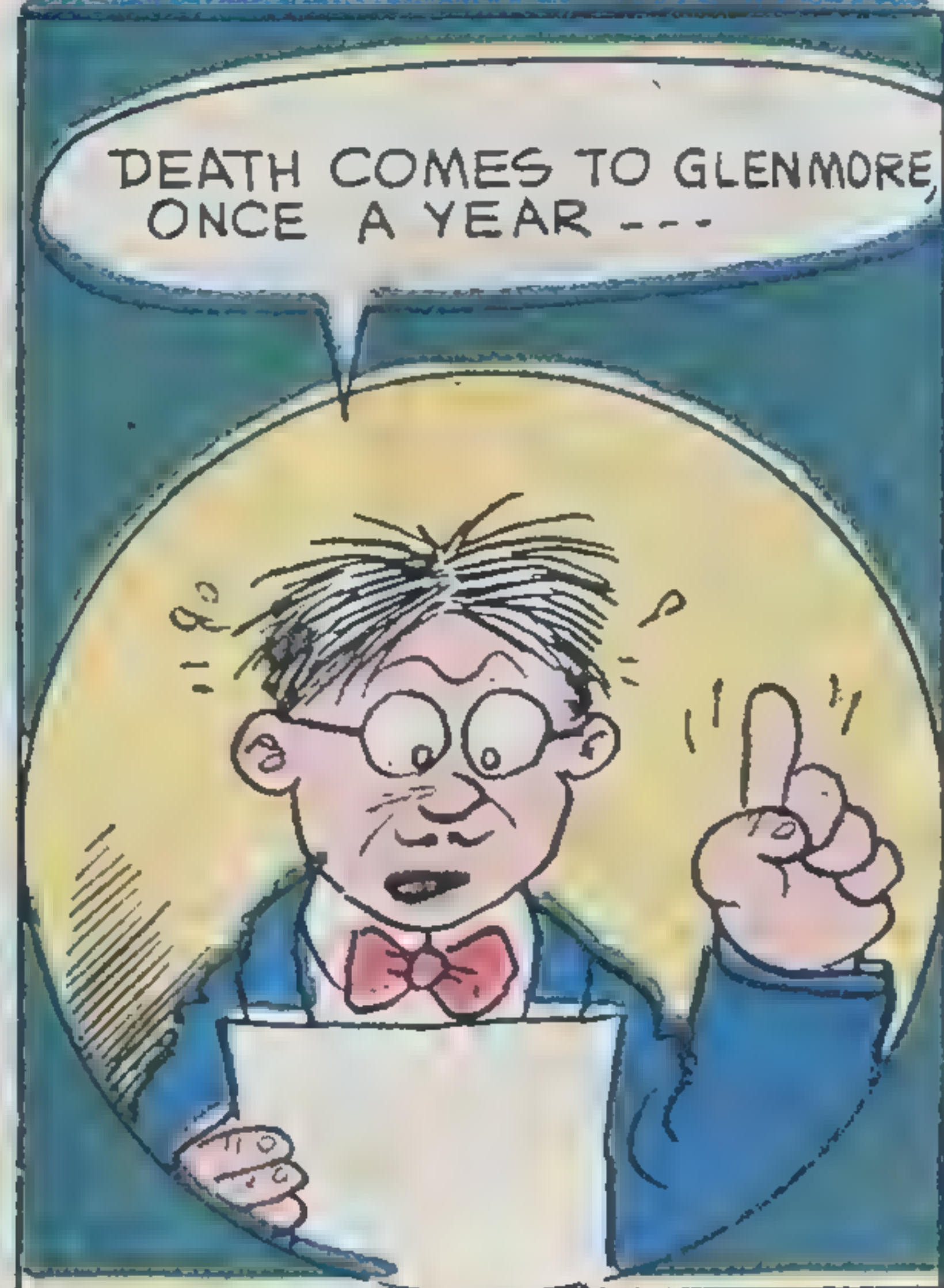
THINGS WERE LOOKING UP FOR HARRY. HIS NEW JOB WRITING POETRY FOR THE ACME CALENDAR COMPANY WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT HE'D HOPED FOR, BUT IT WAS AT LEAST A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. FOR HIS UNDYING AMBITION WAS TO BE AMERICA'S GREATEST POET... YES! THINGS WERE LOOKING UP FOR HARRY... BUT WHEN TRIGGER MARLOW, NOTORIOUS GANGSTER, DECIDED TO EMPLOY HIS POETIC TALENTS—THINGS BEGAN TO LOOK DOWN. IN FACT EVERYTHING WAS ALL ———

"UPSET OVER A SONNET?"





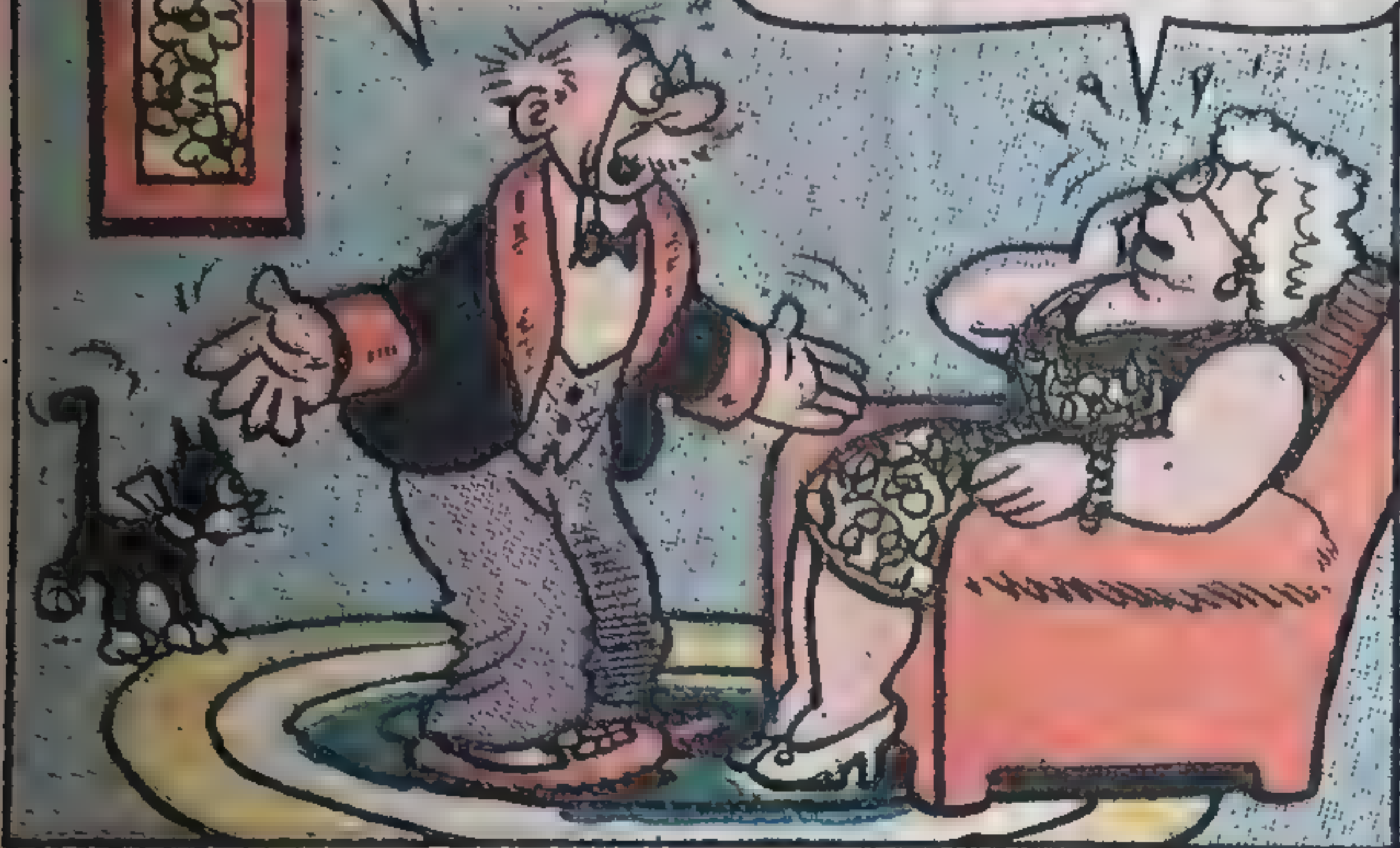




MEANWHILE IN AN APARTMENT DIRECTLY BELOW TRIGGER'S PENTHOUSE...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEAR, I JUST PHONED THE POLICE AND THEY'RE COMING RIGHT OVER!

MY HEAVENS! I DO HOPE THEY HURRY. SOME ONE IS SURELY BEING MURDERED UPSTAIRS!



BOO HOO!
IT'S SO SAD AND BEOOTIFUL!

SOB-
IT TEARS AT ME HEART STRINGS!



ALL RIGHT YOU GUYS— REACH FOR THE SKY! WE GOT YOU COVERED!

WOW! DE COPPERS!

JUST WHEN I WAS ENJOYIN' A GOOD CRY!



WHEW! I FINALLY FIXED DAT LEAKY FAUCET. OH! OH!!

HEY, CLANCY! THERE'S THAT GLENMORE GUY THAT WAS KIDNAPPED LAST WEEK!

WOW! IT'S A GOOD THING THE WAGONS COMING FOR THESE YEGGS. WHAT A HAUL!!



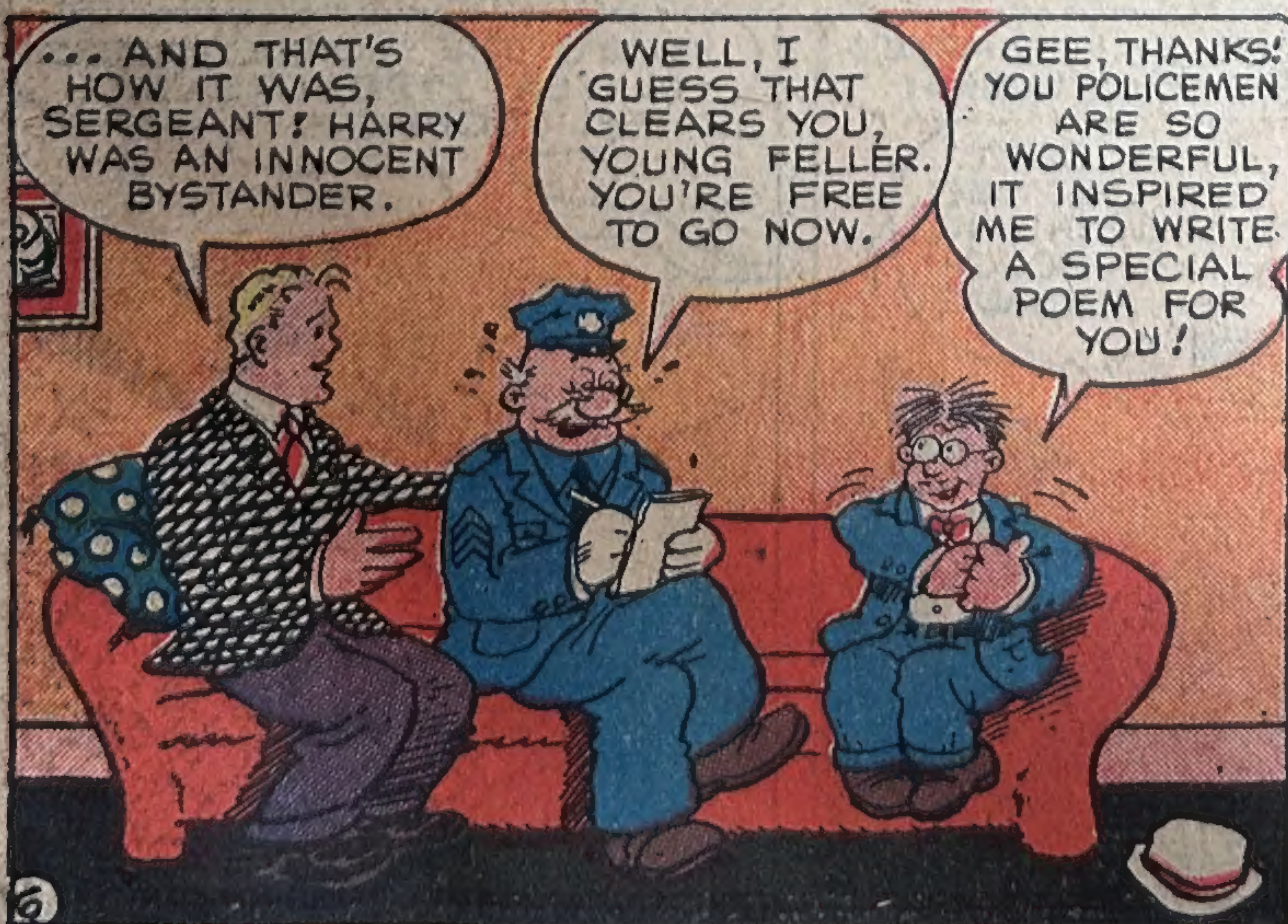
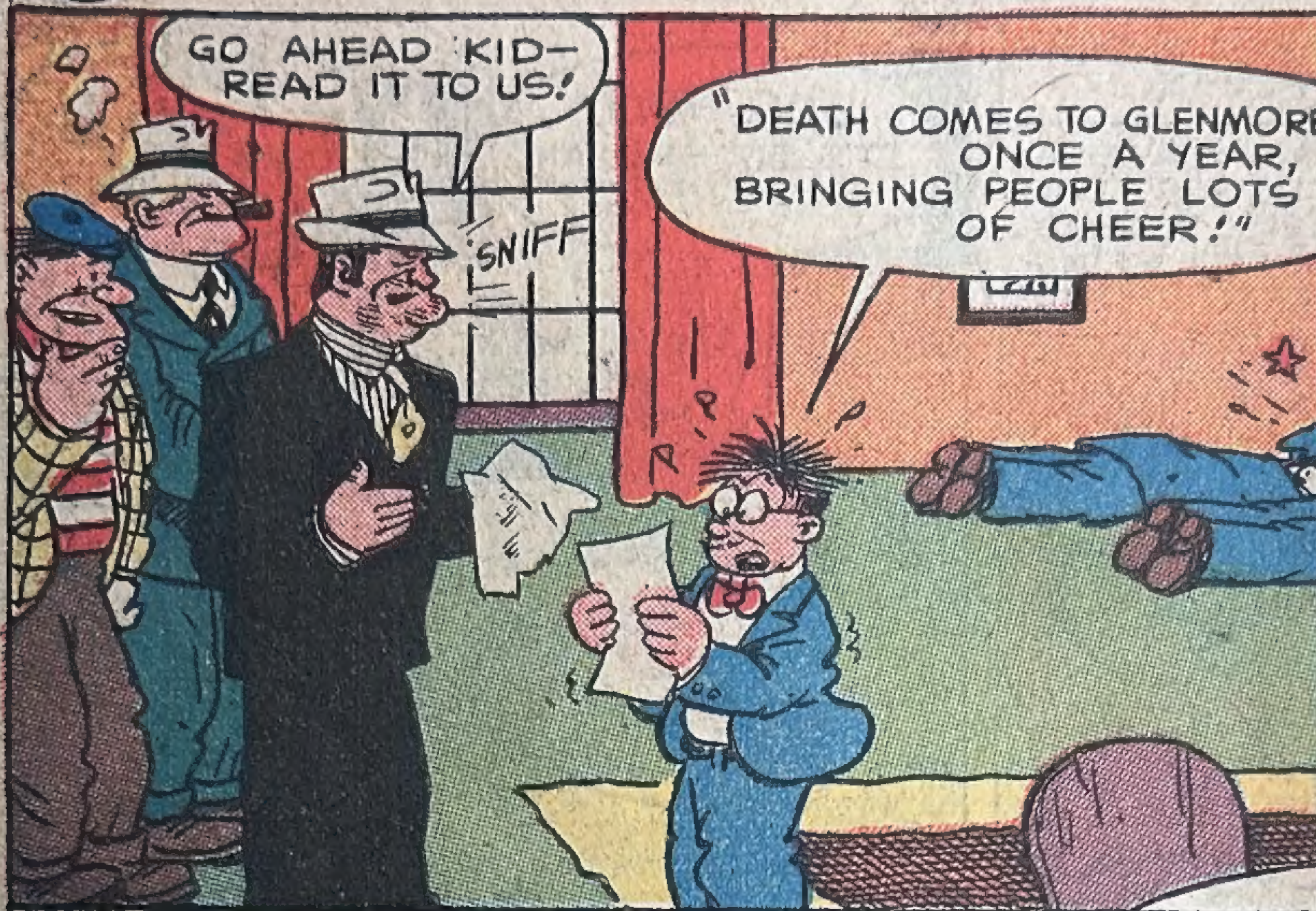
THERE'S A BIG REWARD OFFERED BY GLENMORE'S OLD MAN FOR THE CAPTURE OF THESE MUGGS!

BOY! CAN'T YOU JUST SEE US SPENDING THAT DOUGH ALREADY?



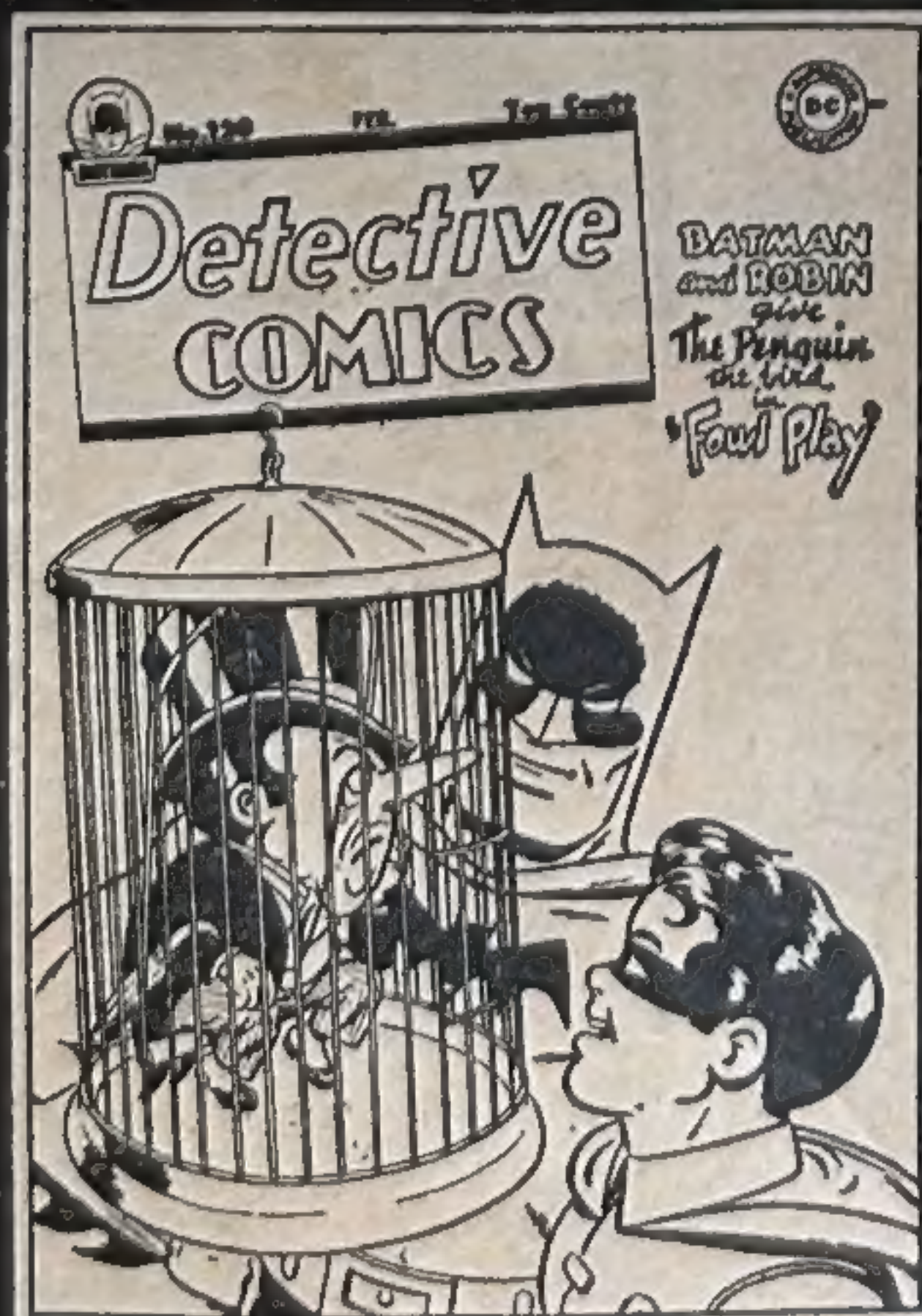
HERE'S THE MONKEY-WRENCH IN YER PIPE-DREAMS, COPPERS!







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★
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in
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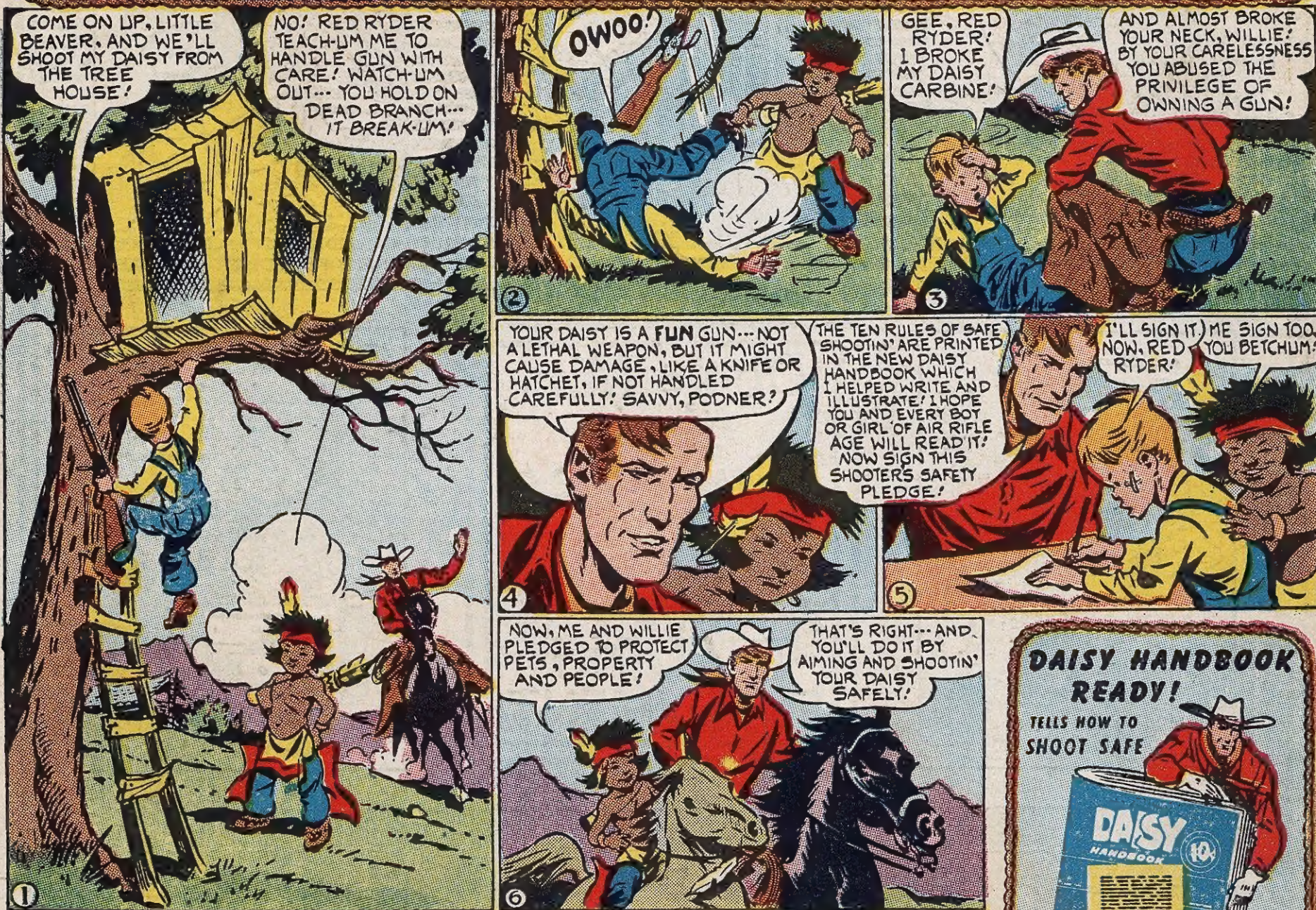
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